GOOD-WILL SONGS

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Alfred Williams

"GOOD-WILL TO MEN."

GOOD-WILL SONGS

A COMPILATION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

ORIGINAL SELECTED AND ARRANGED

FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER MEETINGS

AND

STATED CHURCH SERVICE

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"Oh! wed them ever to most noble thought,
So the voice of thy soul,
And thy throat's voice, be brought
To fullness of perfect accord."

BY
STANFORD MITCHELL

BOSTON
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
1883

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PREFACE.

The compiler of this book is altogether persuaded of the excellent quality of the Hymns and Tunes it contains. His chief care has been to cull from the abounding supply, and to discern and choose the best among much that is good. Every line of each hymn has been read repeatedly, and every word considered. Words and music have not been thrown together when the mechanical requirement of metre was obtained, but hymns and tunes have been wedded because of adaptation and fitness. While avoiding the thin and meaningless, caution has been exercised to exclude unnatural, unsingable mysteries, which, therefore, by some are deemed "classic."

The subtle, indefinable power of some tunes, which, viewed mechanically, would be called simple, establishes the rank of such, and assures their continuance in favor. Several of the best of the "Gospel Hymns," popularly known as "Moody and Sankey" music, have been inserted, and large expense incurred to obtain permission of copyright owners.

In the preparation of this book, the compiler has had the very valuable co-operation of Mrs. Mitchell, whose taste and judgment have been consulted throughout, and to whose musical skill are due several arrangements herein.

It is believed that the compilation will commend itself to all of Christian Faith, and to all who, clearly or dimly, are possessed of the Christian Hope.

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way."

STANFORD MITCHELL.

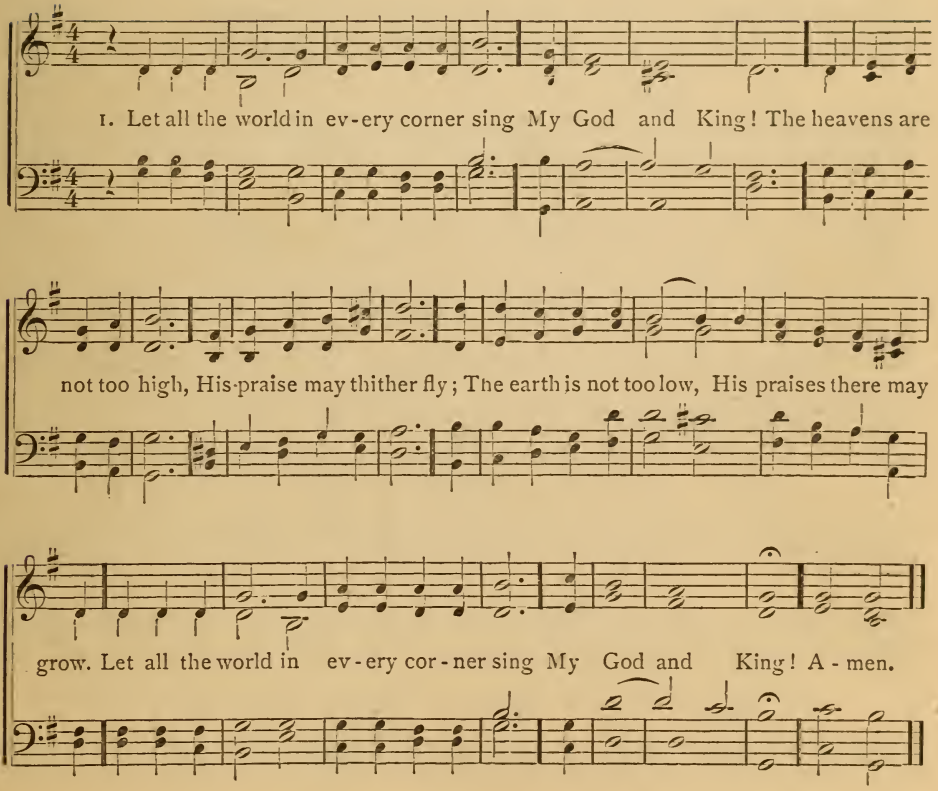
Boston, *December*, 1882.

Stereotyped by J. F. Loughlin, 20 Hawley St., Boston.

GOOD-WILL SONGS.

Let all the World.

Elvey.



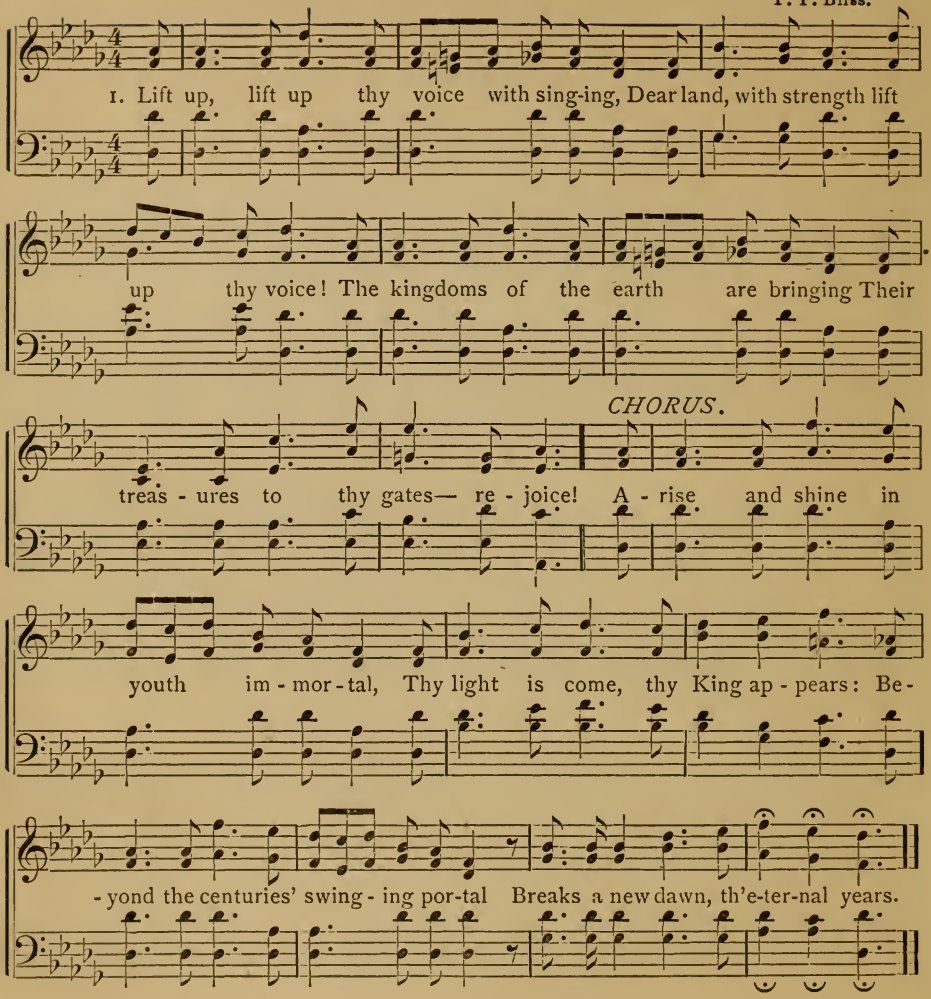
I *Praise.*

2 Let all the world in every corner sing
My God my King!
The Church with Psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the largest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King! Amen.

Herbert.

Lift up thy Voice.

P. P. Bliss.



2 *Lift up thy Voice.*

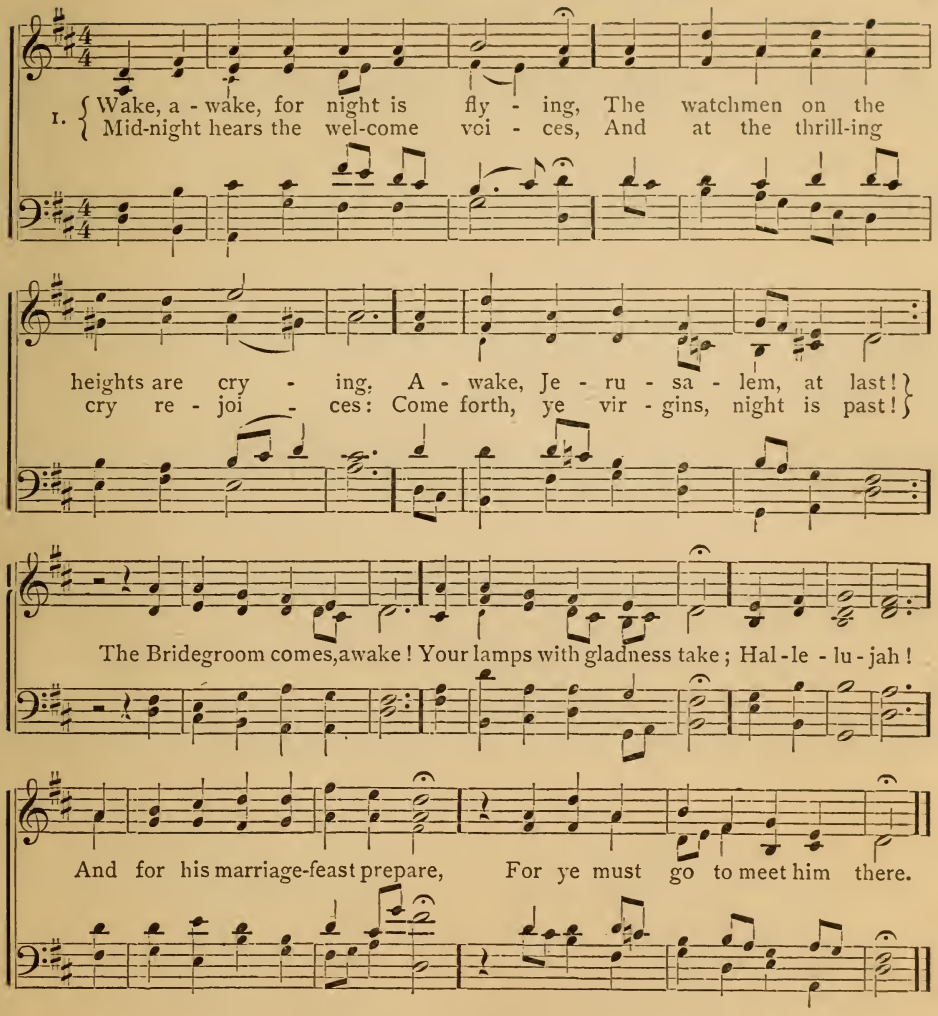
2 And shall his flock with strife be riven?
Shall envious lines his church divide,
When he, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim his bride?

3 Lift up the gates! bring forth oblations!
One crown'd with thorns a message brings,
His word a sword to smite the nations,
His name the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He comes! let all the earth accept him;
The path in human form he trod
Before him spreads a royal realm;
The light of life, the Son of God!

Mary A. Lathbury.

[By perm. J. Church & Co.]



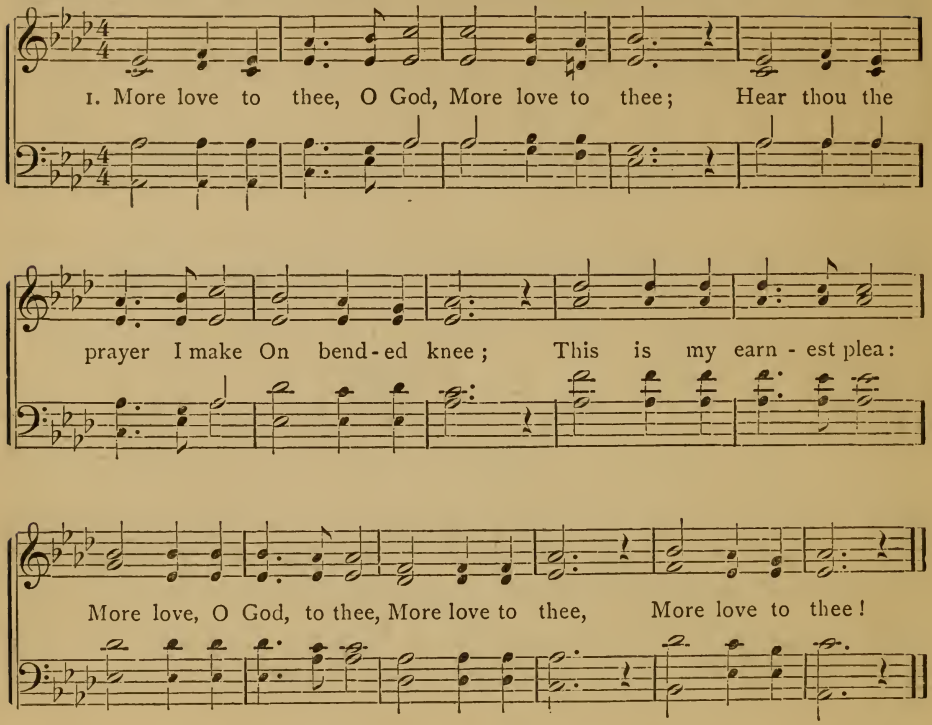
3 *Coming of Christ.*

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
For her lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her star is ris'n, her Light is come!
Oh, come, thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

Nicolai.—*Tr.* Miss Winkworth.

More Love to Thee, O God.

6,4,6,4 6,6,4,4. [Copyrighted, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion," and used by permission of Biglow & Main.] **Doane.**



4 *Love of God.*

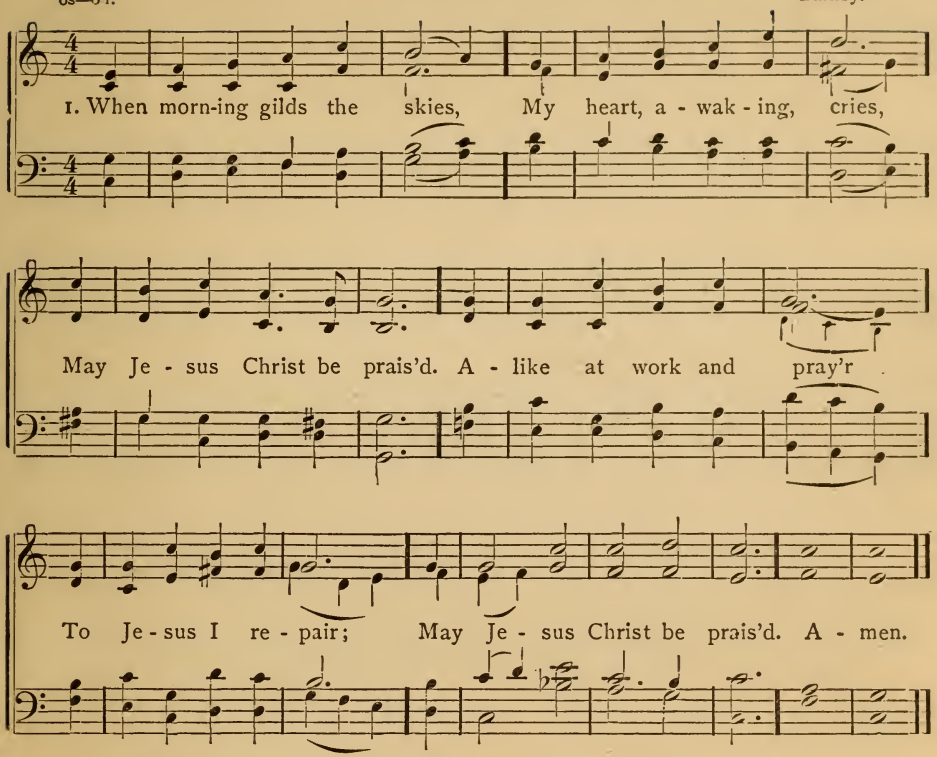
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O God, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O God, to thee!
More love to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O God, to thee,
More love to thee,
More love to thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss.

6s—6 l. Barnby.



5 *When Morning gilds the Skies.*

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd:
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings:
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find:
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort is in this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

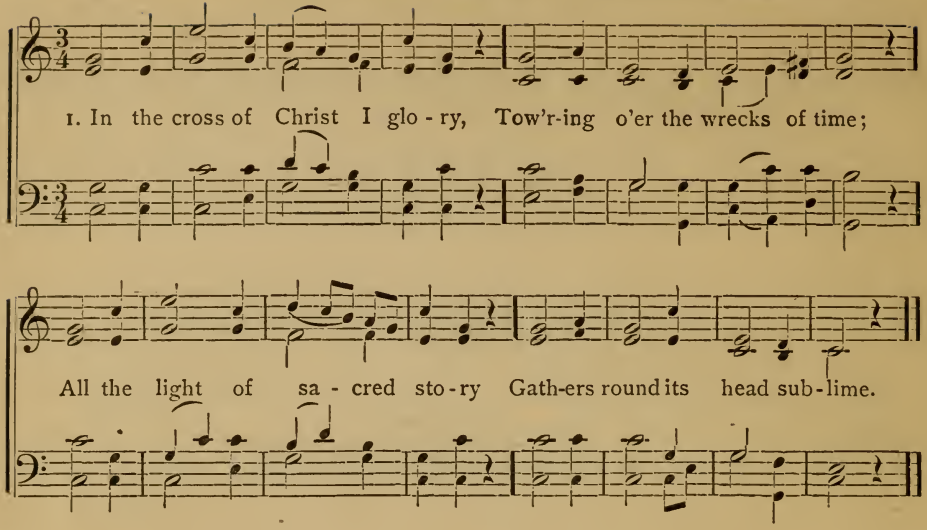
4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be prais'd.

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
Let Jesus Christ be prais'd;
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd. Amen.

Rev. E. Caswall.

In the Cross of Christ.

8s & 7s. Ithamar Conkey.



6 *In the Cross of Christ.*

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

7 *"Christian, follow Me."*

1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

2 Jesus calls us — from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us —
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Anon.

8 *Onward.*

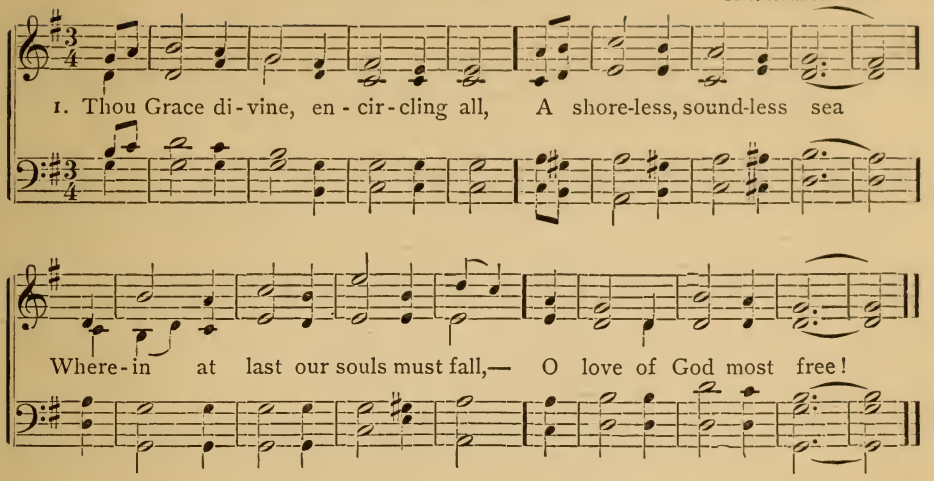
1 Onward, onward! slow and steady;
Be each footprint firm and deep,
Bear your form erect and noble,
While the narrow path you keep.

2 Do the work that God has given you,
Be your calling what it may!
Bury not, nor hoard, your talents;
Labor with them on your way.

H. W. Payson.

Thou Grace divine.

Arr. from Rossini.



9 *The Manifold Grace of God.*

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control, —
O love of God most kind!

5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

Eliza Scudder.

10 *God is Good.*

1 I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin!

2 Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed star my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

3 Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

Whittier.

11 *Our Help and Home.*

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her fame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

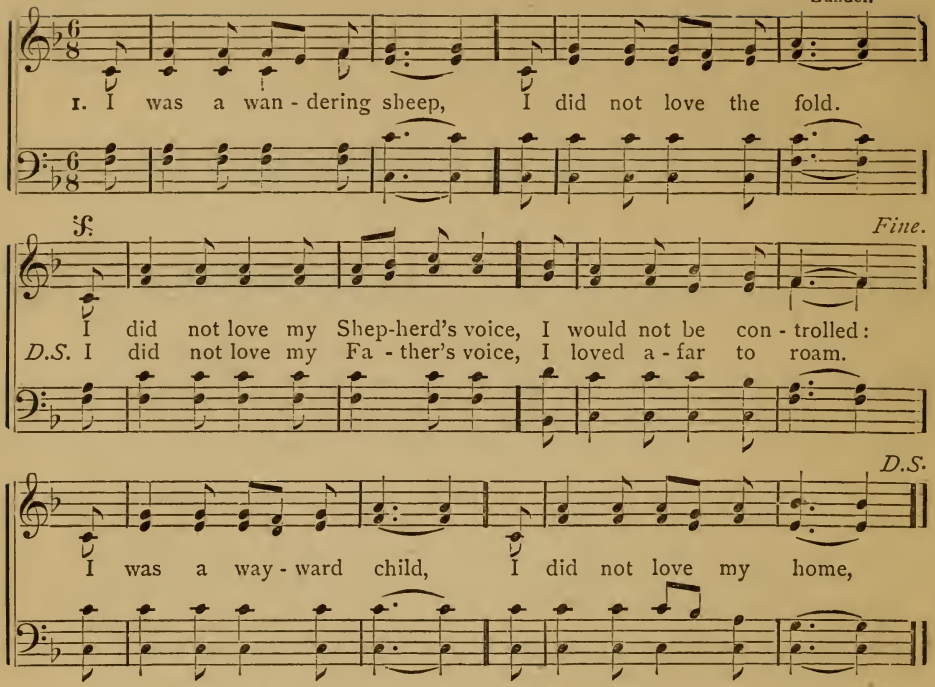
3 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

Watts.

I was a wandering Sheep.

S. M.—8 l.

Zundel.



12 *Guidance.*

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love
He saved the wandering one.

3 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Bonar.

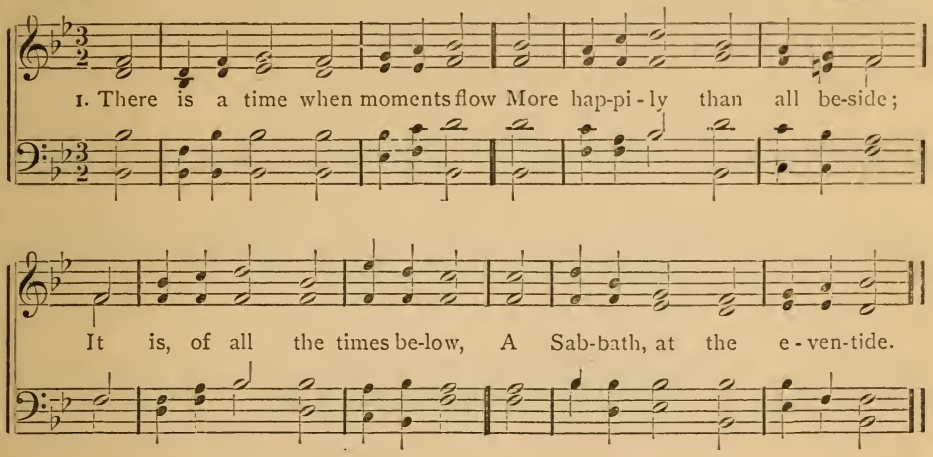
13 *Rest.*

1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?
Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

2 Forever blessèd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!
My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven?

Ray Palmer.

L. M. Mason.



14 *Sabbath Evening.*

2 Oh, then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below and all above,
The various forms of Nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught,
Improve the life his love redeems.

4 Delightful scene! a world at rest;
A God all love; no grief, no fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

Anon.

15 *Evening Thoughts.*

1 Another fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone
Swift from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone;
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

Collyer.

16 *Christ always.*

1 Saviour, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee,—
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

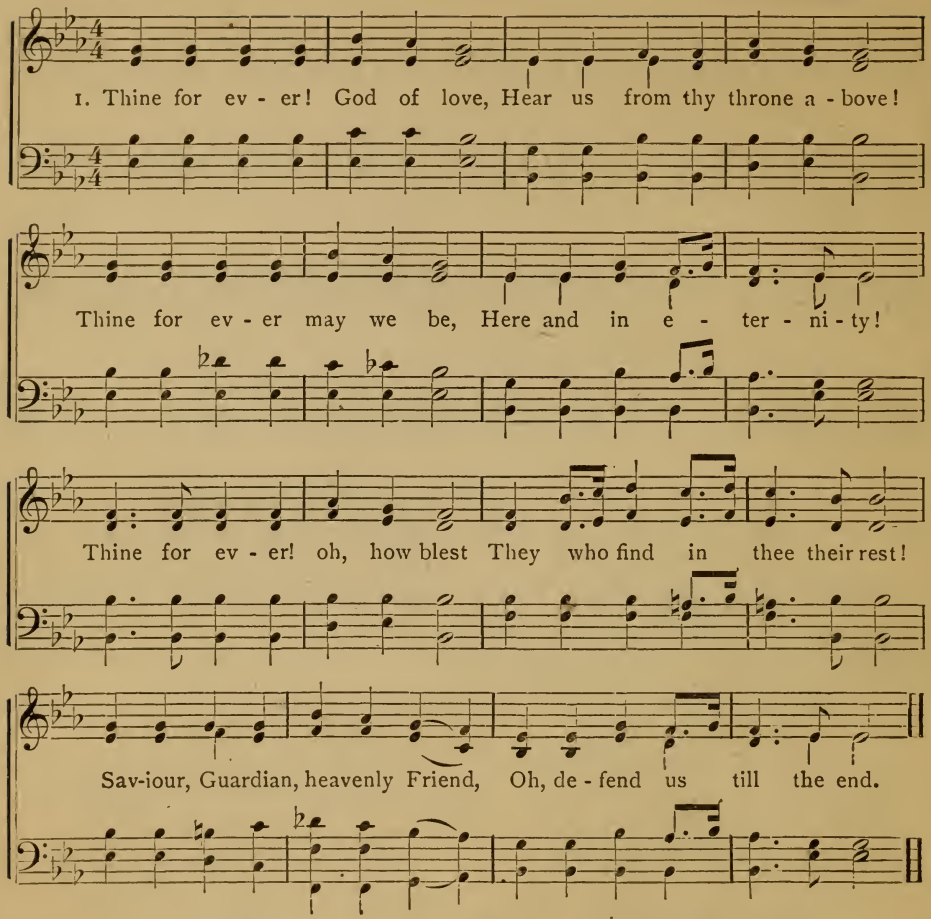
4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give:
To death, whose power I soon must feel;—
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

Gisborne.

Thine for Ever.

7s or 7s & 6s—8 l.

Arr. from Blumenthal.



17 *Guidance.*

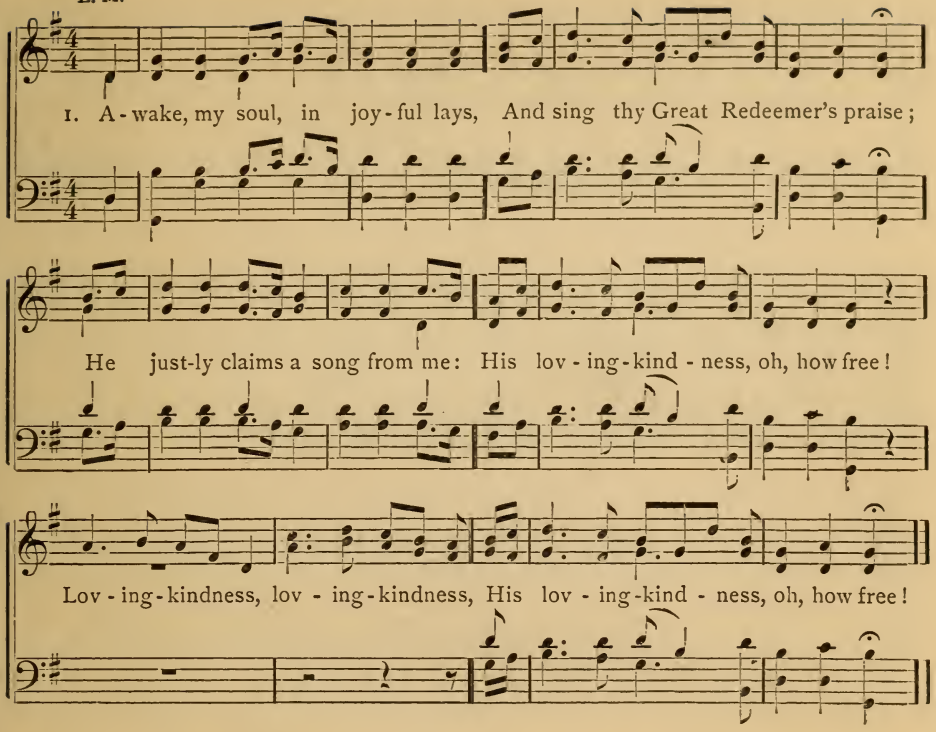
2 Thus through all our earthly way
Be our good and only guide;
Draw us from the evil way;
Keep us ever by thy side.
And, when fall the shades of night
On the paths we tread below,
Take us to the fields of light,
Where the living waters flow.

F. Maher.

18 *I will seek my Father.*

1 When the morn is bright and fair,
When sweet songsters charm the air,
I will lift my heart in prayer:
I will seek my Father;
Lest my feet should go astray
From his pure and perfect way,
Lest I grieve him as I may,
I will seek my Father.

L. M.



19 *Loving-Kindness.*

2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale:
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

4 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day:
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

Medley.

Concluded from opposite page.

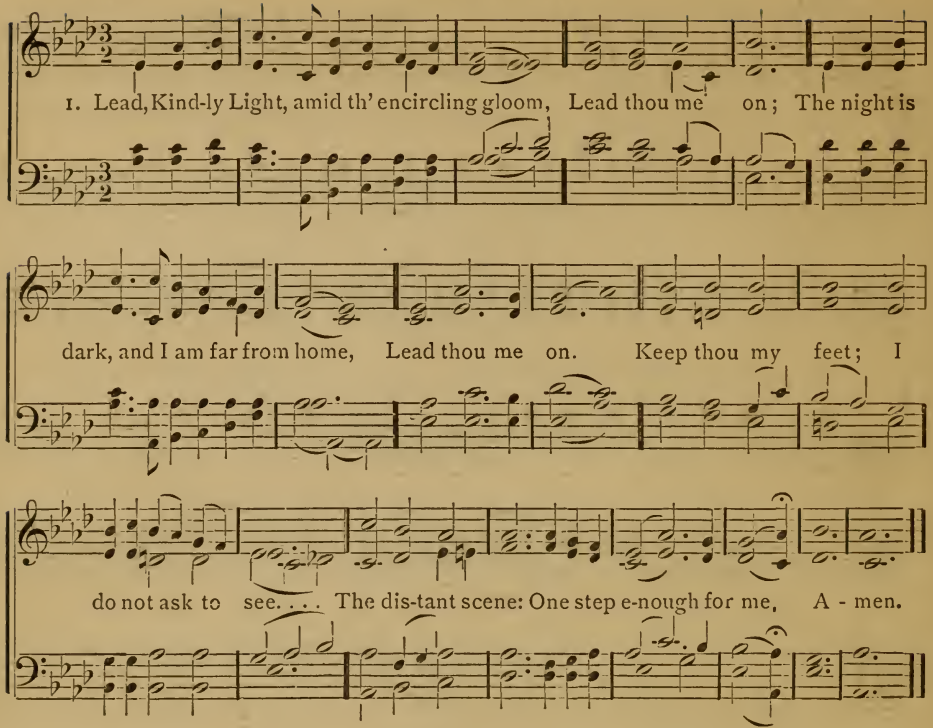
2 In the solitude apart,
In the wilderness or mart,
Oh! my sorely tempted heart,
I will seek my Father.
In the darkness as the day,
He shall be my guide and stay,
I will lean on him alway—
I will seek my Father.

3 When the evening sun is red,
When each blossom droops its head,
Kneeling low beside my bed,
I will seek my Father,
That I slumber in his care,
Shielded from each harmful snare,
And for life or death prepare;
I will seek my Father.

Anon.

Lead Thou Me On.

10s, 4s, & 6. Dykes.



20 *Lead, Kindly Light.*

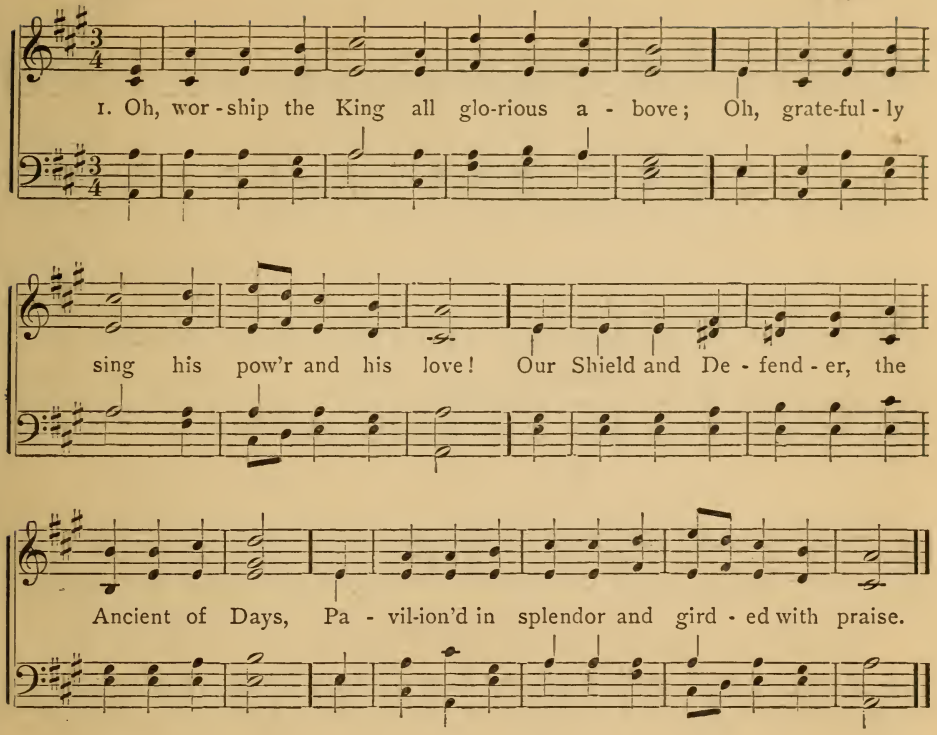
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:
Remember not past years!

3 So long thy Power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved
Long since, and lost awhile! Amen.

John Henry Newman.

10s, or 5s—8 l.

Haydn.



21 *Majesty and Goodness of God.*

2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

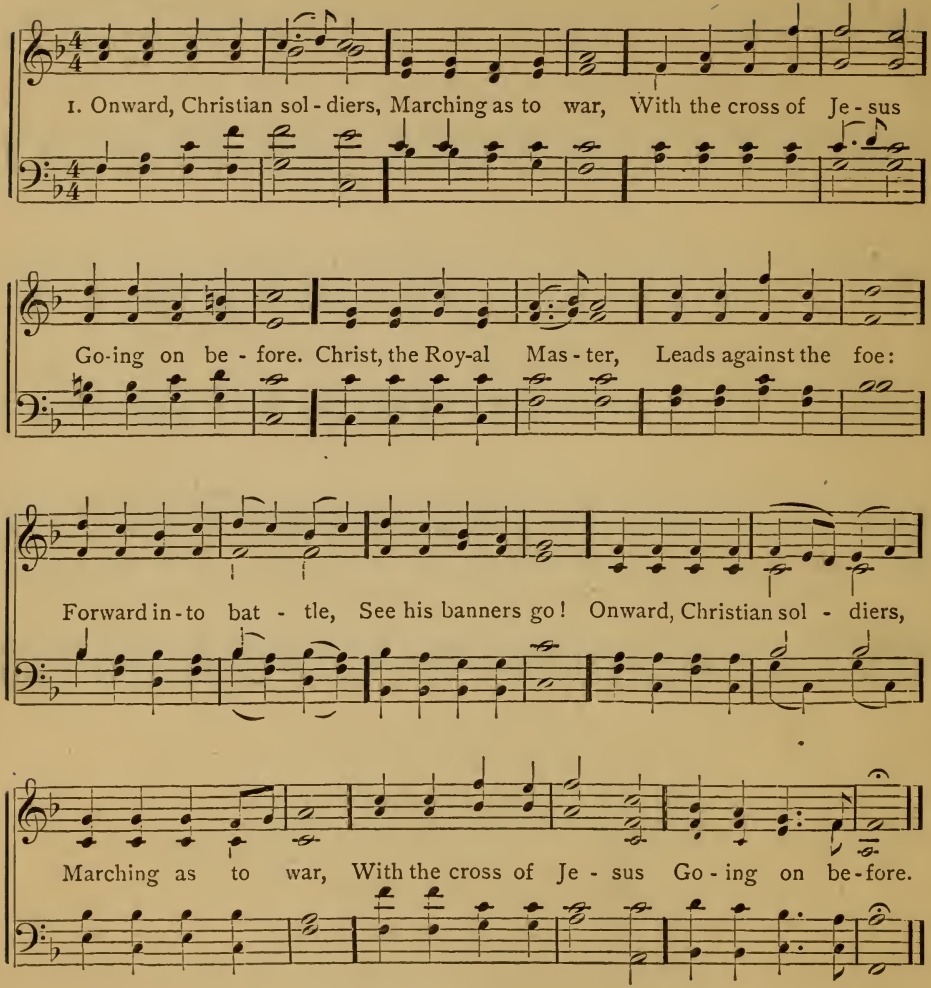
4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Grant.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

6s & 5s—12 l.

Sullivan.



22 *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

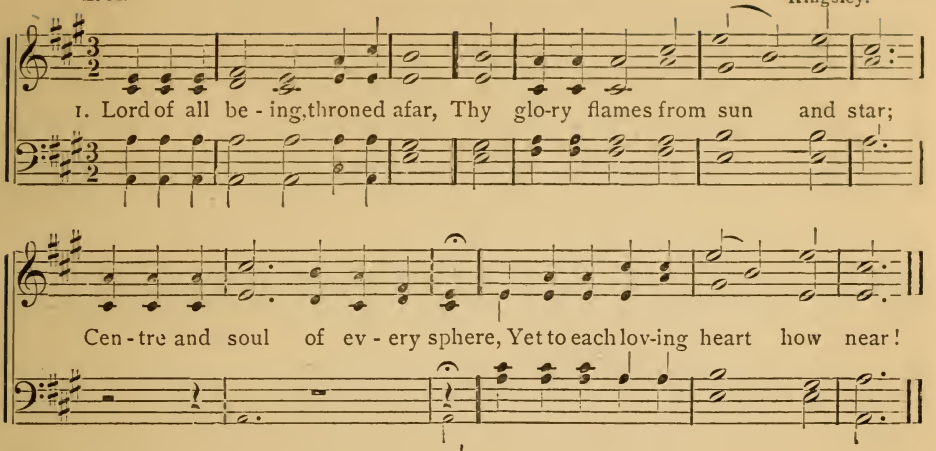
2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.

We are not divided:
All one body we;
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

Gould.

Lord of all Being.

L. M. Kingsley.



23 *Lord of all Being.*

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow-arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

O. W. Holmes.

24 *Coming of Christ.*

1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,—
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light,—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

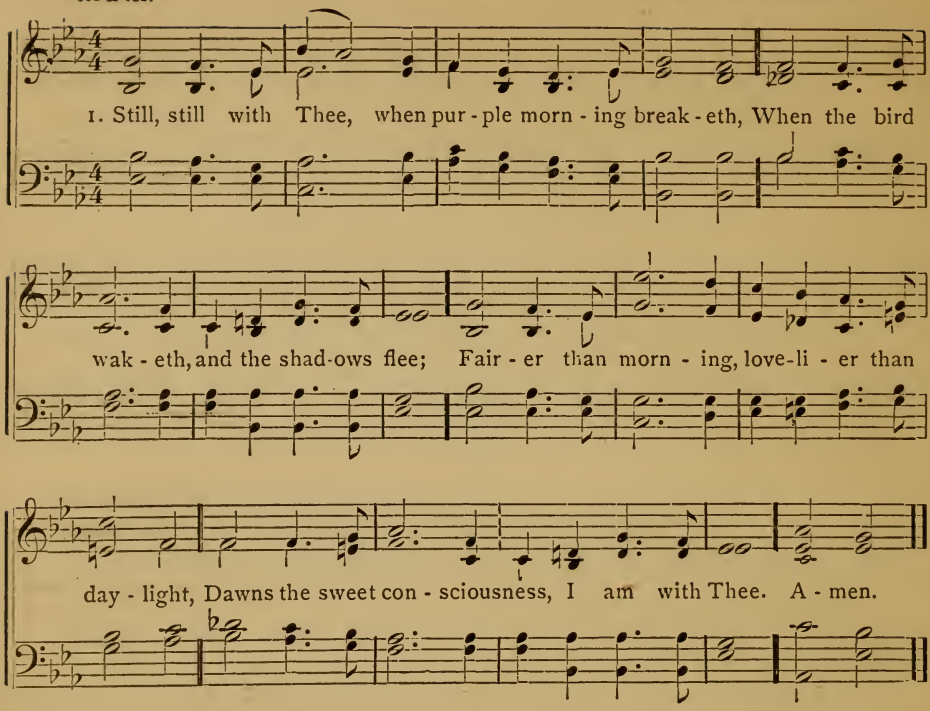
6 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

T. Campbell.

Still, still with Thee.

115 & 108.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.



25 *Still, still with Thee.*

2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

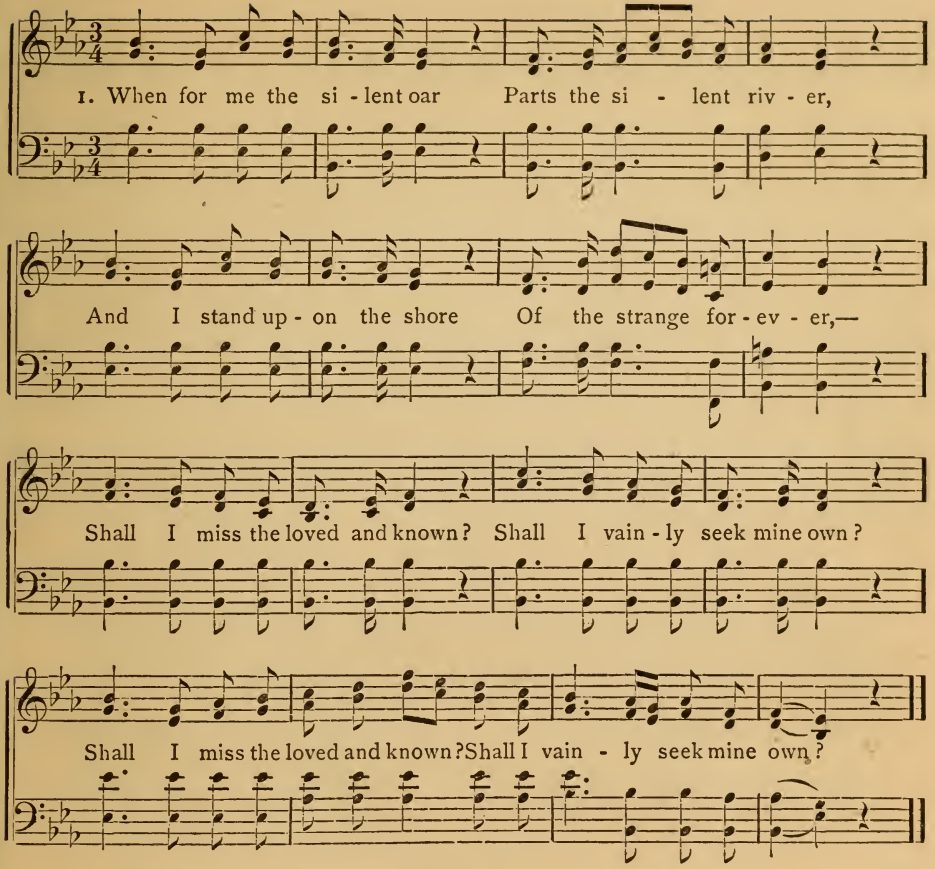
3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest;
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4 Still, still to thee! as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is giv'n,
So does this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto thee and heav'n.

5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer!
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.

6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with thee. Amen.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.



26 *Love Eternal.*

2 Can the ties that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow;
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

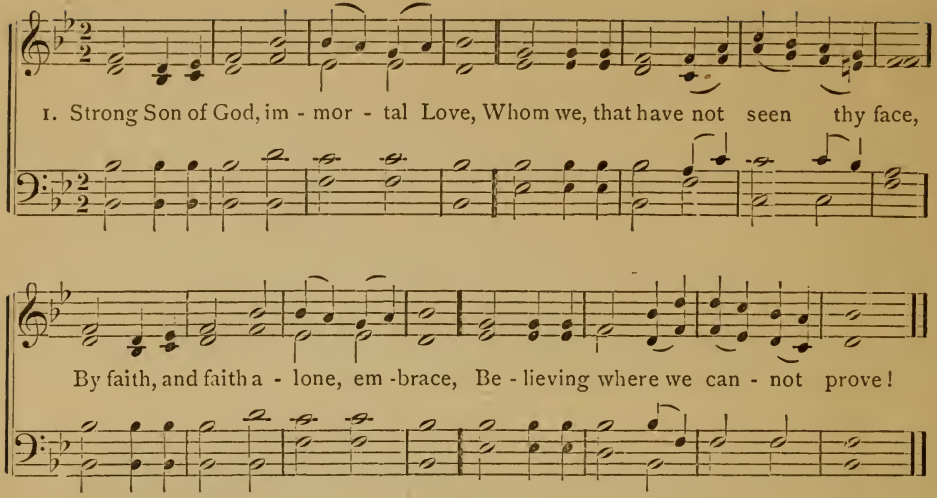
3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
‖: Will but clasp th' unbroken chain,
Closer when we meet again. :‖

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver,
‖: Thro' the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before. :‖

Larcom.

Strong Son of God.

L. M. L. Mason.



27 *Strong Son of God.*

2 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

3 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights fo thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Tennyson.

28 *Temple Worship.*

1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,—
There are thy temples, God of all!

2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place
Where thine own words of love are taught.

Norton.

29 *God in Nature.*

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race
It touched and glanced on every land.

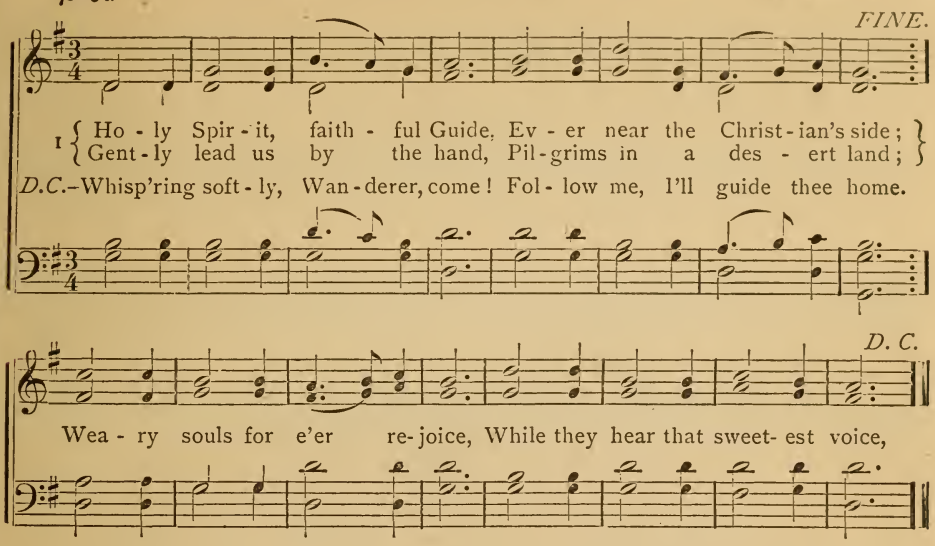
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

Watts.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide

7s—8 l.

M. M. Wells.



31 *Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.*

2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Anon.

32 *The Battle of Faith.*

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Anon.

To music on opposite page.

30 *The Angel Guest.*

1 How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold, [hold
Should be the man whose thought would
An hour's communion with the dead.

2 In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

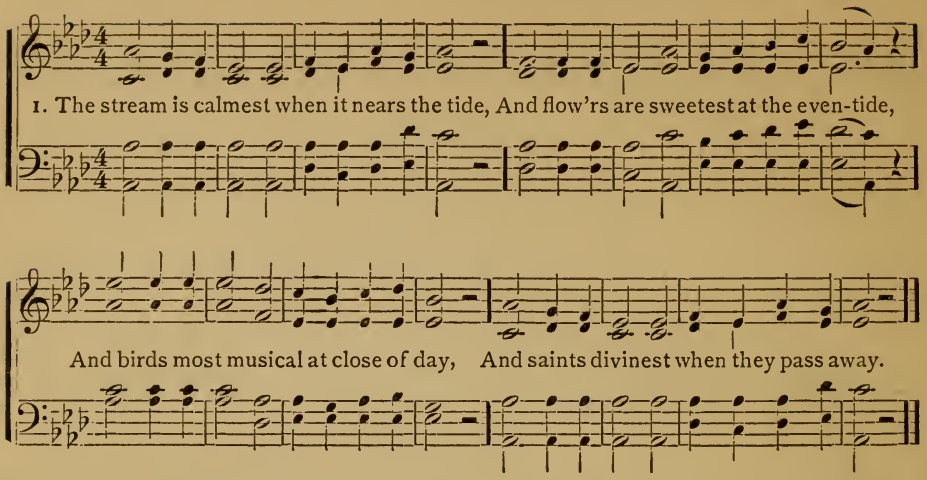
3 They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory of a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

4 But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

Tennyson.

The Stream is calmest.

10s. T. B. White.



33 *At the Last.*

2 Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

3 She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

4 Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer's evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

The Independent.

34 *Thoughts of Heaven.*

1 Often at evening comes a glowing thought
Of that which lies beyond our present sense;
Of those high scenes whose glories all are wrought
By God's pure love, and his omnipotence.

2 The golden bars that shine behind the sun,
The glorious seas that seem beneath Him poured,
The splendid hues, all melting into one,—
These look thy outworks, Palace of the Lord!

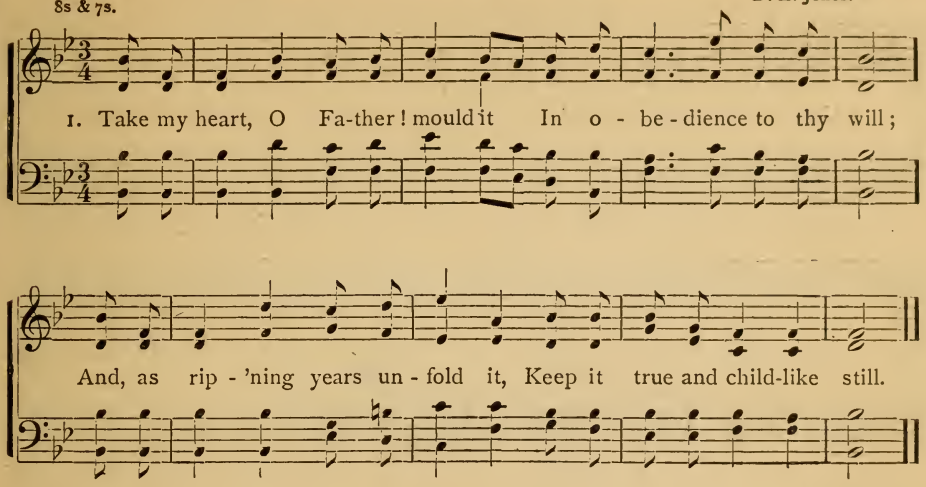
3 Yet not, not here, O City of our God!
Do we thy ageless glories truly see,
As when the souls, submissive 'neath the rod,
Or white in pureness, testify of thee!

35 *Guidance of the Faith.*

1 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith, by love, lead all mankind to Thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

Beard's Coll.

8s & 7s. D. E. Jones.



36 *Take my Heart, O Father!*

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

3 Ever let thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with pow'r divine;
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

37 *The Heavenly Father.*

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he beareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His love-brooding wing of might.

3 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in Him, and he in me:
And my longing soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

38 *Stayed on God.*

1 Quiet as a peaceful river,
Quiet as the wind-hushed seas,
In the Eternal trusting ever,
We are kept in perfect peace.

2 Deep beneath the warring ocean,
Deep beneath the howling flood,
All unmoved by its commotion,
Lie the promises of God.

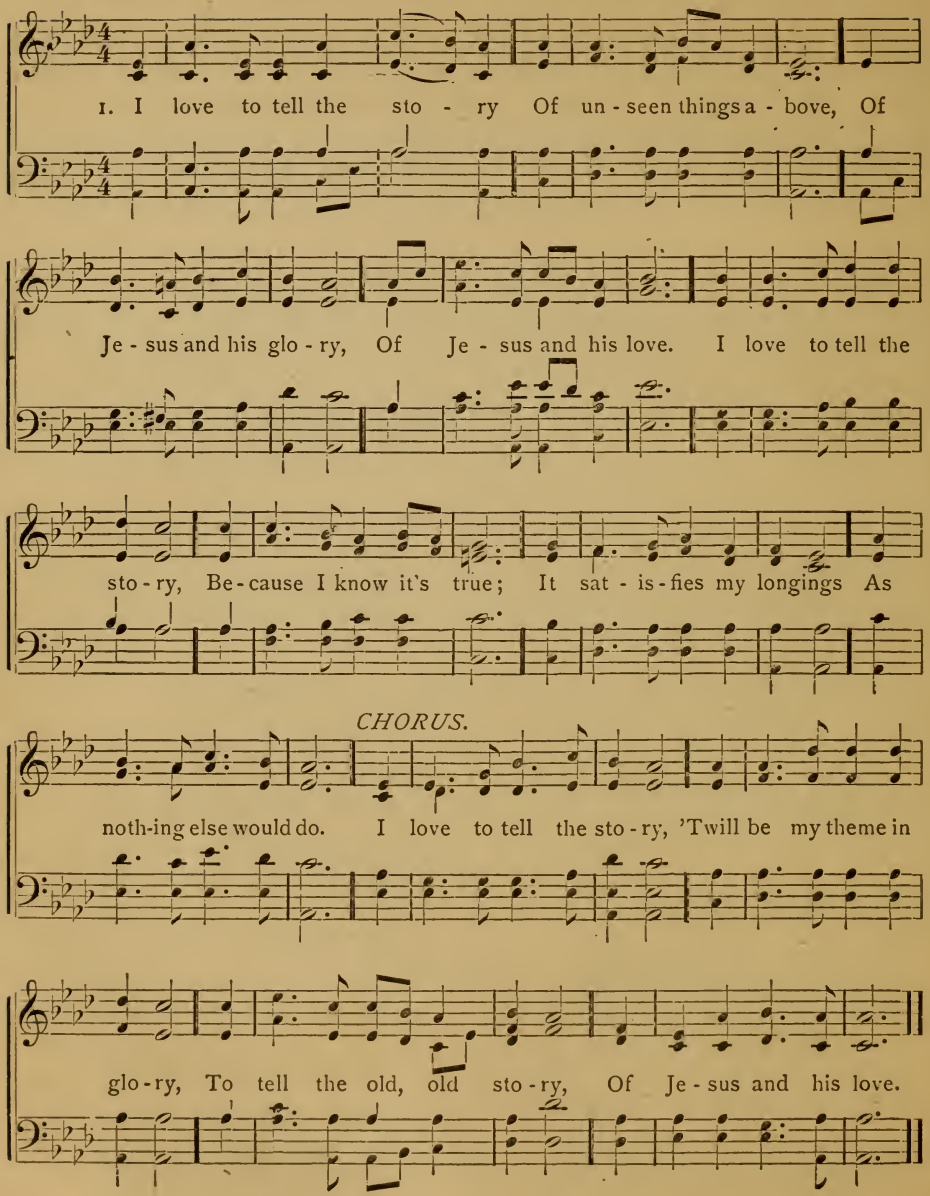
3 We are anchored firmly to them;
Though in tatters hang our shrouds,
Calmly we look up, and through them
View the thunder-riven clouds.

4 This our constant heart consoleth,
And we will not be afraid;—
God, our heavenly Father, ruleth,
All our hope on him is stayed.

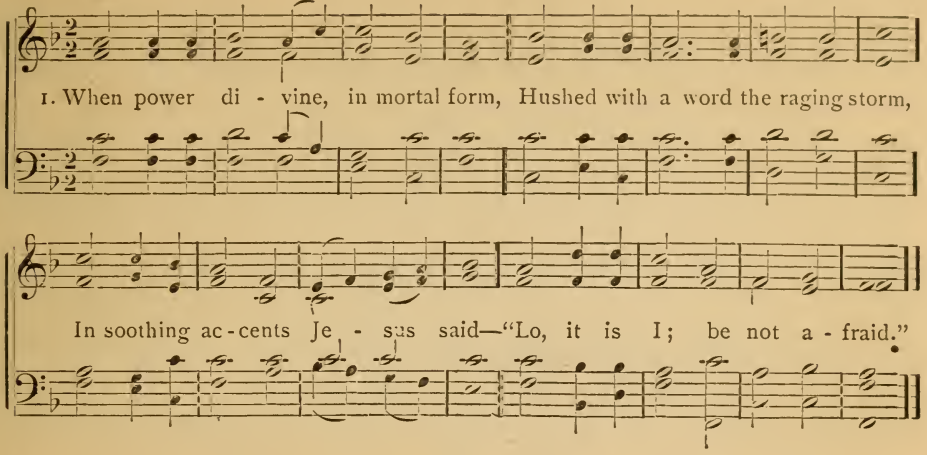
I love to Tell the Story.

7s & 6s—12 l.

By perm. Wm. G. Fischer.



L. M. H. K. Oliver.



40 *Be not afraid.*

2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled—
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

Smith.

41 *Trust.*

1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care:
We smile at pain while thou art near!

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrows crowd each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near!

Holmes.

Concluded from opposite page.

39 *Love of Jesus.*

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHO.

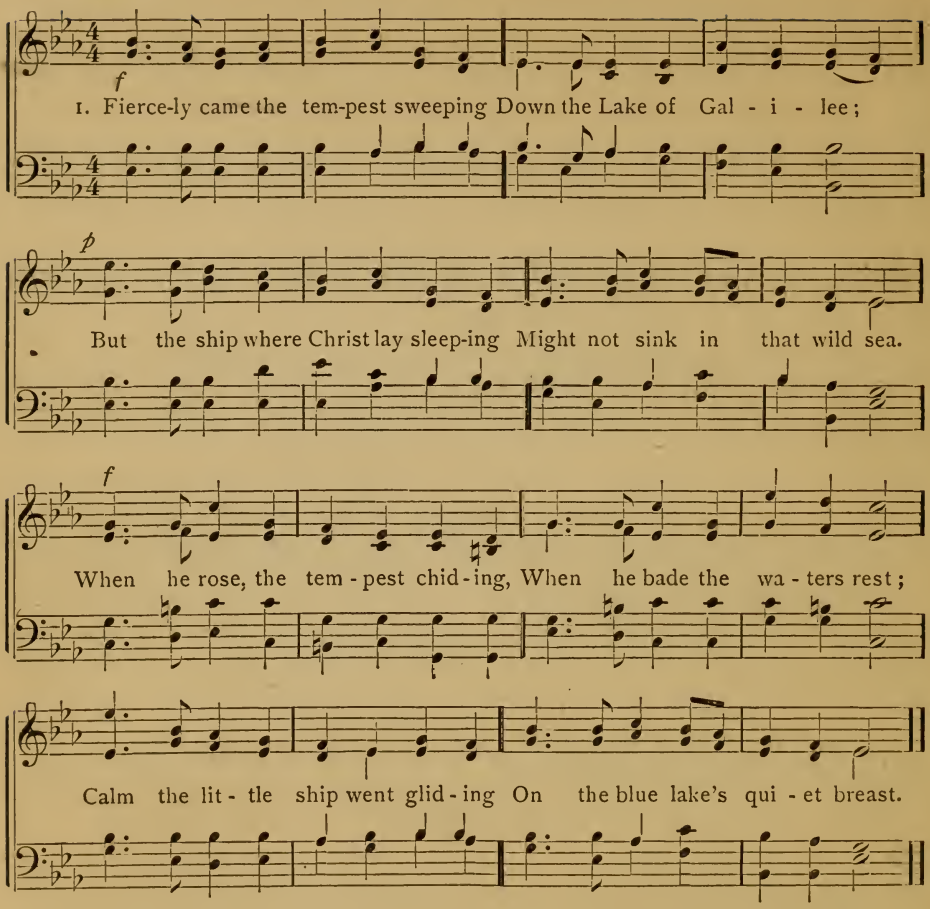
3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be—the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—CHO.

Kate Hankey.

Fiercely came the Tempest.

8s & 7s—8 l.



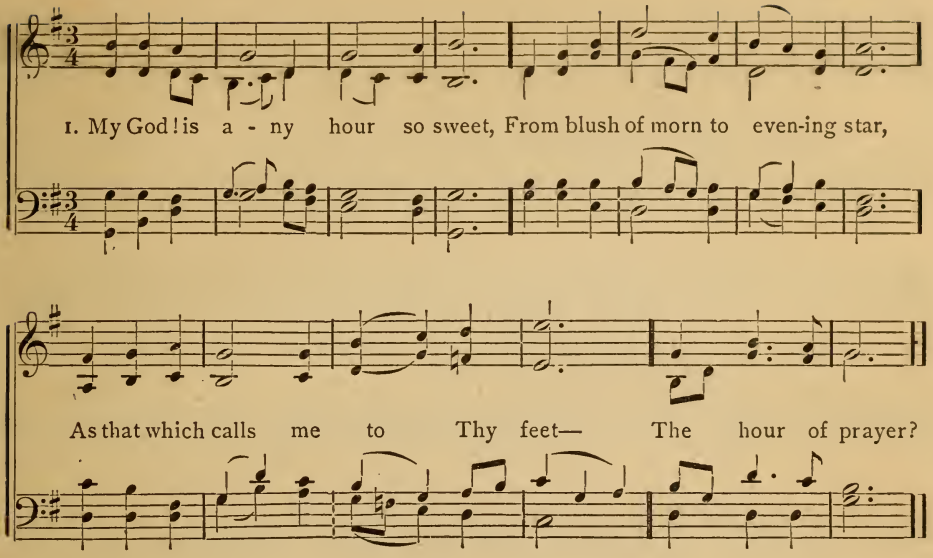
42 *Christ on the Water.*

2 And the white waves rushing past her,
Round her keel lay smooth and still;
For the wild waves knew their Master,
And the waves obeyed his will.
Thou who heard'st those seamen pleading,
Waking at their anguish cry—
Sleep not now, when, comfort needing,
Saviour, unto thee we fly.

3 When at night our homes are shaken,
And the howling winds we hear—
As in terror we awaken,
Keep us safe from harm and fear;
When the waves of pride or anger
Rise to vex our hearts within,
Keep us from a greater danger,
From the passion-storms of sin.

Anon.

8s & 4. Dykes.



43 *The Hour of Prayer.*

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou clear my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

44 *Love of God in Affliction.*

1 I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings:
For God is love.

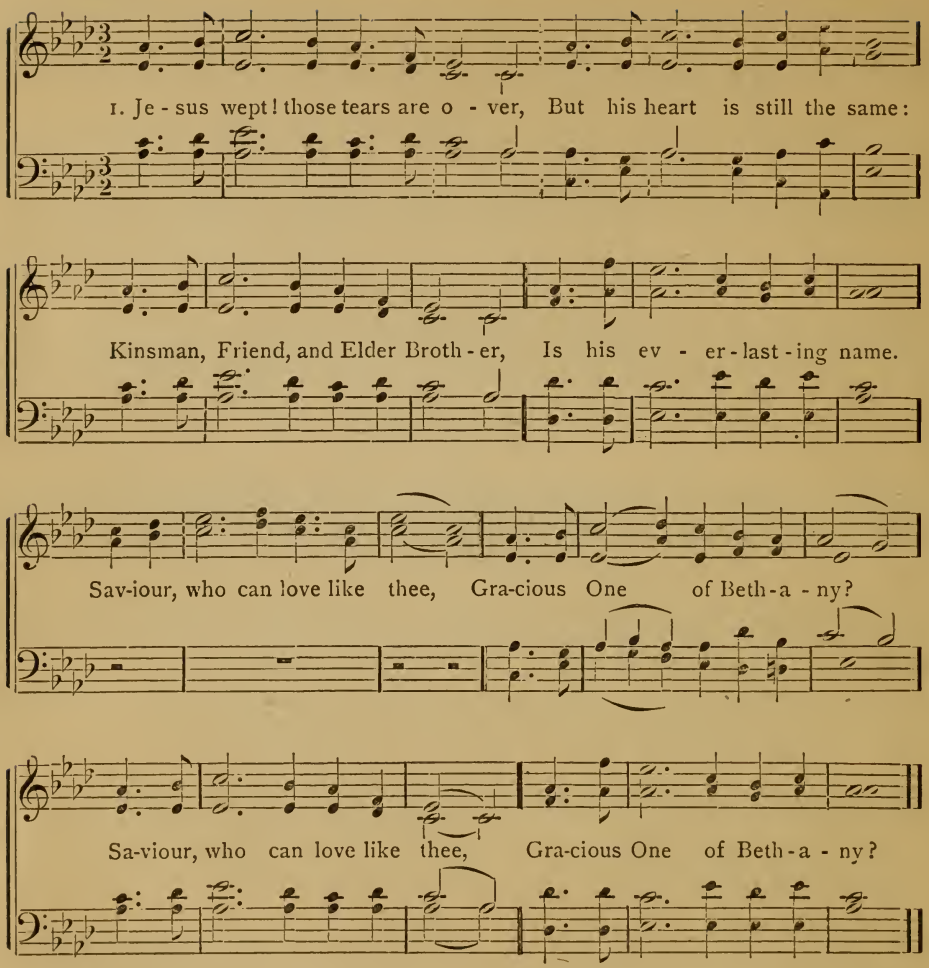
3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove:
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Oh, may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to joy,—
Thou, God, art love.

Anon.

Jesus wept!

8s & 7s—8 l. Spanish.

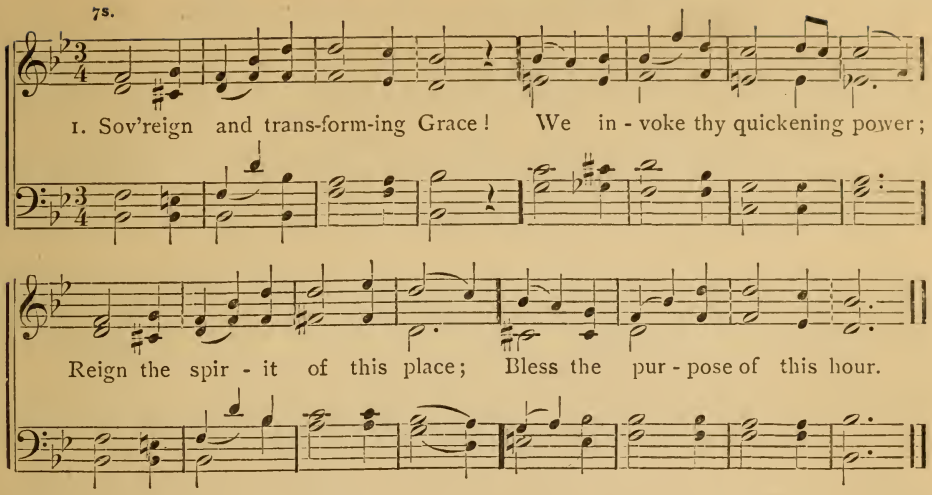


45 *Jesus wept.*

2 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Anon.



46 *Invocation.*

2 Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night;
Turn our darkness into day.

3 To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4 Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

F. H. Hedge.

47 *The heavenly Shepherd.*

1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet,
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,—
This my guard, and that my guide.

Merrick.

48 *Christian Liberty.*

1 God made all his creatures free:
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

2 Sin the primal charter broke,—
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

3 But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide worlds' only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

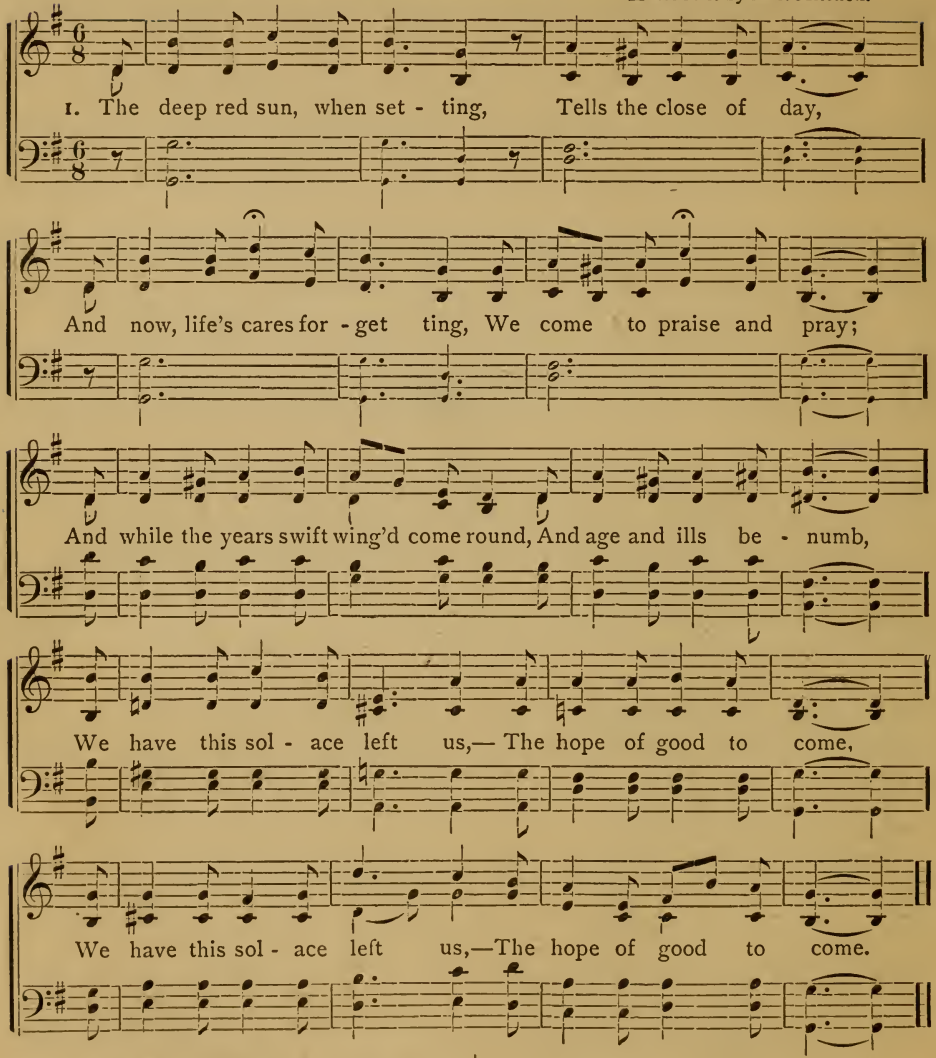
4 So shall every slavery cease,
All God's children dwell in peace,
And the new-born earth record
Love and Love alone, is Lord.

Montgomery.

The deep red Sun, when Setting.

DEDICATED TO THE CONFERENCE MEETINGS, DR. PATTERSON'S, ROXBURY.

Music Arr. by Mrs. Mitchell.

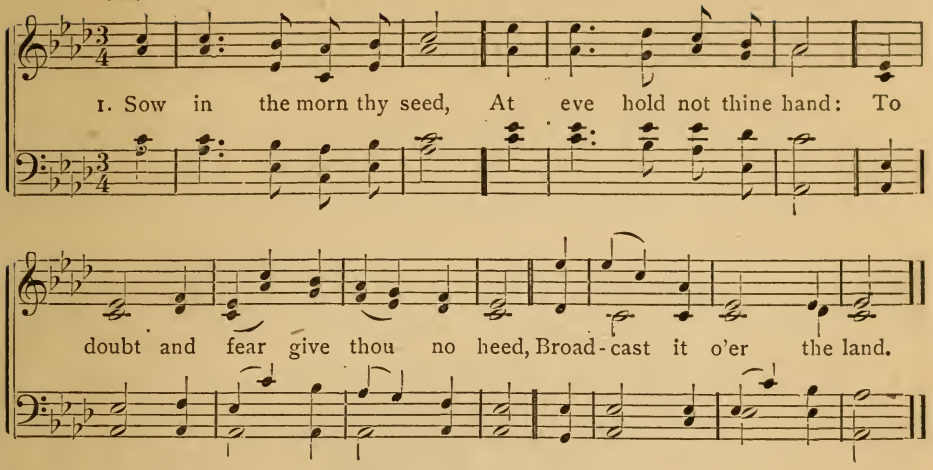


49 *The deep red Sun when setting.*

2 Though life should fail to realize
All our early dreams,
And where we hoped for sunshine,
We get but fitful gleams,
And after all the years roll round,
And age and ills benumb,
‖: Yet while we live we'll cherish
The hope of good to come. :‖

Stanford Mitchell.

S. M. Greatorex.



50 *Sow in the Morn thy Seed.*

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Anon.

51 *Be not afraid.*

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel
And pious teachers throng.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast:

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Sigourney.

52 *Worship.*

1 O everlasting Light!
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay.

2 O everlasting Health!
Flow through life's inmost springs;
The heart's best bliss, the soul's best wealth,
What life thy presence brings!

3 O everlasting Truth!
The soul of all that's true,
Sure guide alike of age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me, too.

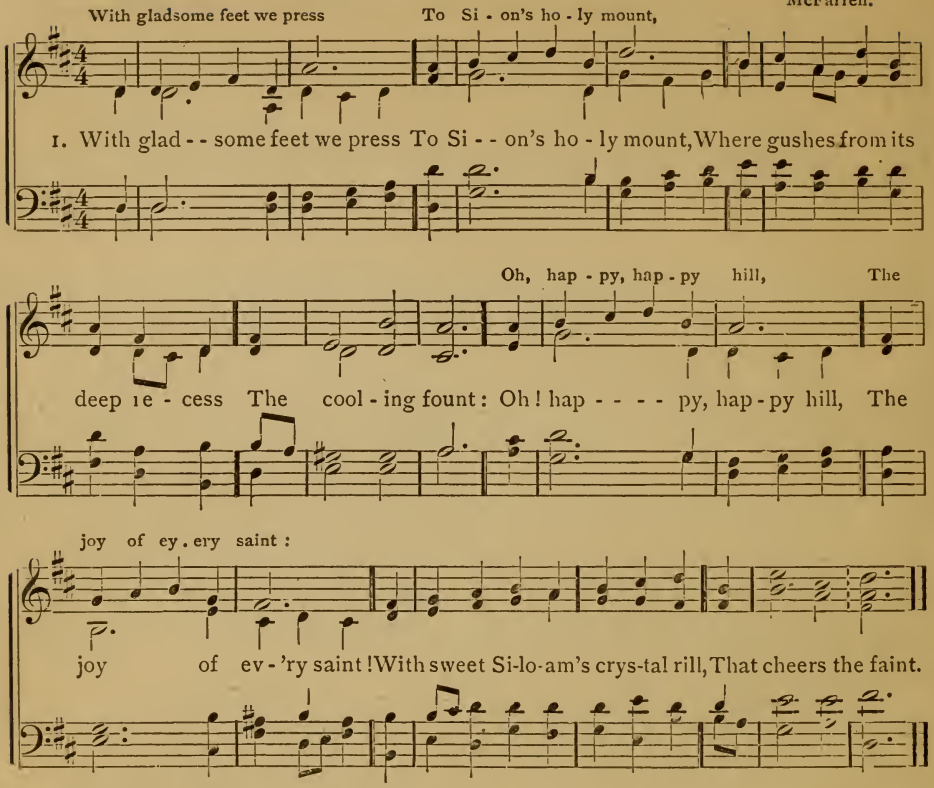
4 O everlasting Might!
My broken life repair;
Nerve thou my will, and clear my sight:
Give strength to do and bear.

Bonar.

With gladsome Feet we press.

6,6,8,4—8 l.

McFarren.



53 *City of God.*

2 Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to thee!
The martyr's bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought thy golden seat
To win their rest.

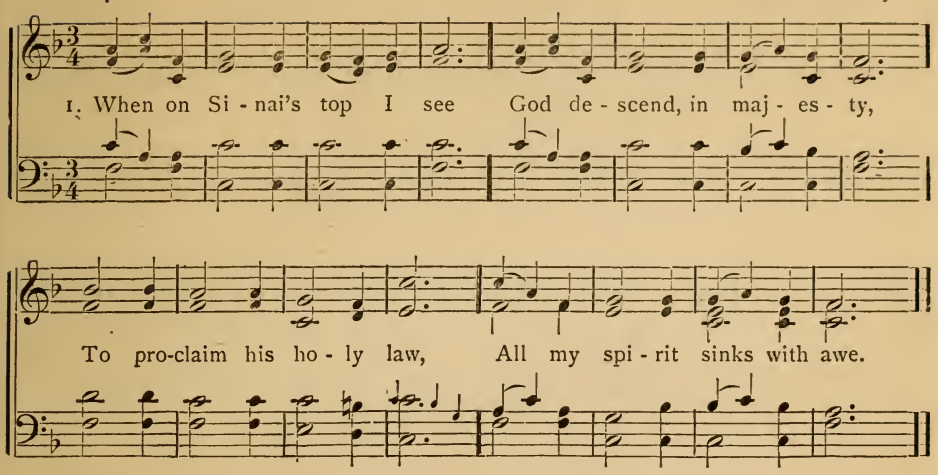
3 There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening ears;
On hope and thee can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall rise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With thee thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

Singleton.

When on Sinai's Top.

7s. Wm. B. Bradbury.



54 *Grandeur of God.*

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

Montgomery.

55 *A Life hidden in God.*

1 Let my life be hid in Thee,
Life of life, and Light of light!
Love's illimitable Sea!
Depth of peace, of power the Height!

2 Let my life be hid in thee,
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

3 Let my life be hid in thee;
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

4 Let my life be hid in thee;
In the world, and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

Anon.

56 *"Father, I have sinned."*

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!

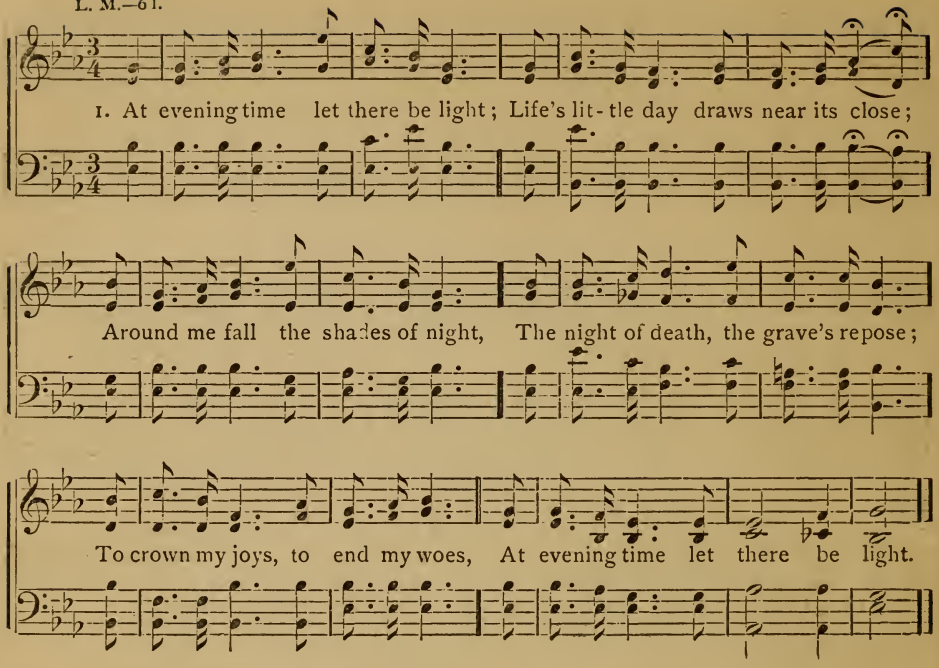
2 I, who spurned his loving hold:
I, who would not be controlled:
I, who would not hear his call:
I, the wilful prodigal!

3 See! my Father waiting stands:
See! he reaches out his hands:
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me,—e'en me.

Samuel Longfellow.

At Evening Time.

L. M.—61.



57 *Evening.*

2 At evening time let there be light;
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;
'Tis evening time, and there is light!

Anon.

58 *The Peace of God.*

1 O Father! lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in thy dear love;
And still that Peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to thy throne.

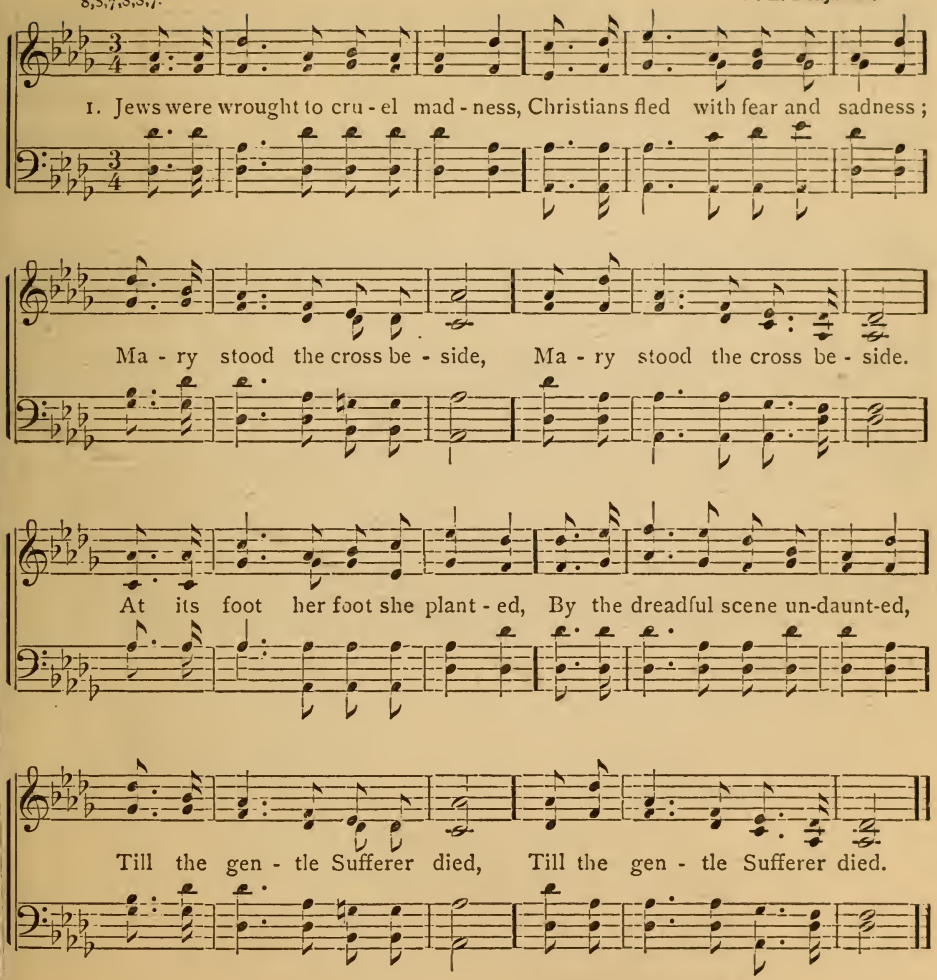
2 May we our daily duties meet,
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,
And win that strength which doth thy will
And seeth thee, and so is still;
And, fixed on thy sustaining arm,
Find daily food, and know no harm.

3 Help us with man in peace to live,
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
And day and night the tempter flee
Thro' strength which comes alone from thee!
Thus will our spirits find their rest,
In thy deep Peace forever blest.

Anon.

8,8,7,8,8,7.

F. L. Benjamin.



59 *Beside the Cross.*

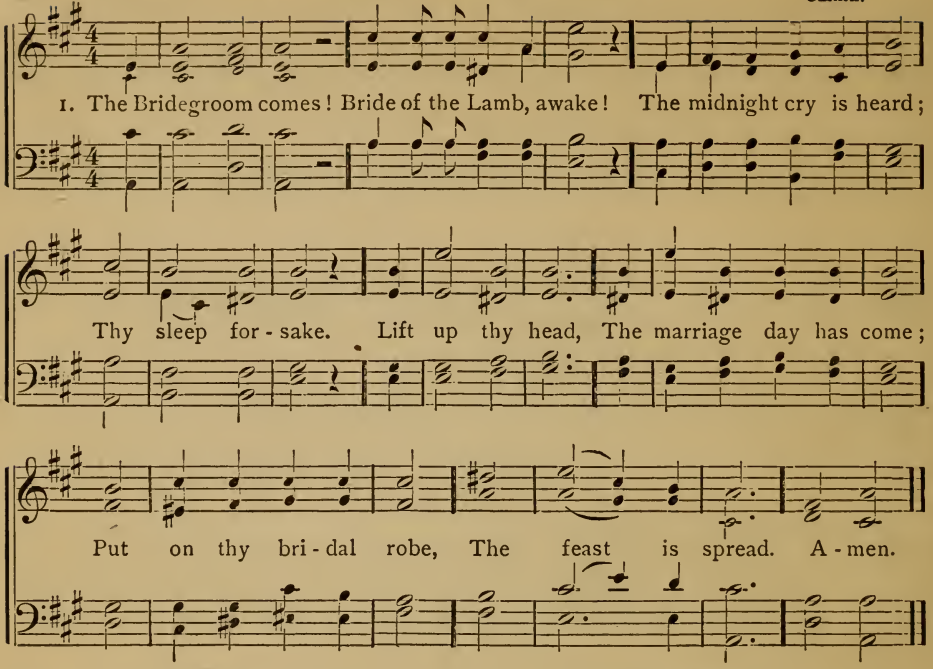
2 Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brows with glory,
Priests her name have deified;
But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like the simple story,
"Mary stood the cross beside!"

3 So, when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;
But if love be there, true-hearted,—
By no grief or terror parted,—
We may stand the cross beside.

Wm. J. Fox.

The Bridegroom Comes!

Calkin.



60 *The Bridegroom cometh.*

2 Shake off earth's dust,
And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth,
The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done! Amen.

Bonar.

61 *Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.*

1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

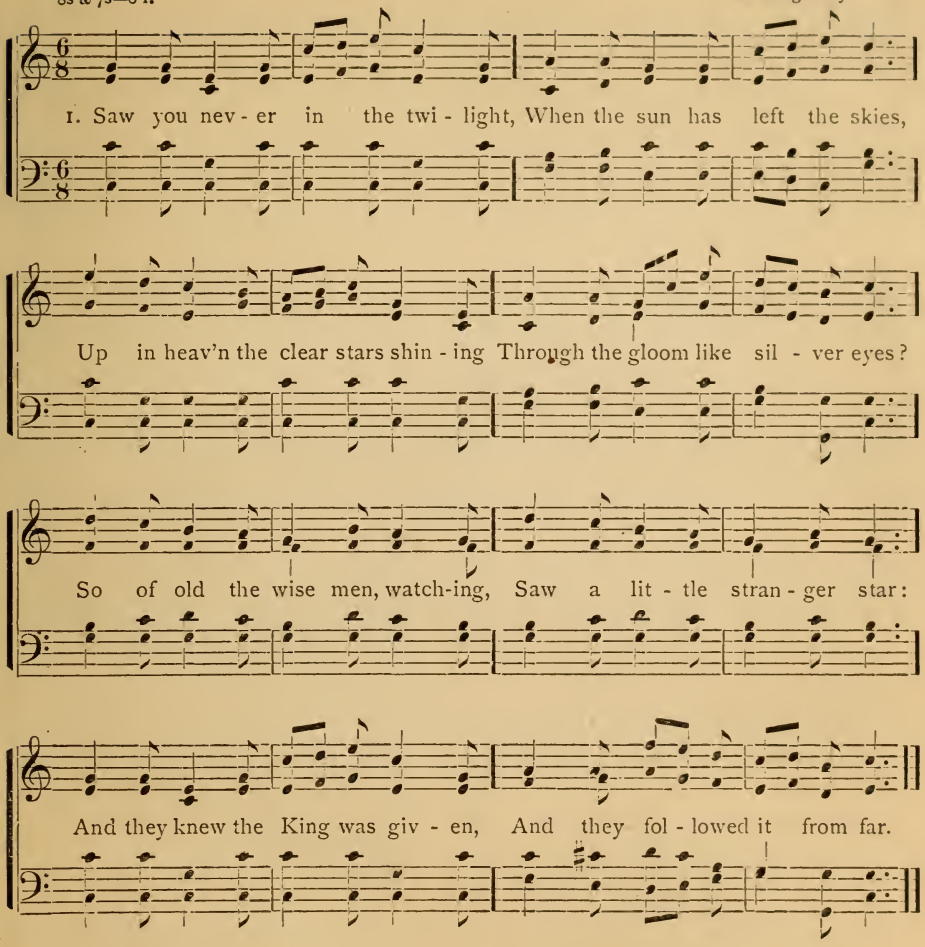
3 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Pope.

Saw you never in the Twilight?

8s & 7s—8 I.

H. Kingsbury.



62 *Star of Bethlehem.*

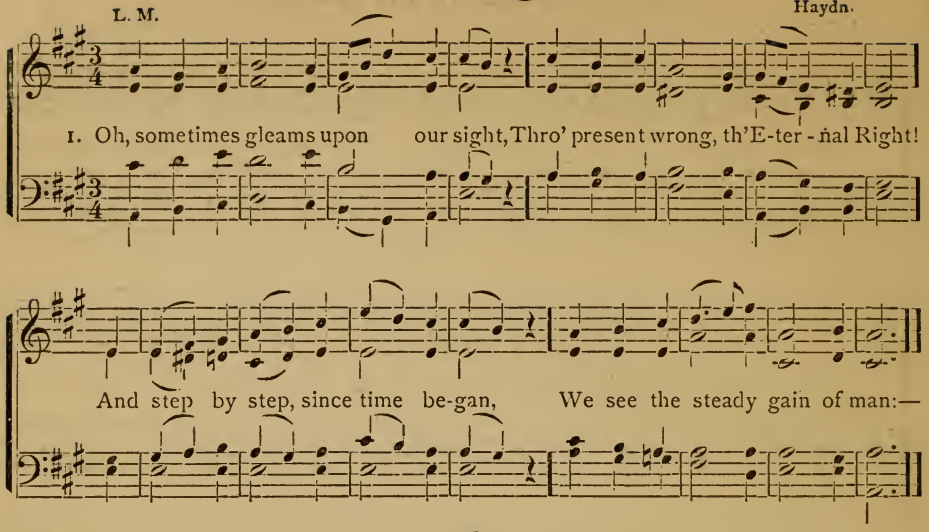
2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child—
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know you not that lowly Infant
Was the bright and Morning Star,
He who came to light the Gentiles
And the darkened isles afar?
And we too may seek his cradle,
There our hearts' best treasure bring—
Love and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour and our King.

Anon.

Oh, sometimes gleams.

L. M. Haydn.



63 *Progress.*

2 That all of good the past has had,
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,—
The still small voice in Autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, the burning bush.

4 For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

5 Through the harsh voices of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

6 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and every where.

Whittier.

64 *Knowledge of God.*

1 In darker days and nights of storm,
Men knew Thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightnings saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

2 In brighter days, we read thy love
In flow'rs beneath, in stars above;
And, in the track of every storm,
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form.

3 E'en in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath;
But always Wisdom,—perfect Love,
From flow'rs below to stars above.

4 See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For the Almighty Love is here.

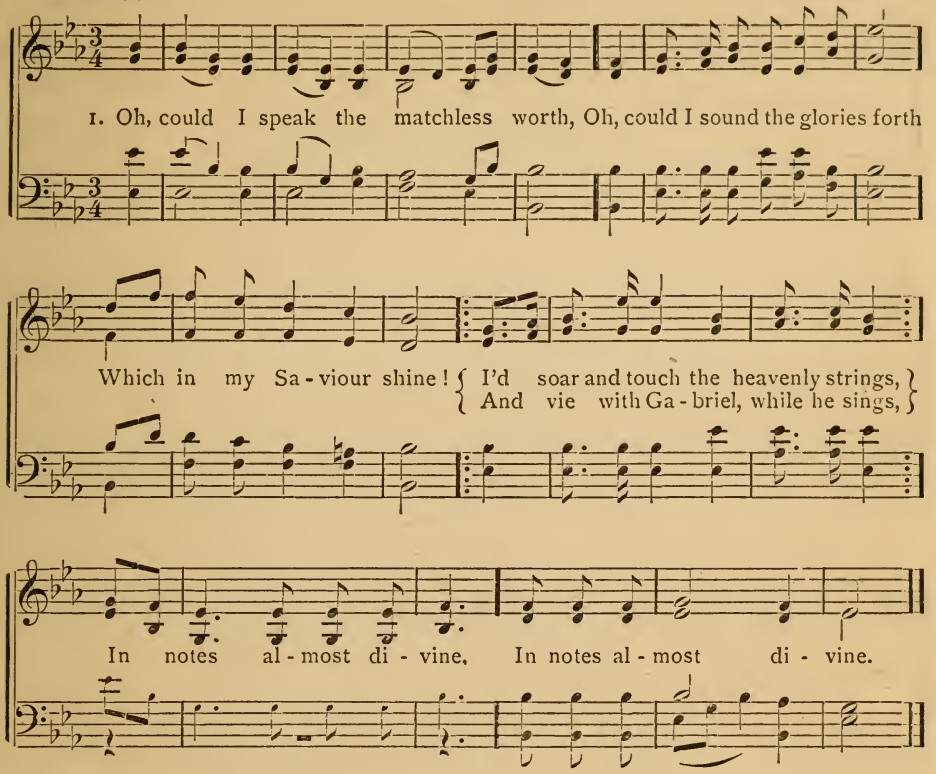
64 [*b*] Theodore Parker.

Fling wide thy portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart,
So shall thy Sov'reign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Oh, could I speak.

8,8,6,8,8,6.

Dr. L. Mason.



65 *Character of Christ.*

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Medley.

66 *Praise for Christ's Mission.*

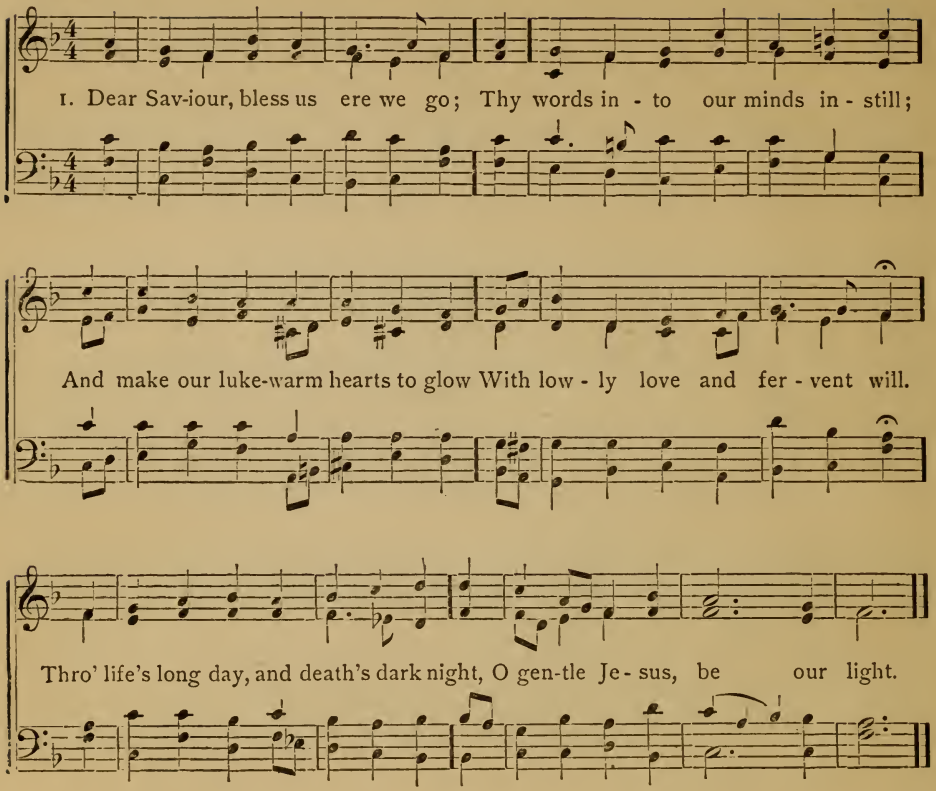
1 Oh, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth.
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus, all-triumphant, came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast;
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

Roscoe.

Dear Saviour, bless us ere we go.

L. M. —61. Monk.



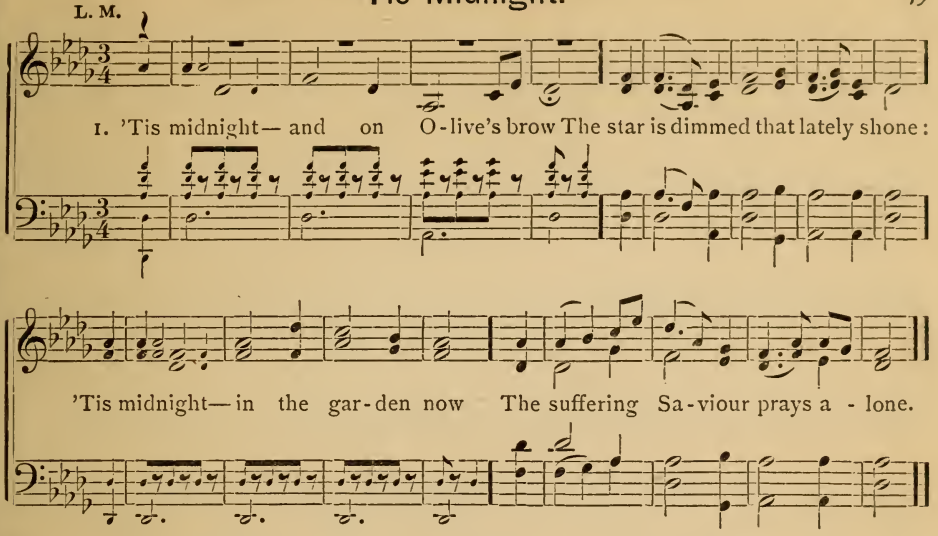
57 *Jesus our Light.*

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our work be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

L. M.



68 *Solitude.*

2 'Tis midnight— and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears:
E en the disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight — and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrow weeps in blood:
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight — and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Anon.

69 *Perseverance.*

1 O suffering Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

Anon.

To music on opposite page.

Concluded from opposite page.

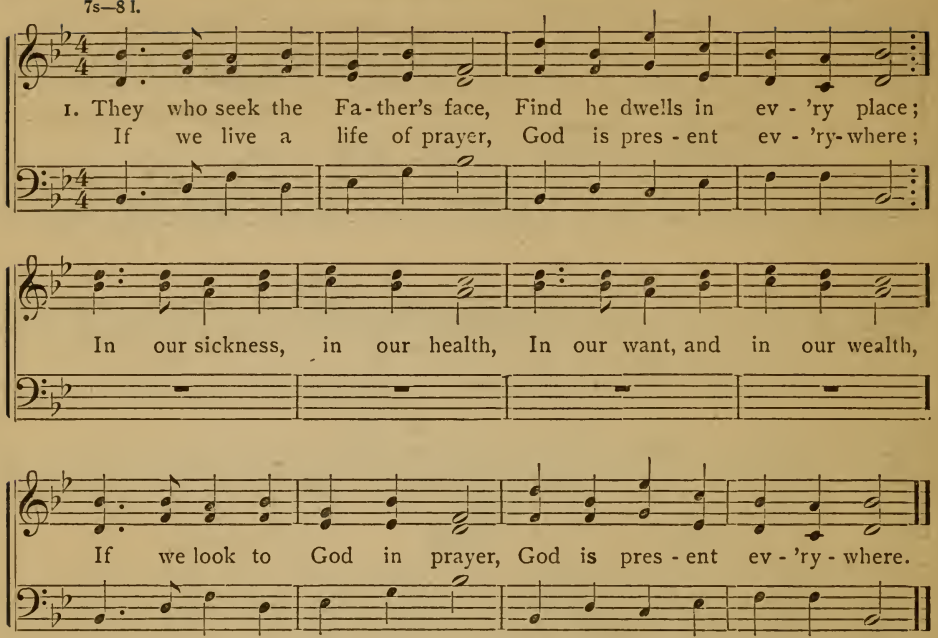
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and deaths dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 O Saviour, bless us, night is come,
Through night and narkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee,
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Faber.

They who Seek the Father's Face.

7s—8 l.



70 *God Everywhere.*

2 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.
Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

71 *The Praise of Love.*

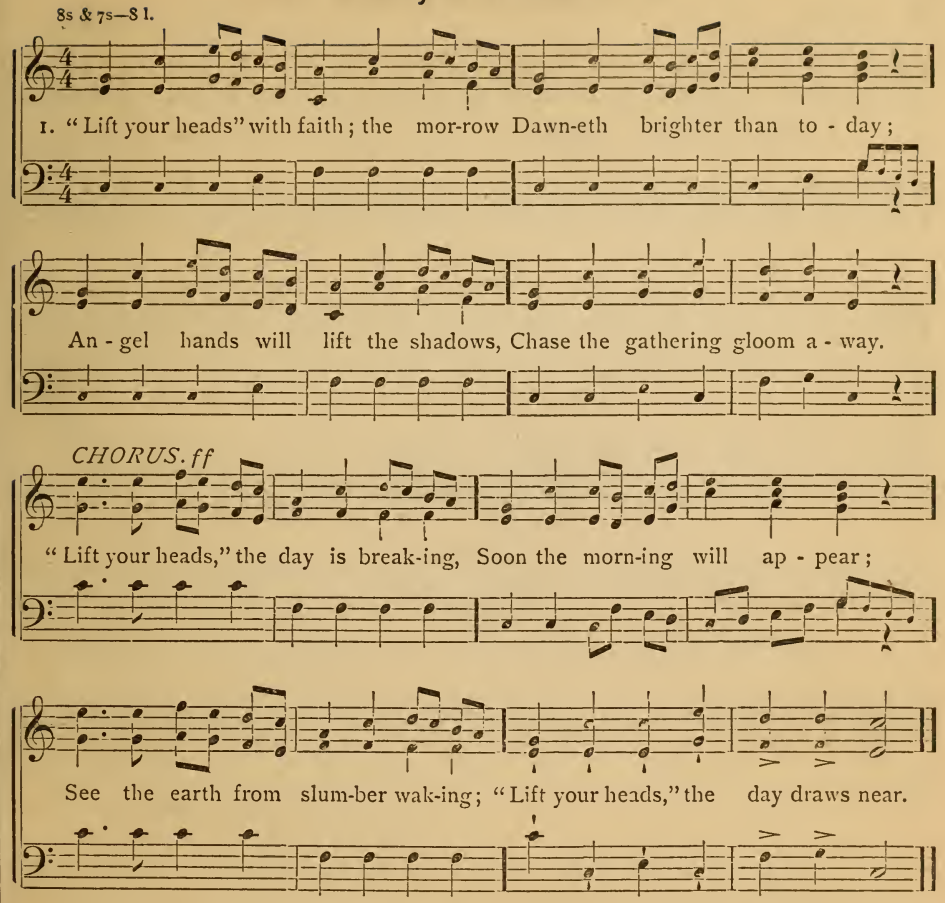
1 Let us sing the praise of Love!
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all created things.
Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
Sorrow lifts its drooping head;
And the tears of grief that start
Turn to sunshine in the heart.

2 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Fairest of all things above:
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!
And when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright
Pass from darkness into light.

3 Let us sing the praise of Love,
Everywhere,—around, above;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies;
Heeding when the lowly call;
Mindful of a sparrow's fall;
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
"God is love, and love is God."

Anon.

8s & 7s—8 l.



72 *Faith in the Future.*

2 Does the night seem long and weary—
Dangers threatening 'long the way?
Joy will soon return to bless thee,
Soon will dawn a brighter day.—CHO.

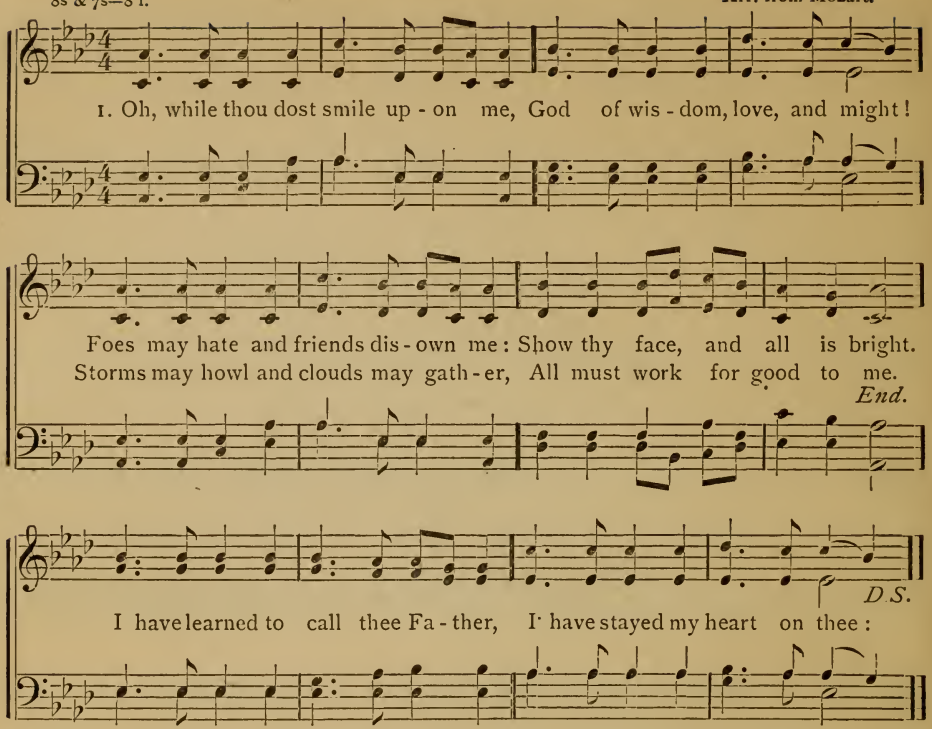
3 What though wars and earth's commotions
Try your faith, and cause dismay;
God, your Father, rules the nations,
He will send a brighter day.—CHO.

Anon.

Oh, while thou dost smile.

8s & 7s—8 l.

Arr. from Mozart.



73 *Trust in God.*

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Thou canst give me sweetest rest,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

Henry Francis Lyte.

74 *The End of Trials.*

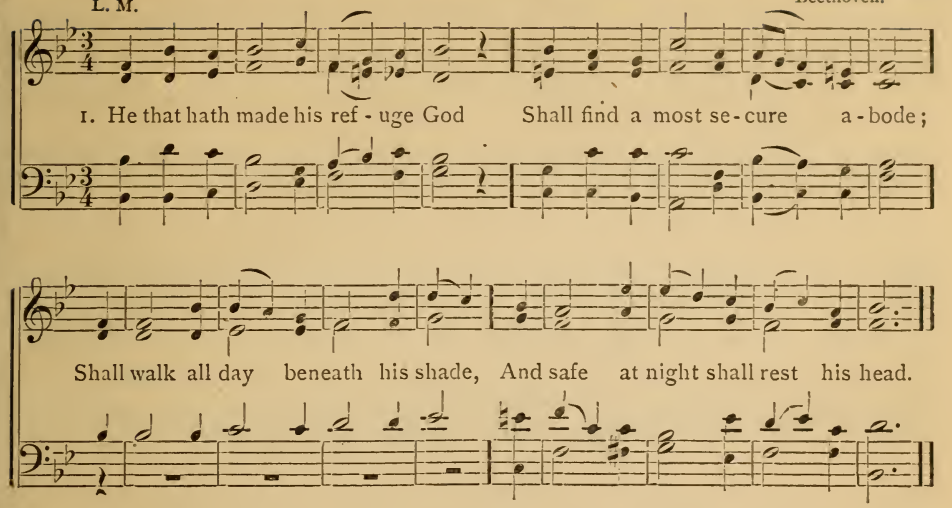
1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee!
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte.

He that hath made his Refuge God.

L. M. Beethoven.



75 *God our Refuge.*

2 Then will I say: "My God! thy pow'r
Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust!"

3 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

Watts.

76 *Invocation.*

1 Thou Power and Peace! in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,—
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,—

2 Forever lend thy sov'reign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine:
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.

3 Nor let us quench thy saving light:
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit,— Comforter!

Roman Breviary.

77 *The Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

1 Thou art the Way: and he who sighs,
Amid the starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,—

2 By thee must come, thou Gate of Love
Thro' which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.

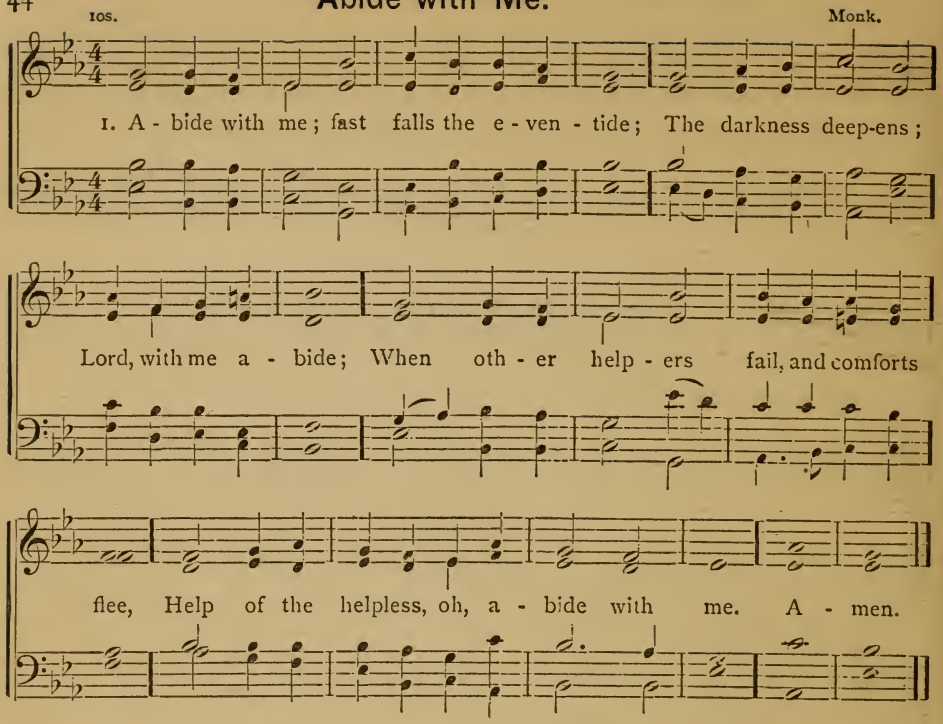
3 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
Beams on thro' earthly blight and bloom:
The pure, the everlasting Ray:
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

4 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more.

5 Thou art the guiding Pillar given,
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven:
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Anon.

Abide with Me.



78 *A constant Guest.*

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? [with me.
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes: [to the skies;
Shine through the gloom, and point me
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Amen

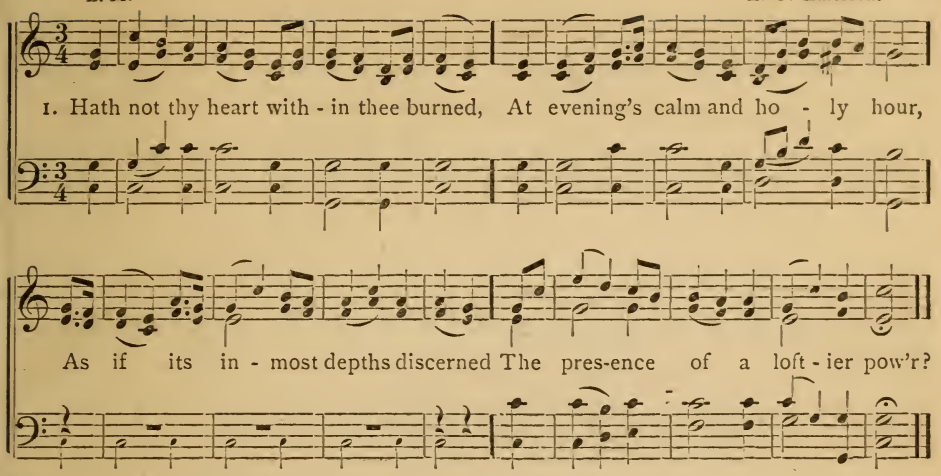
Lyte.

79 *God's Fatherly Care.*

1 Father! there is no change to live with thee, [day,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

Hath not thy Heart.

L. M. L. O. Emerson.



80 *Voice of God.*

2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmur'd by,
A voice from forth th' eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

3 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart,
And bade each worthier tho't awake,
And ev'ry dream of earth depart.

4 Voice of our God, oh, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heav'n our wand'rings cease!

Bulfinch.

81 *Trust and Submission.*

1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of griet and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know:
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil:
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Norton.

Concluded from opposite page.

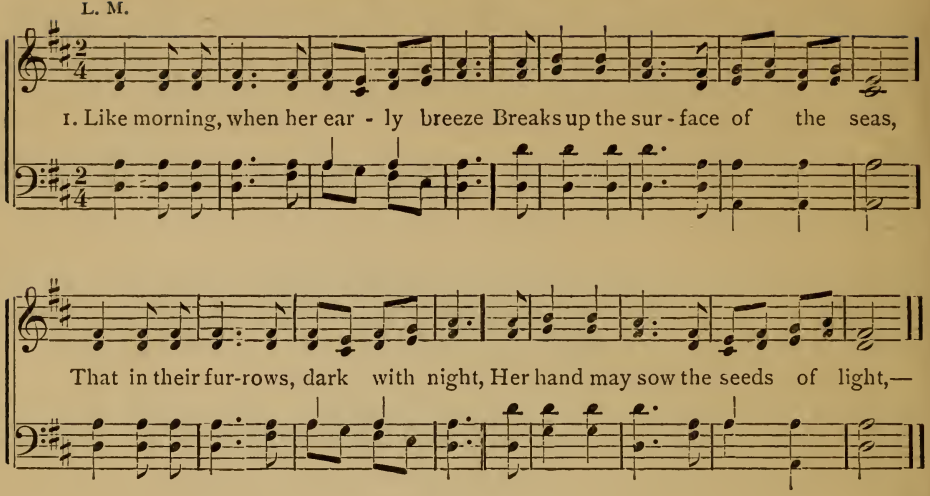
2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within,
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend:
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

Jones Very.

Like Morning, when her early Breeze.

L. M.



82 *Enlivening Grace.*

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before:
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire:
But when he swept its chords along,
The angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord:
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

Moore.

83 *Christ our Example.*

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,—
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe:
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Coxe.

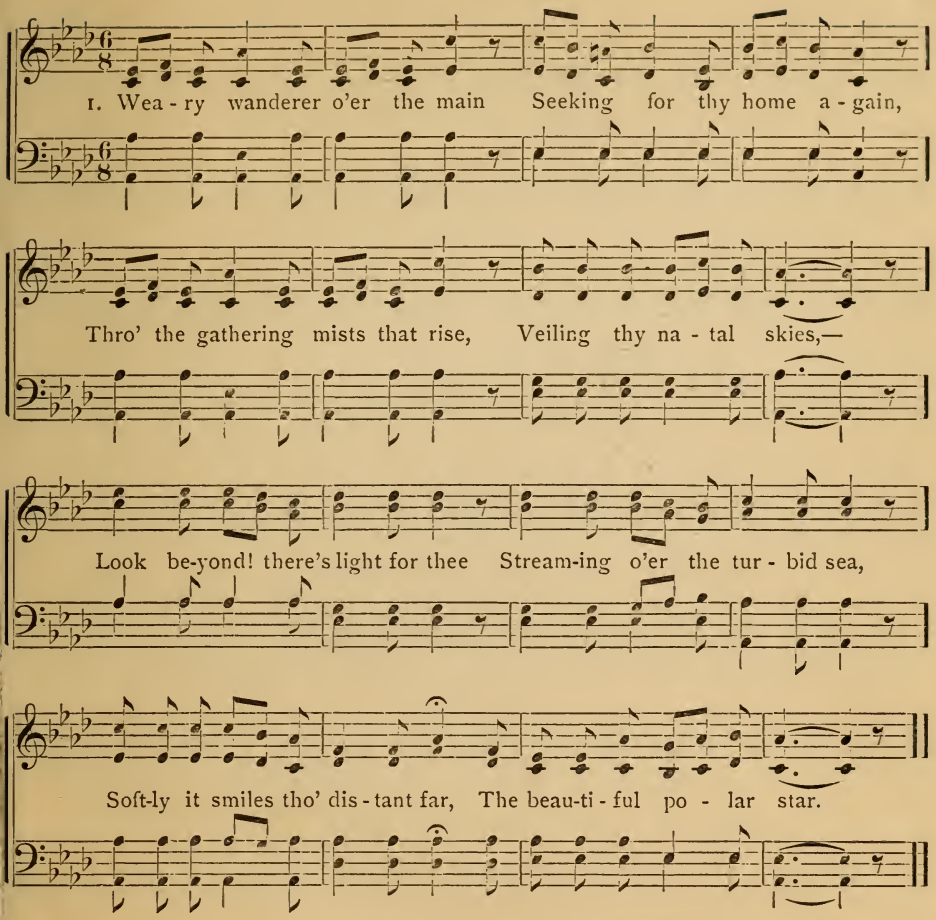
84 *Evening Hymn.*

1 O Thou true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

3 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise:
Oh, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

Caswall.



85 *Seeking for Home again.*

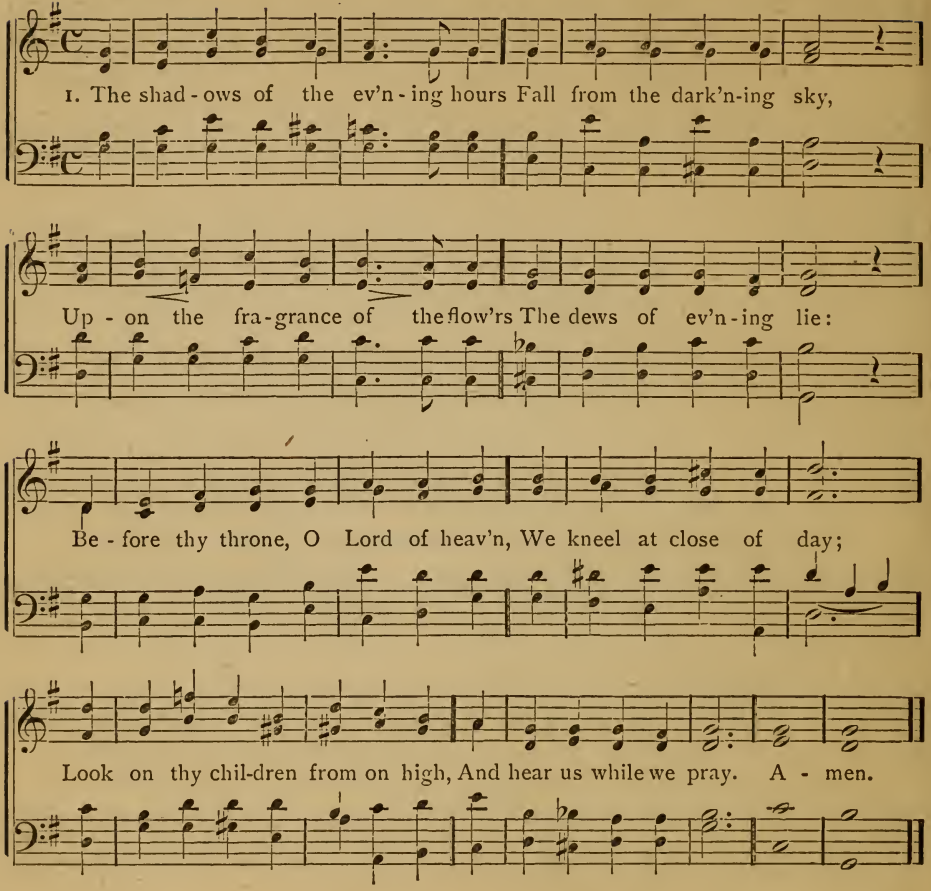
2 Stranger, on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Thro' the gathering clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies,
Look beyond! there's hope for thee
Dawning o'er a tranquil sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all.
Look beyond! there's joy for thee
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

Anon.

The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

S. M.—81. Dr. Henry Hiles.



86 *At Evening.*

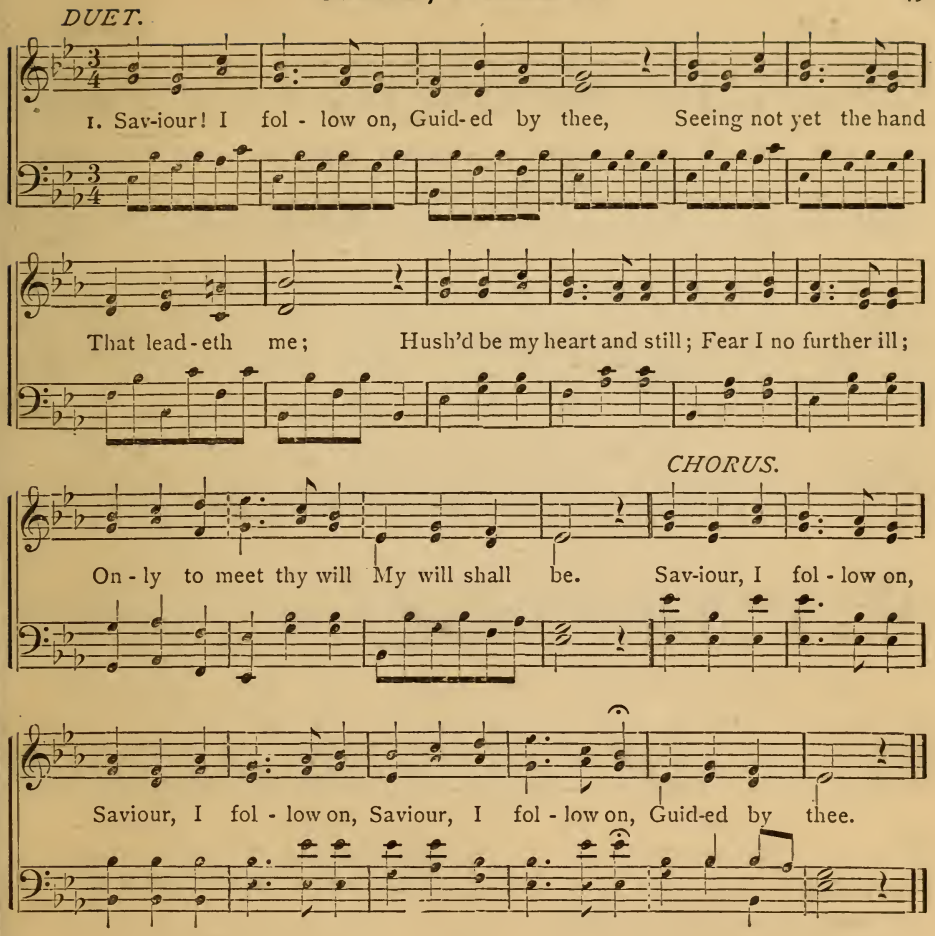
2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows of our souls. Amen.

Anon.

87 *Divine Presence.*

1 Speak with us, Lord; thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.
With thee conversing, we forget
All toil and time and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.

C. Wesley.



88 *Following Christ.*

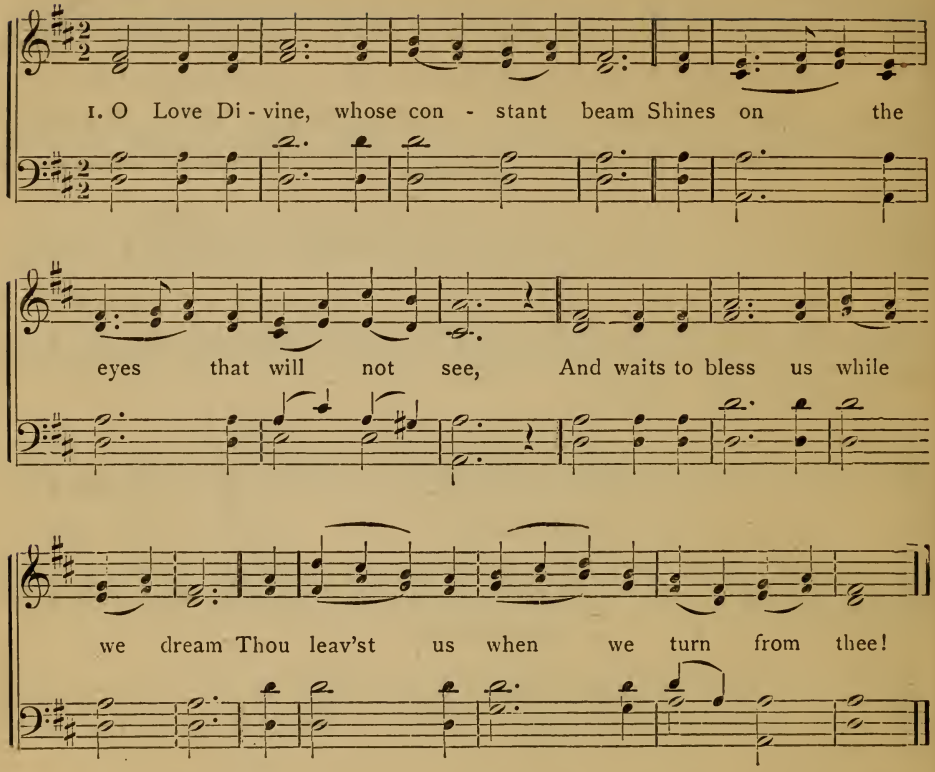
2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from Heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou art whisp'ring near,
"Only believe!"— CHO.

3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee,
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for Him who died
Freely for me.— CHO.

Robinson.

O Love Divine.

L. M. Woodbury.



89 *Divine Love.*

2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

3 Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within;
The Law of Love, beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding death and sin!

4 Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st:
Wide as our need thy favors fall:
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Whittier.

90 *The World full of God.*

1 All that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee;
And in the darkness of the day,
Thy monitors surround the way.

2 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the wingéd hour,—
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

Anon.

Beneath the Cross.

7,6,7,6, 8,6,8,6.

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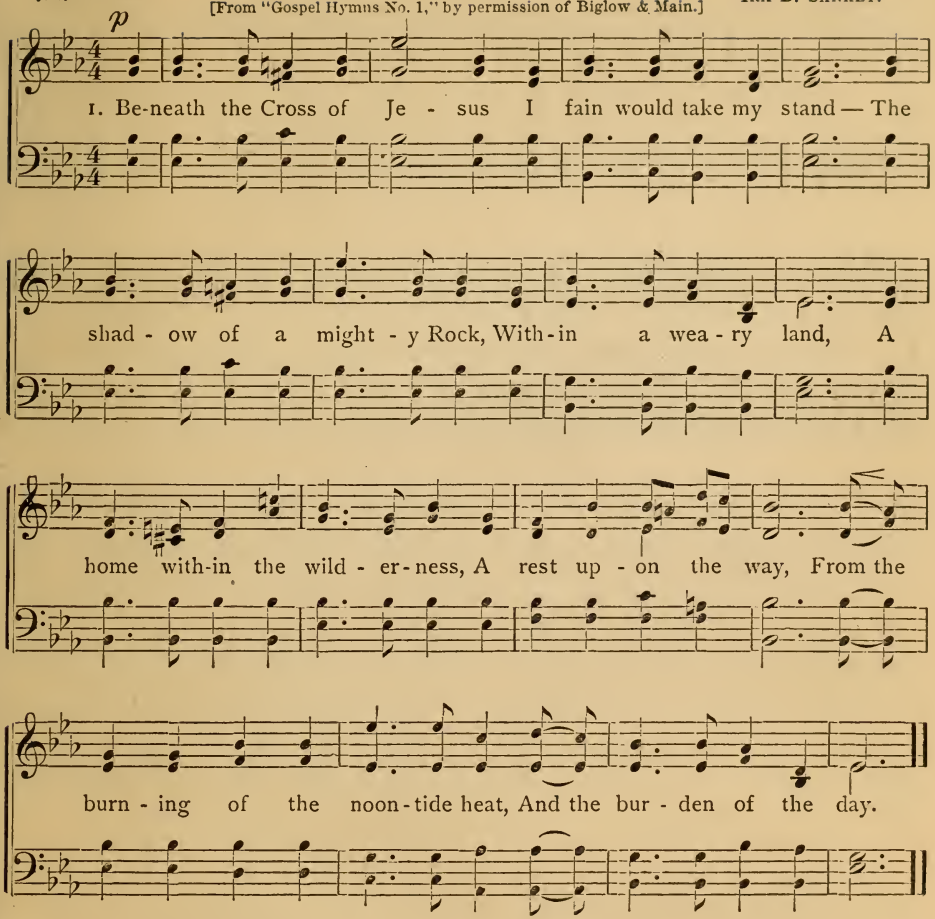
IRA D. SANKEY.



91 *Upon that Cross.*

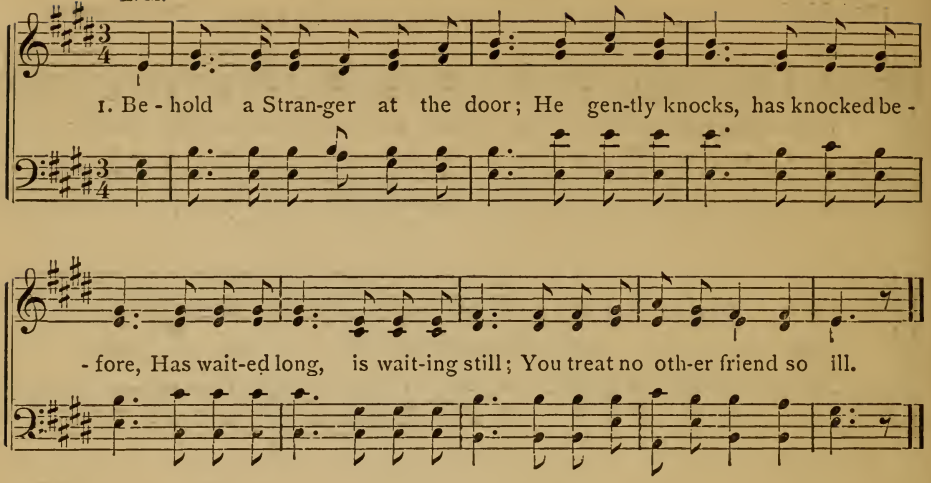
2 Upon that Cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of his glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of his face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self my only shame,—
My glory all the Cross.

Miss E. C. Clephane.

Behold a Stranger at the Door.

L. M. L. Mason.



92 *Christ seeking Admission.*

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Oh, welcome him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may his gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire all mankind.

Anon.

93 *All is well.*

1 Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my Friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

2 Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

3 And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space
In the deep night, that all is well.

4 And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

Tennyson.

94 *Universal Worship.*

1 O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshiper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer —
The incense of the heart — may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Pierpont.

Take the Name of Jesus with you.

8s & 7s.

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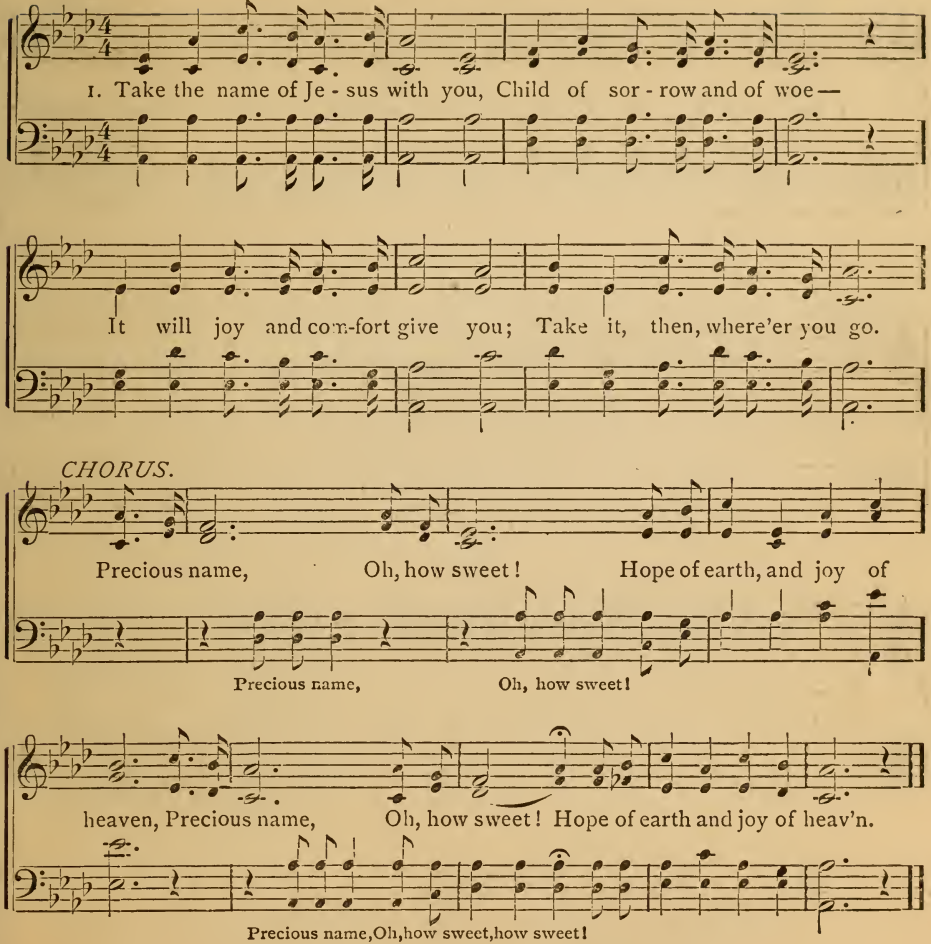
Doane.



95 *The name of Jesus.*

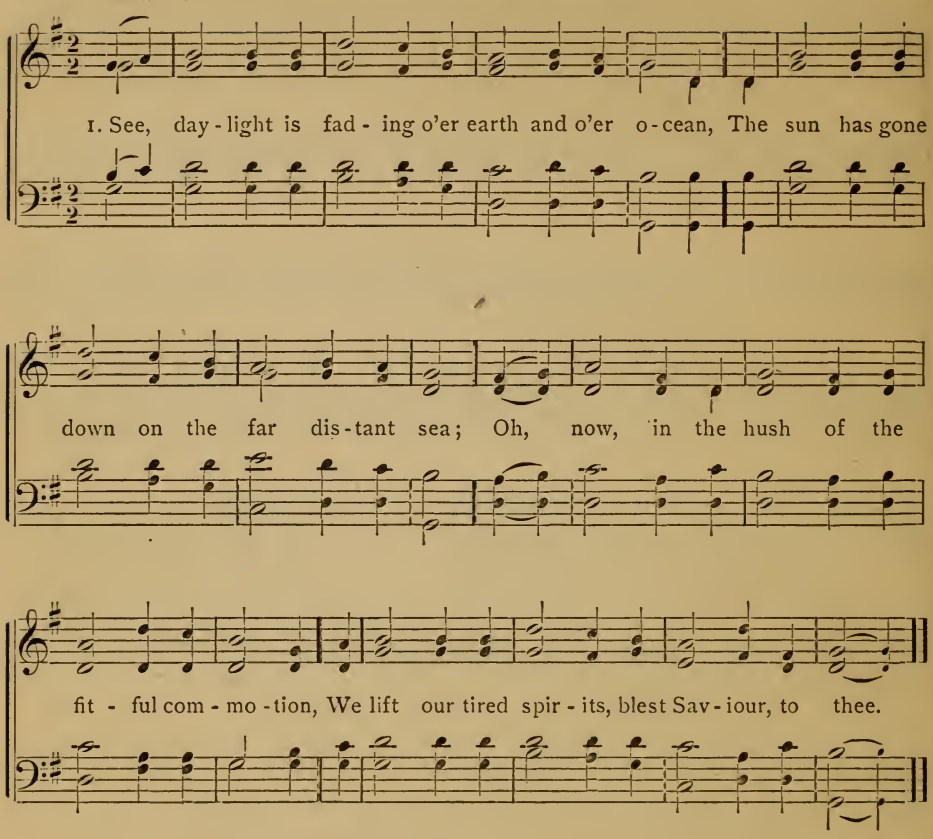
2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Precious name, for ever sweet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

See, Daylight is fading.

12s & 11s.

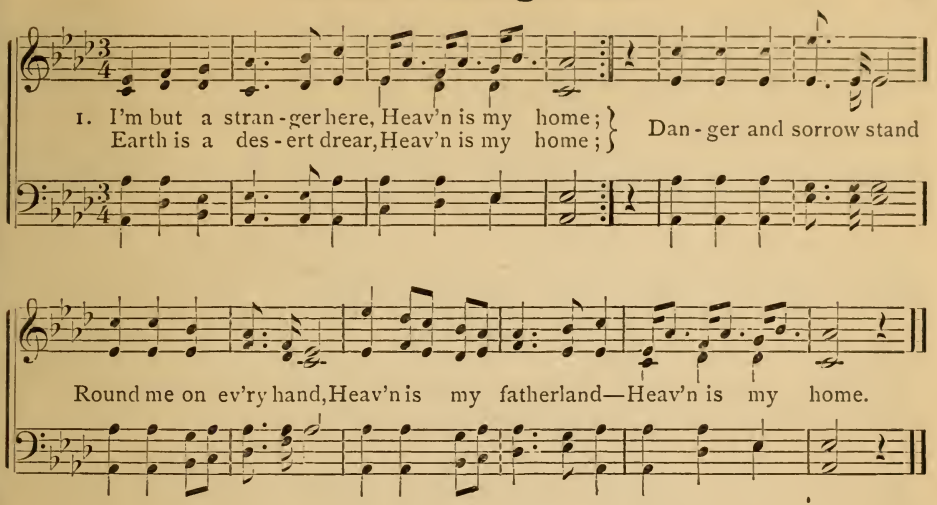


96 *Protection of Christ.*

2 Full oft wast thou found afar up on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave:
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless Fountain,
Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

Anon.



97 *Heaven is my Home.*

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified—
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
And there I too shall rest;—
Heaven is my home!

Anon.

98 *Nearer, my God, to Thee.*

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me,
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

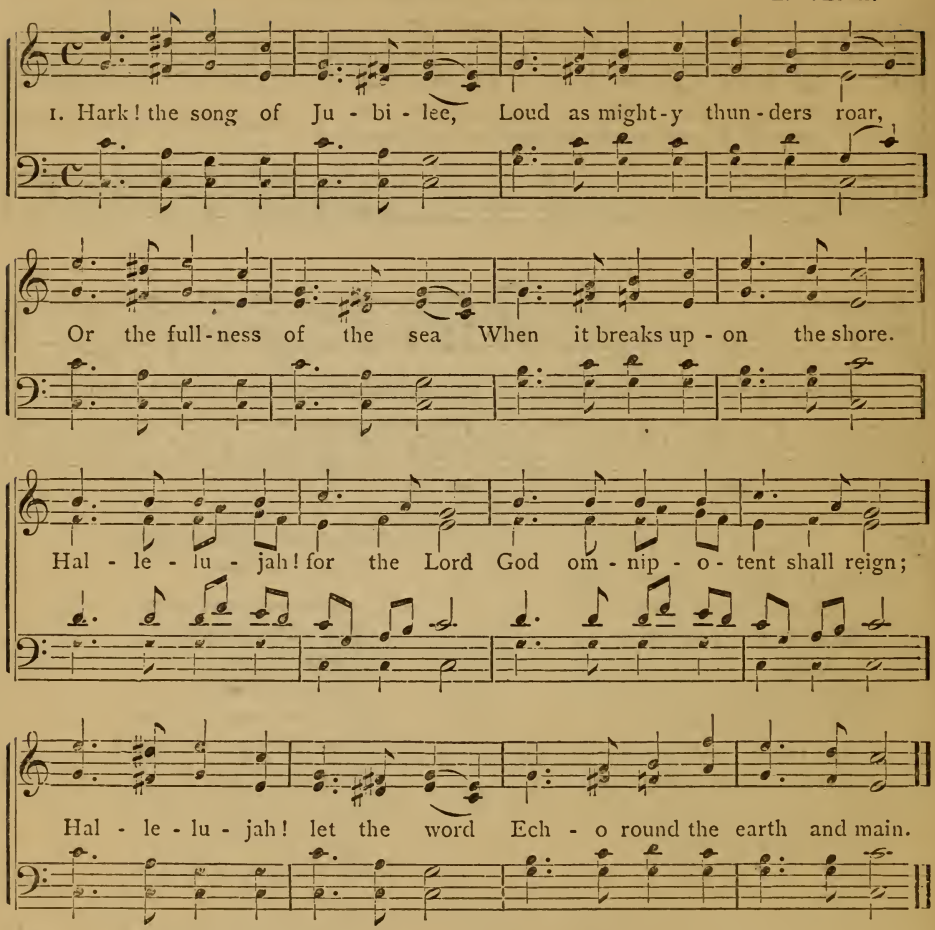
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

Adams.

Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

7s—8 l.

L. R. Lewis.



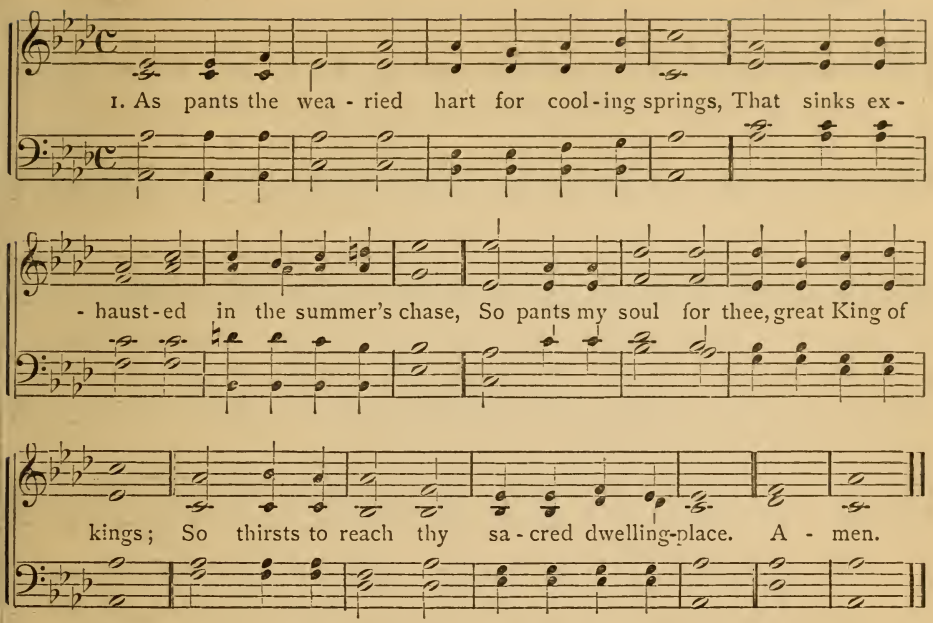
99 *Grandeur of God.*

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens are passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Anon.

105. E. J. Hopkins.



100 *Longing for God.*

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay. Amen.

Anon.

101 *God is Spirit.*

1 O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine!
The darkness ever with the light doth strive;
Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

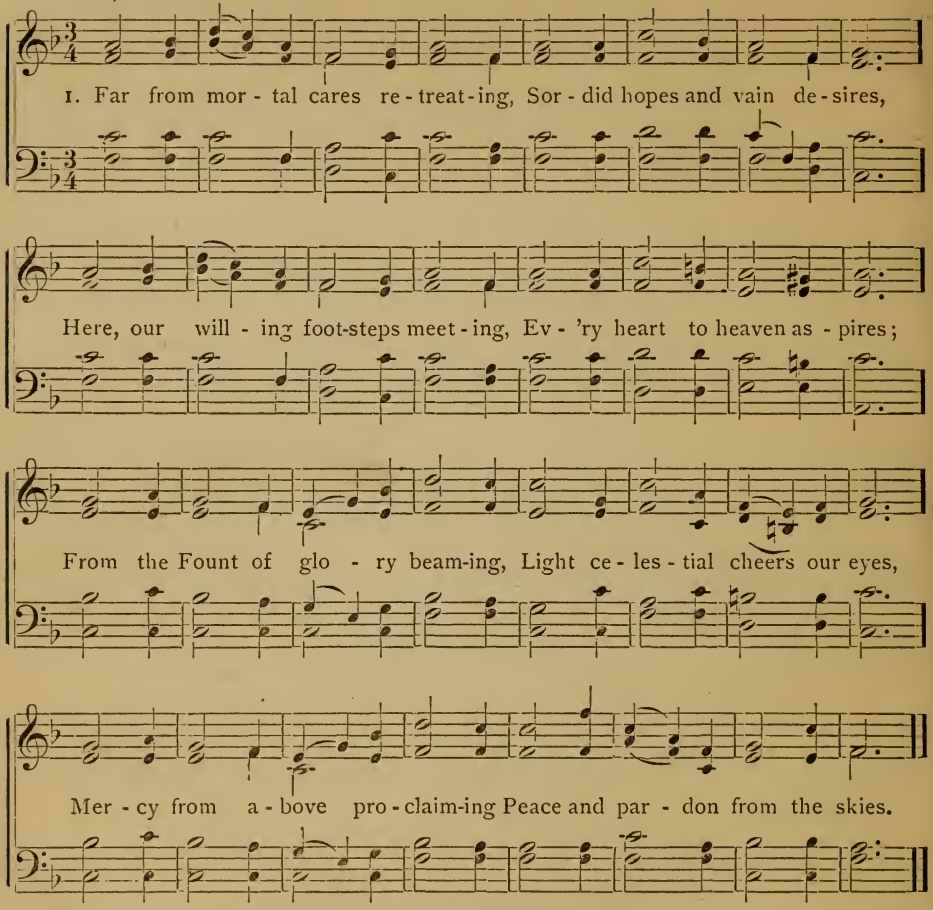
2 O Breath from out the Eternal Silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' barren ground;
The precious fullness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

3 O Fountain! that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear!
O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
Into the quiet hearts which seek thee here.

Tersteegen.

Far from mortal Cares.

8s & 7s—8 l. Arr. from Flotow.



102 *Salvation for All.*

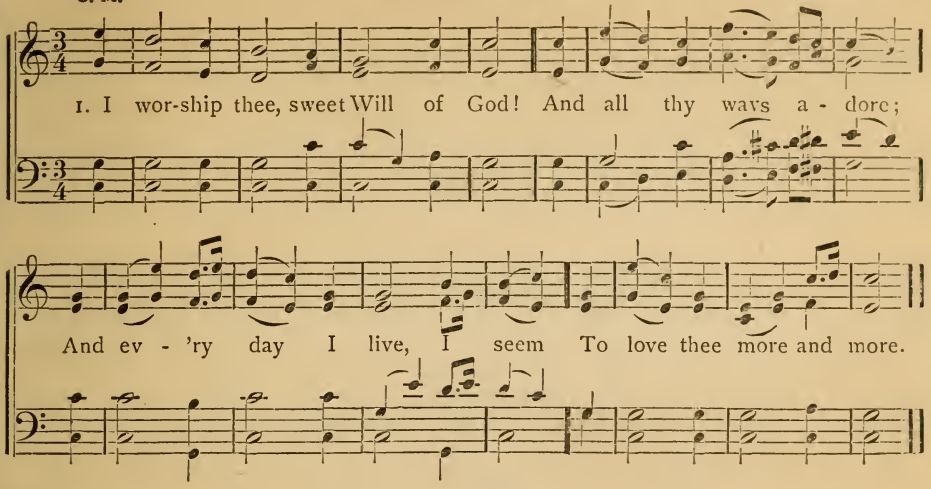
2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined;
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,—
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love!
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us,
All our hope is from above.

Taylor.

I worship thee.

C. M. Greatorex.



104 *Trust and Submission.*

2 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

3 He always wins who sides with God,—
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

Faber.

105 *Prayer.*

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

Beddome.

To music on opposite page.

103 *Leaning on Christ.*

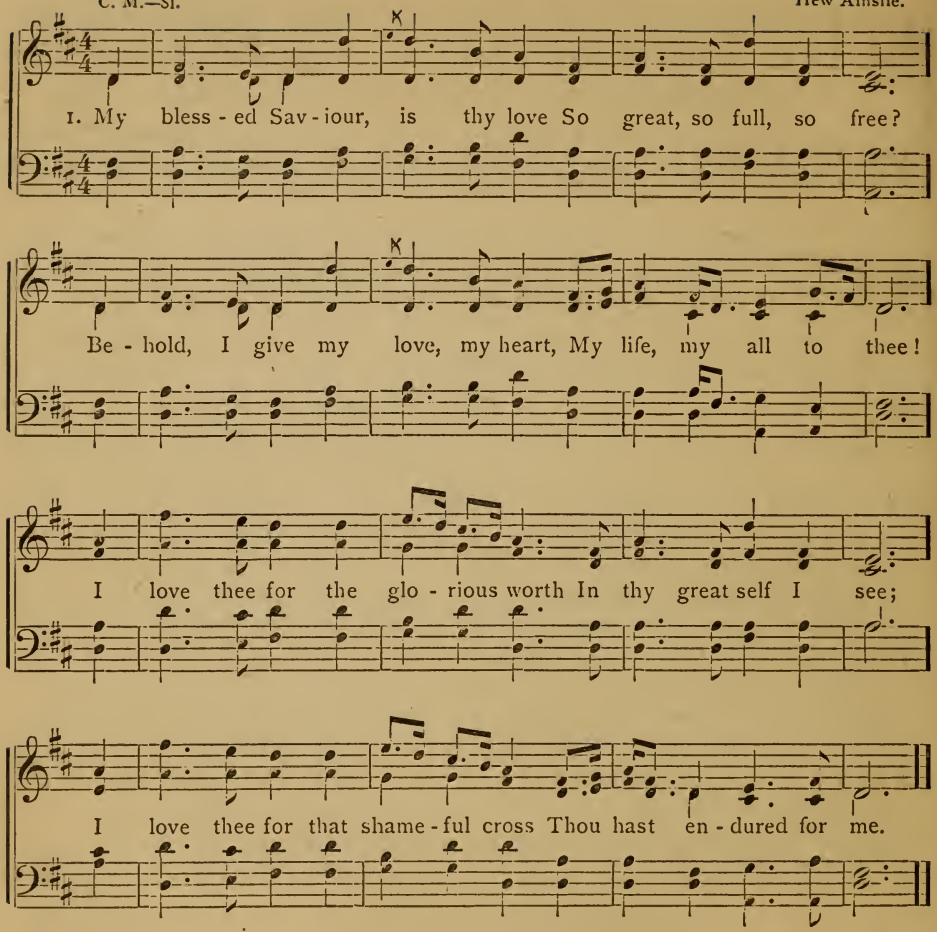
1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

2 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

Mrs. Smith.

My Blessed Saviour.

C. M.—Sl. Hew Ainslie.



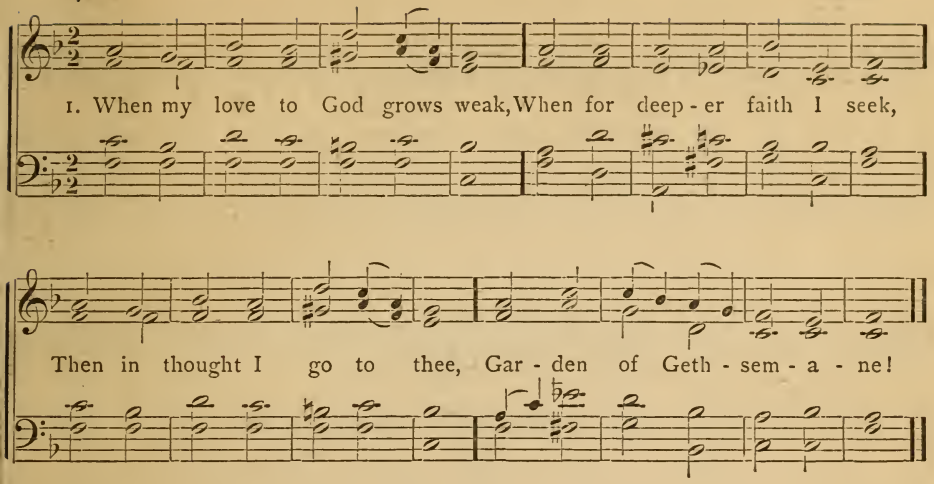
106 *The Great Love.*

2 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain:
What love with thine can vie!
Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.

3 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.
My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee!

Stennet.

7s. Weber.



107 *Lesson of Christ's Sufferings.*

2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Weber.

108 *The Church a Refuge.*

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest:
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home;
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

Montgomery.

109 *"He doeth all things well."*

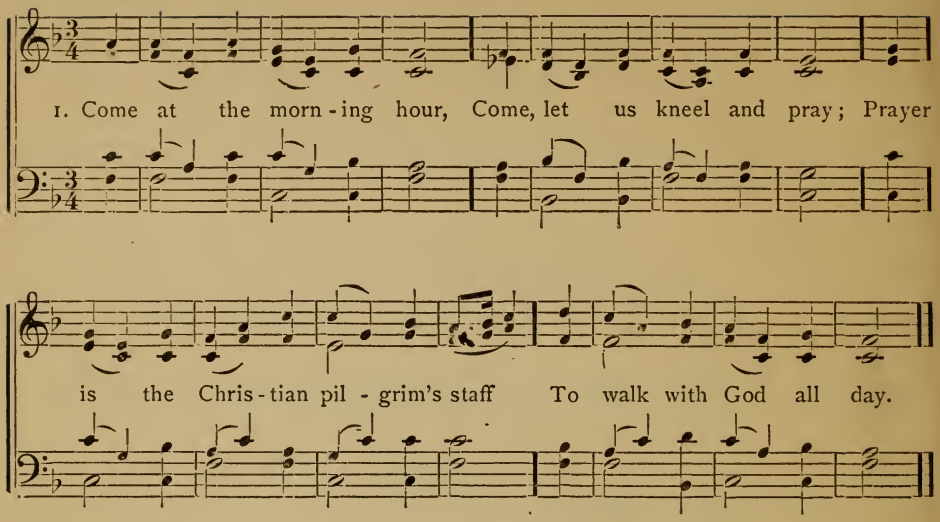
1 In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

2 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

Gaskell.

Come at the Morning Hour.

S. M. Nageli.



110 *Prayer.*

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say:
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

Montgomery.

111 *Sabbath.*

1 This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day:
O Day-Spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

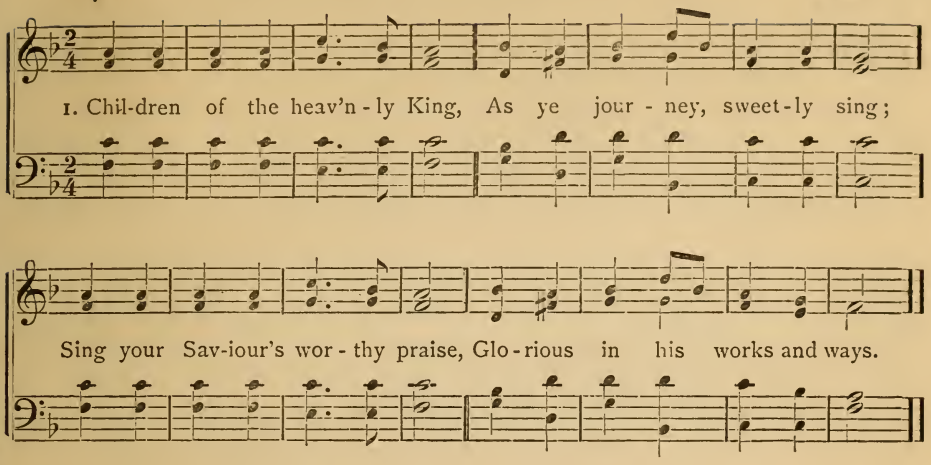
3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days;
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Ellerton.

7s. Mozart.



112 *Confidence.*

2 Christian, let your heart be glad!
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight! nor think the battle long;
Victory soon will tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 When we cannot see our way,
Let us trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

Maitland & Cennick.

113 *Encouragement.*

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages! I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure.
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

114 *The Heaven within.*

1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.

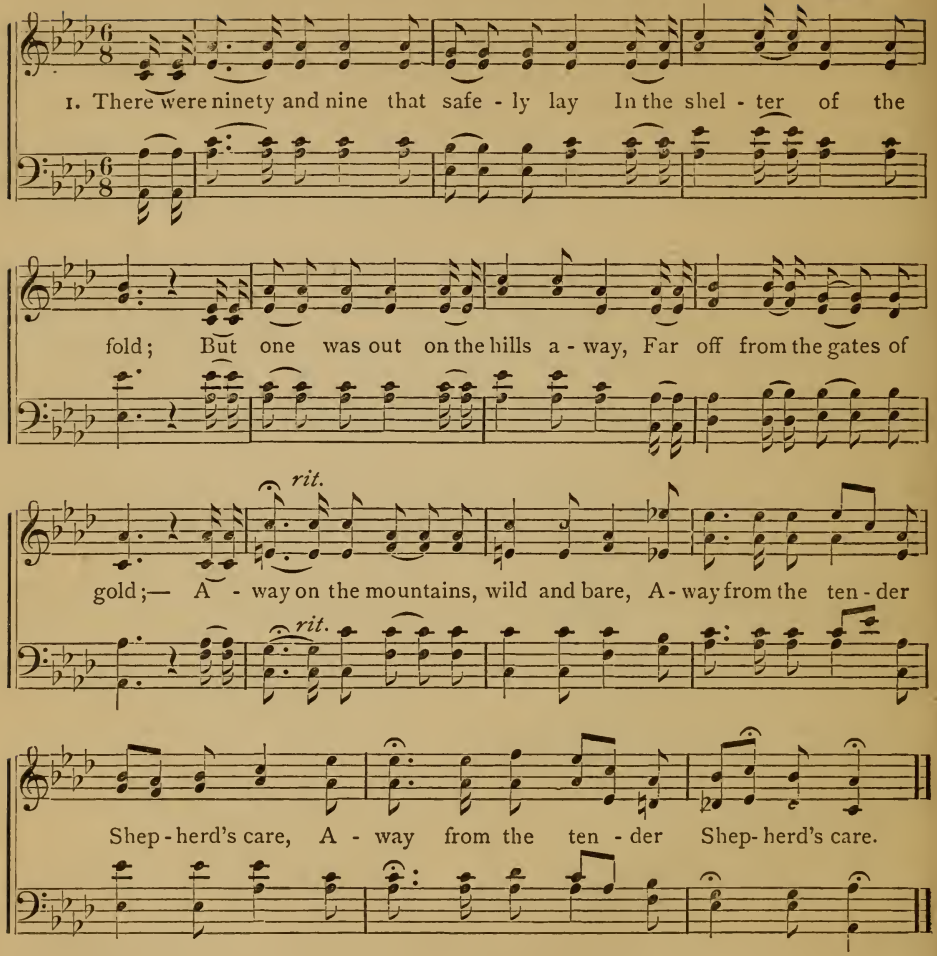
2 That's a close-immuréd tower,
Which can mock all hostile power;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.

Beaumont.

The Ninety and Nine.

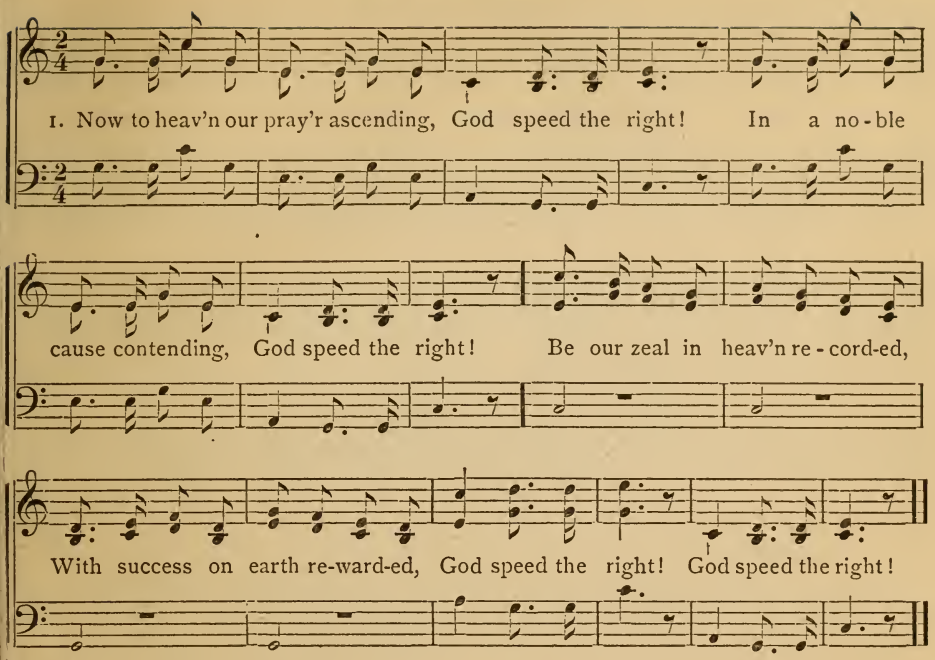
[From "Gospel Hymns No. 2." by permission Biglow & Main.] **Sankey.**



115 *Every Soul precious to God.*

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"'Tis of mine has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
‖: I go to the desert to find my sheep.":‖

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.



116 *God speed the Right.*

2 Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory;
‖: God speed the right! :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's time succeeding,
‖: God speed the right! :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it;
God speed the right!
God speed the right!

Anon.

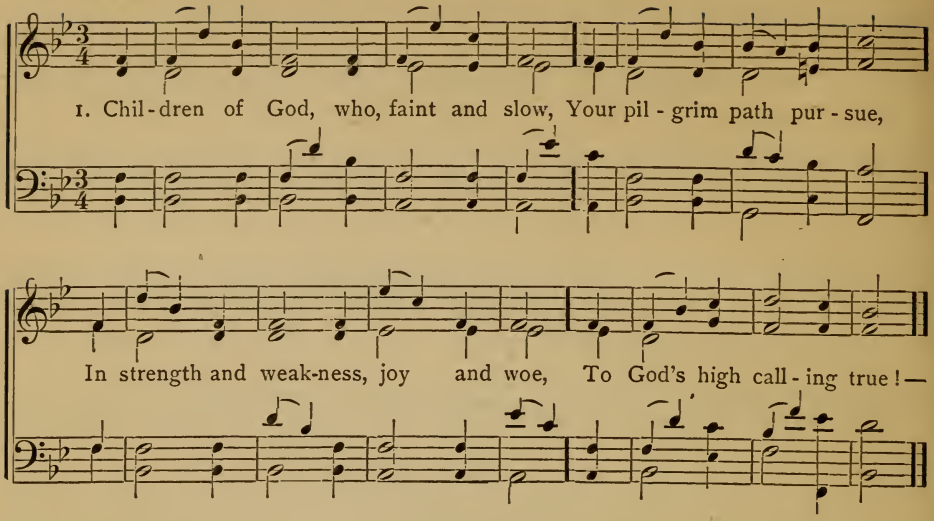
Concluded from opposite page.

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,—
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
‖: "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!" :‖

Eliz. C. Clephane.

Children of God.

C. M.



117 *God our Father.*

2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

3 Oh! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

4 The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

6 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh, wake thy heart to love.

Bowdler.

118 *Christ our Friend.*

1 Dear Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine,—

2 Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls and make us see
Life's waters glow as wine.

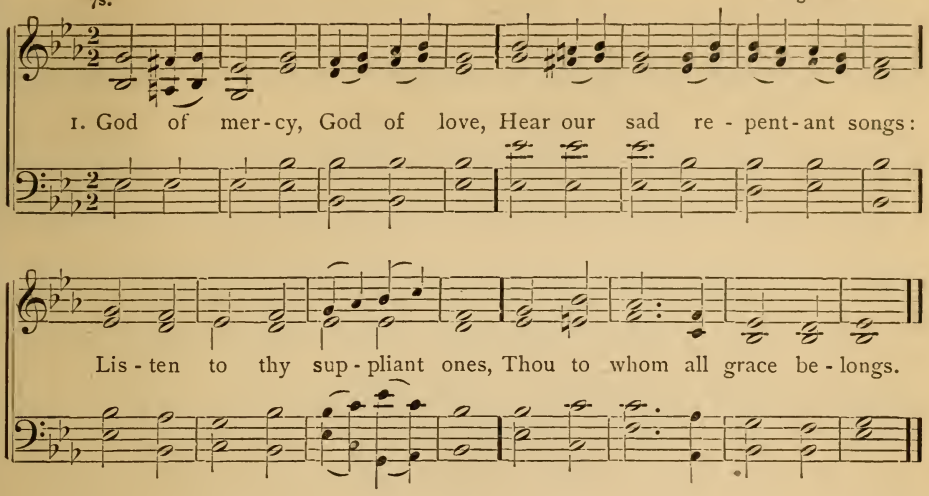
3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall glow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

J. F. Clarke.

7s. George Hews.



119 *"Forgive us our Trespasses."*

2 Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

4 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh, restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

John Taylor.

120 *Striving together for Faith.*

1 Partners of a glorious hope!
Lift your hearts and voices up;
Nobly let us bear the strife,
Keep the holiness of life;

2 Still forget the things behind,
Follow God in heart and mind,
To the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 In our lives our faith be known,—
Faith by holy actions shown,
Faith that mountains can remove,
Faith that always works by love.

Wesleyan.

121 *The Soul.*

1 What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,—
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?

2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?

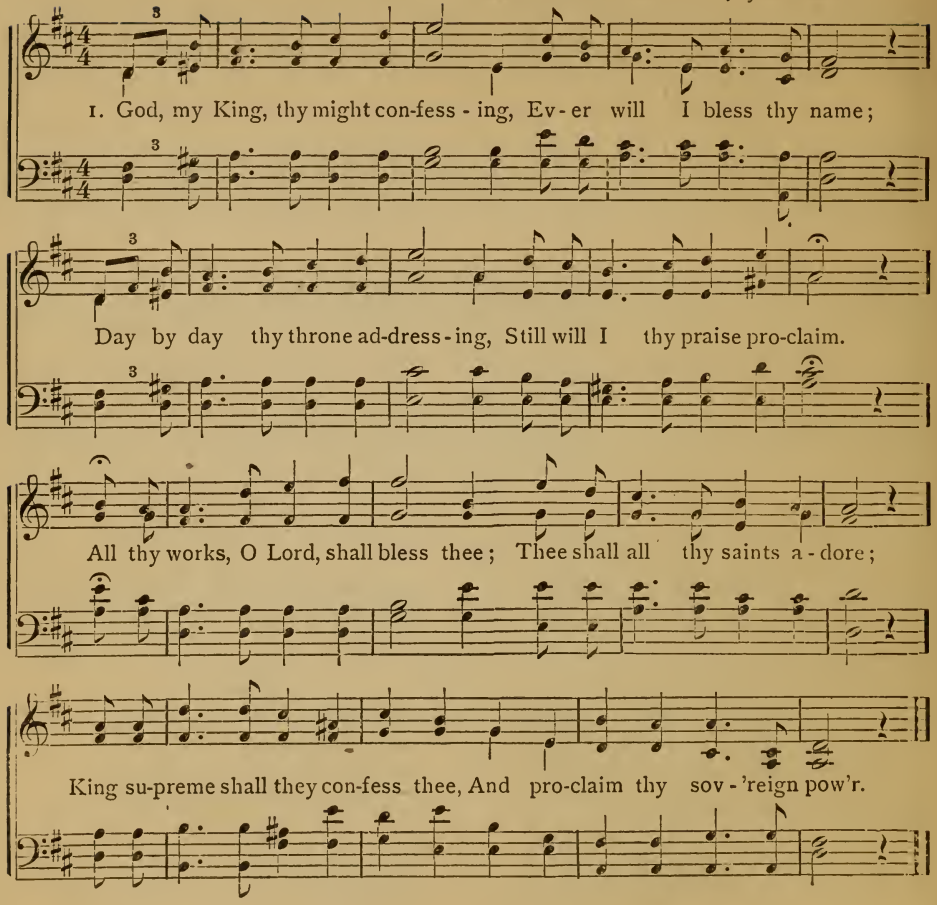
3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name,—
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.

4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite! Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. Furness.

God, my King.

Music Arr. from Schoendorff, by Mrs. Mitchell.



122 *Majesty of God.*

2 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation,
All his works his goodness prove.
Still, Jehovah, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy name.

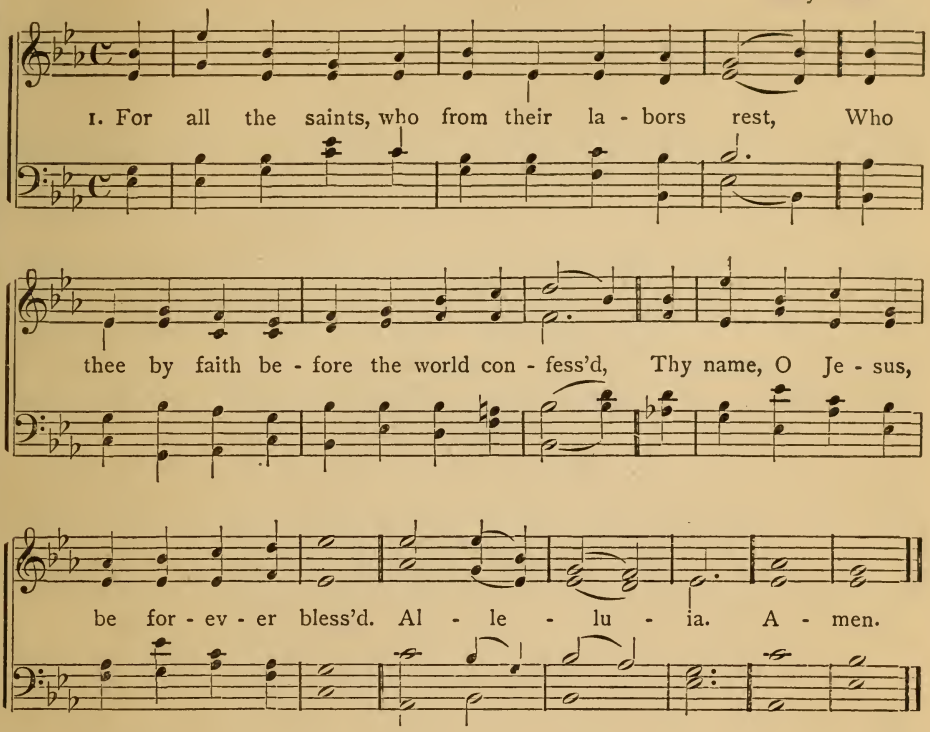
Mant.

123 *Here am I; send me.*

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee,
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

For all the Saints.

Henry Smart.



124 *Honor to the Name of Jesus.*

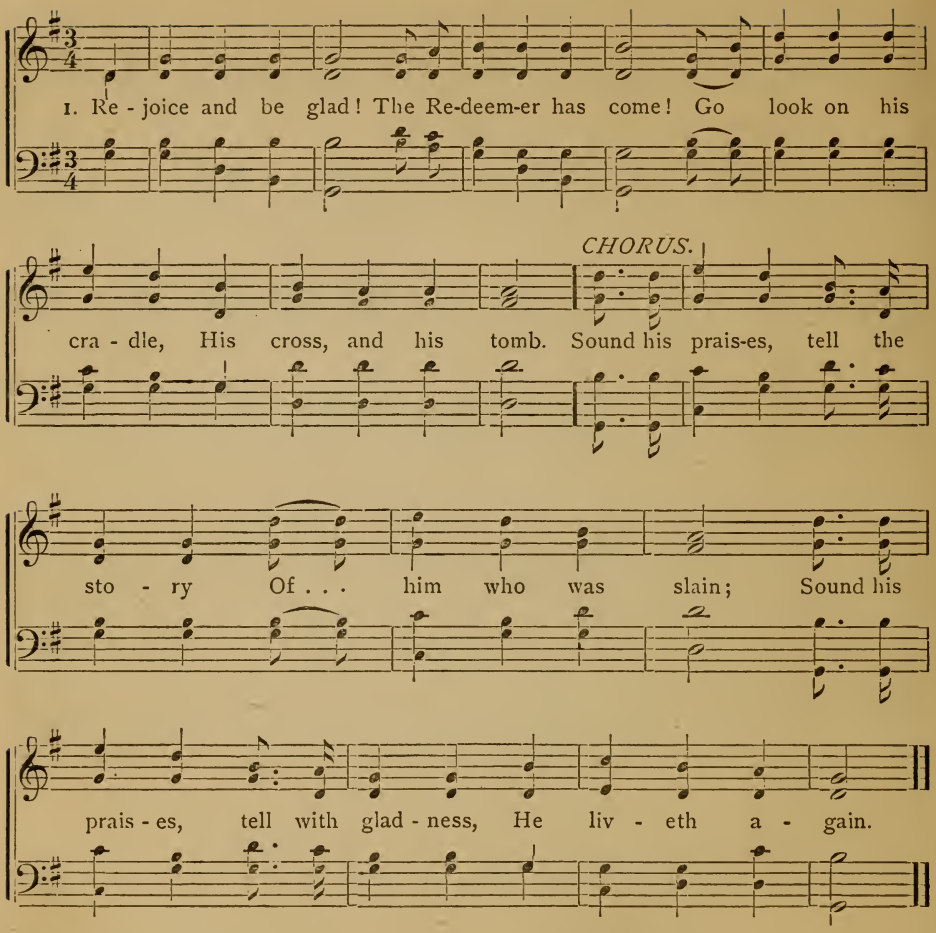
2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might,
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia. Amen.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul, —
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands:
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

Rejoice and be glad.



125 *Rejoicing in Christ.*

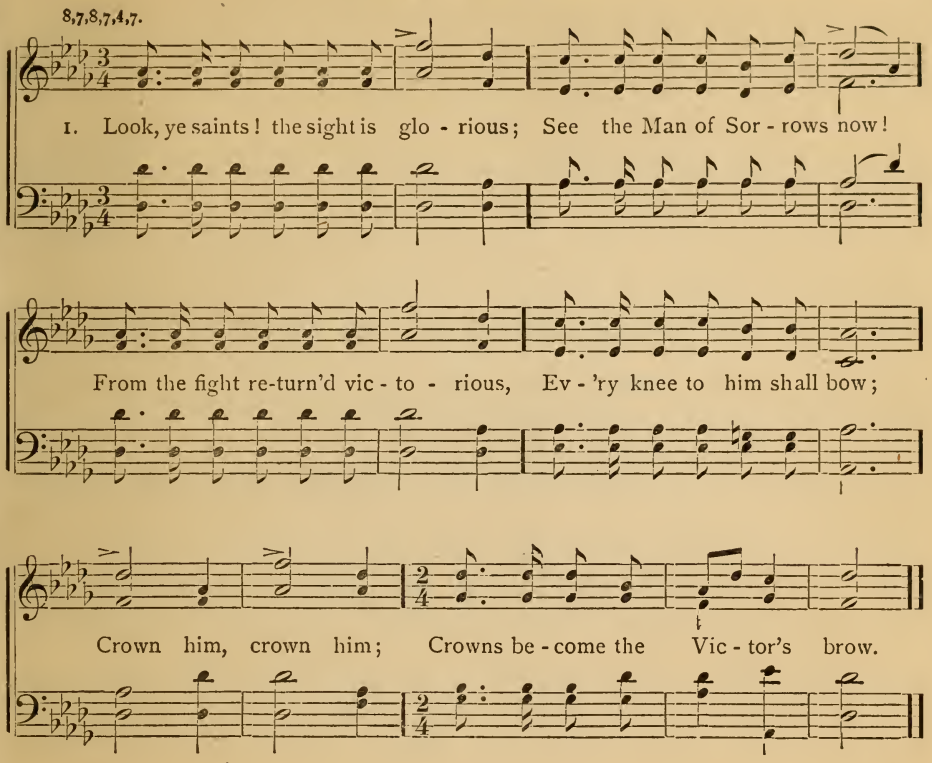
2 Rejoice and be glad!
It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed,
The shadows are past.

CHO. — Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

3 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Christ that was slain
O'er death is triumphant
And liveth again!

CHO. — Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

Bonar.



126 *Crown the Saviour.*

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
While the heav'nly concave rings;
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Kelly.

127 *Gospel Light.*

1 Men, behold! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
Day advances —
Darkness flies at his command.

2 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in doubt and darkness lay!

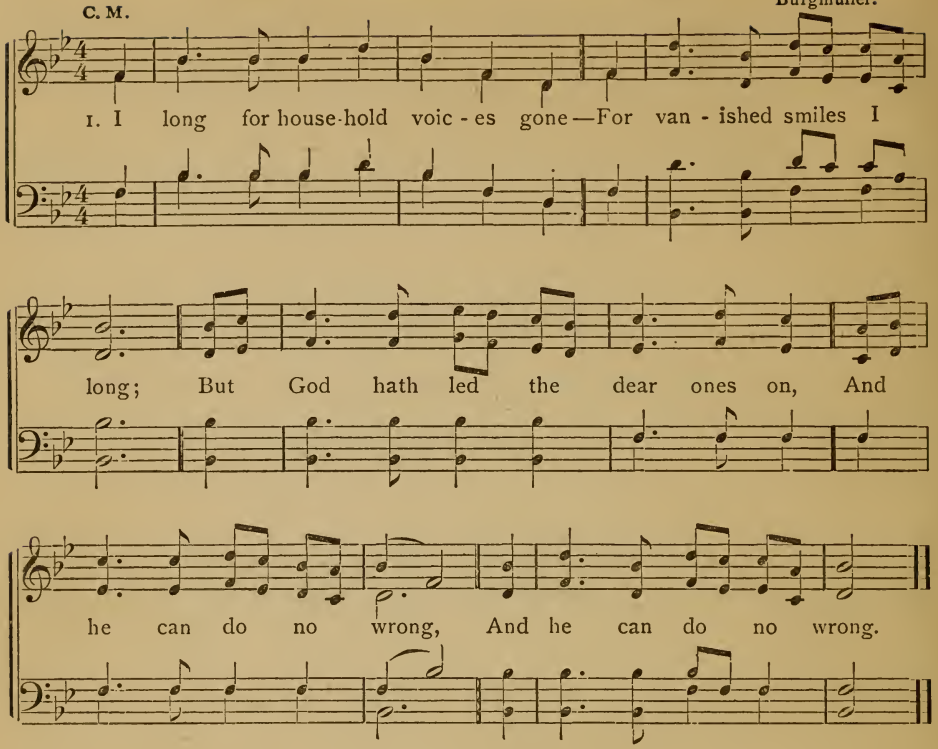
3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

Anon.

I long for household Voices gone.

C. M.

Burgmuller.



128 *Departed Friends.*

2 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruiséd reed he will not break,
‖: But strengthen and sustain. :‖

3 And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
‖: On ocean or on shore. :‖

4 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
‖: Beyond his love and care. :‖

Whittier.

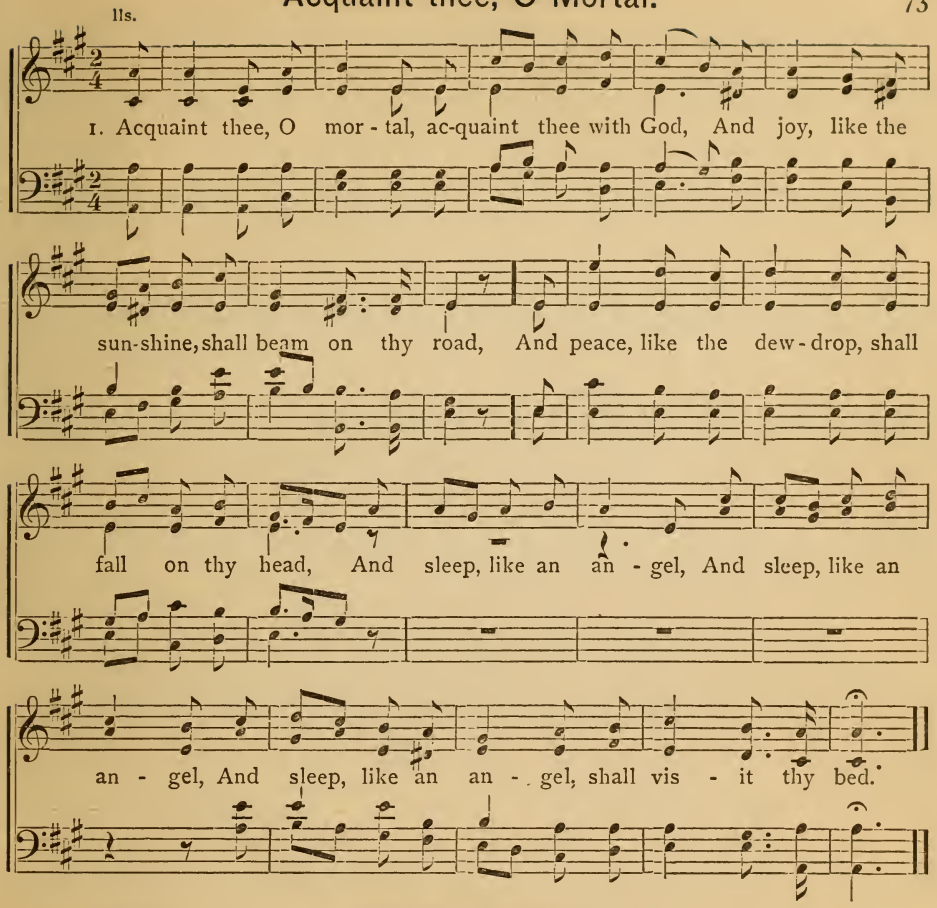
129 *Divine Goodness.*

1 Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! he needeth not
‖: The poor device of man. :‖

2 I walk with bare, hush'd feet the ground
Men tread with boldness shod:
I dare not fix with mete and bound
‖: The love and power of God. :‖

3 They praise his justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
They seek a king; I fain would touch
‖: The robe that hath no seam. :‖

Whittier.



130 *Acquaint thee with God.*

2 Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley, Thy joy in the valley,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death. **Arr. from Knox.**

131 *Looking off.*

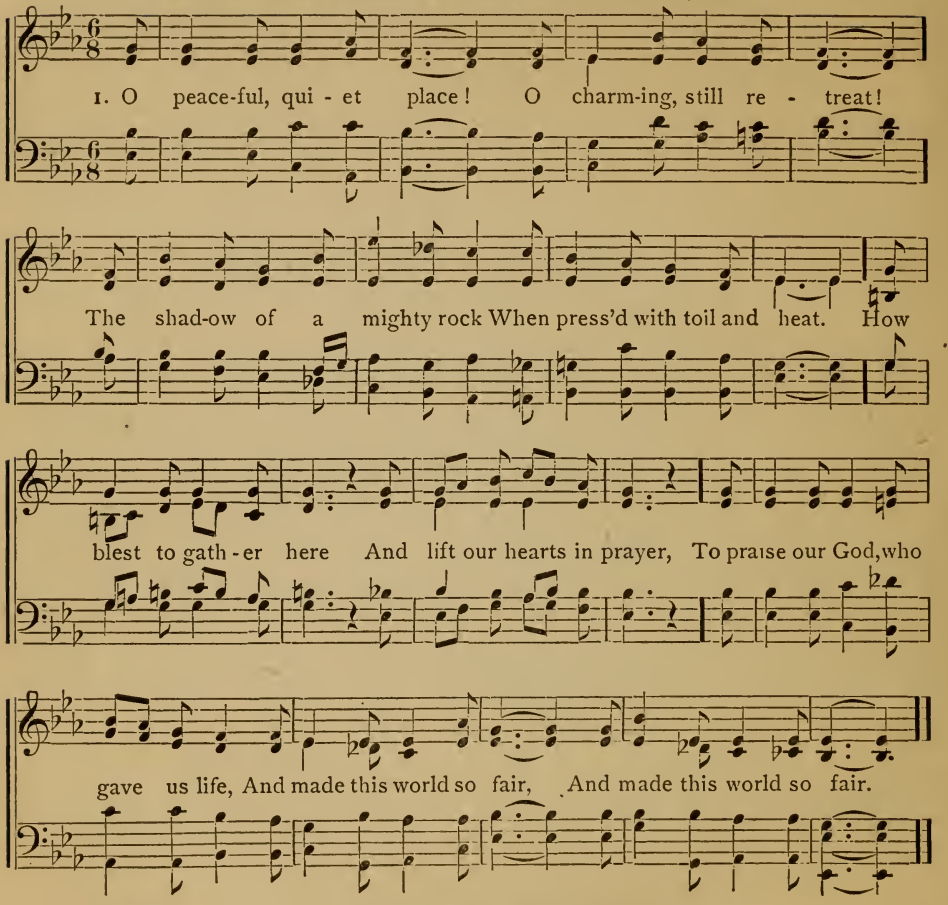
1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

C. Wesley.

O peaceful, quiet Place.

Arranged by Mrs. E. T. Mitchell.

S. M.—8l. DEDICATED TO THE WEDNESDAY EVENING MEETING, ST. PAUL'S, CHICAGO.



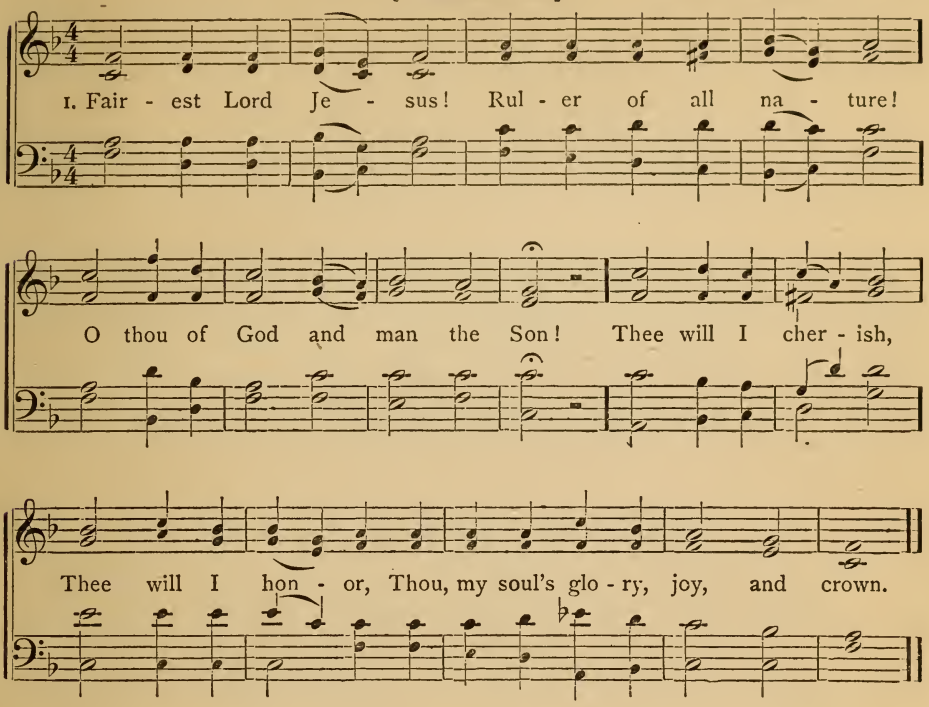
132 *How dear these holy hours.*

2 How dear these holy hours,
How sweet the influence here!
Forgotten every fretting care
And every boding fear.
As comes the scented breeze
From some flower-fringéd shore,
So comes to us the hope of heaven
‖: When earthly scenes are o'er. :‖

Stanford Mitchell.

Fairest Lord Jesus.

[CRUSADERS' HYMN.] Melody of the 12th Century.



133 *Beauty of Jesus.*

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring,
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon.

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* First introduced in this country by R. STORRS WILLIS. The following is the original text:—

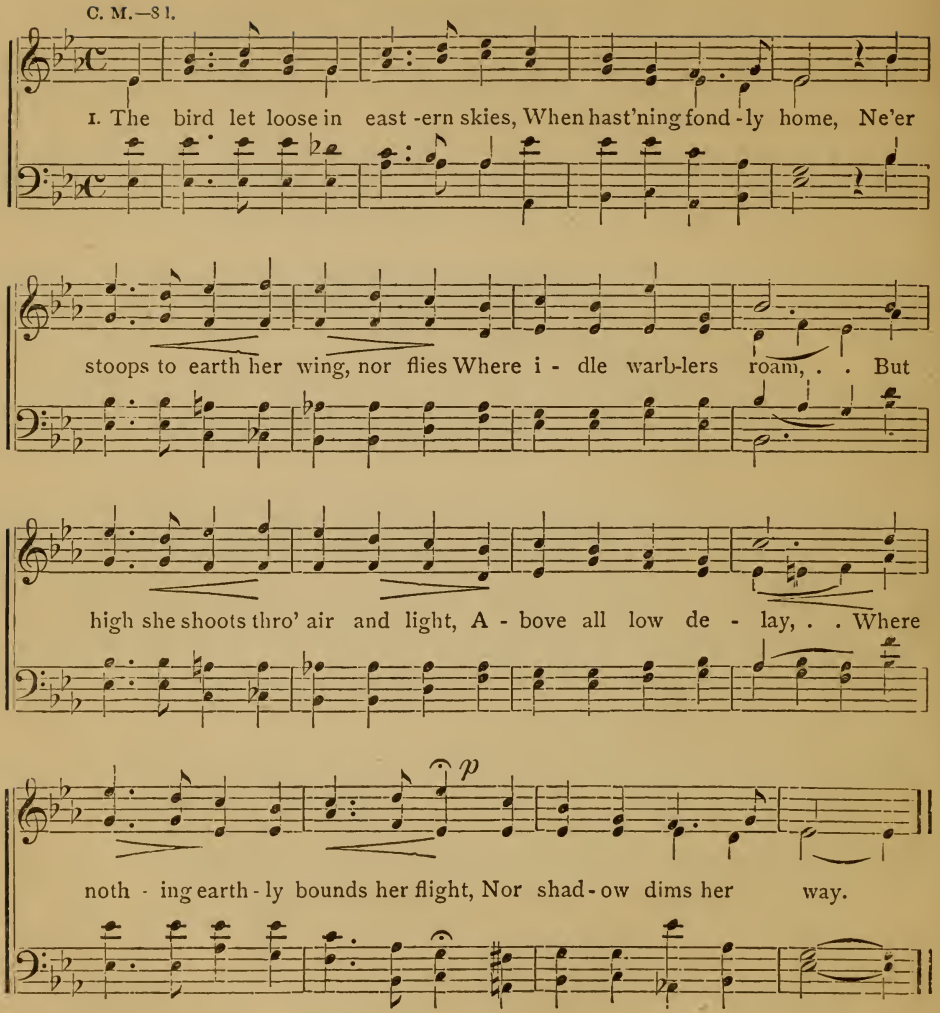
1 Schönster Herr Jesu!
Herrscher aller Enden!
Gottes und Mariä Sohn!
Dich will ich lieben,
Dich will ich ehren,
Du meiner Seelen Freud, und Kron!

2 Schön sind die Felder,
Noch schöner sind die Wälder,
In der schönen Frühlingzeit:
Jesus ist schöner,
Jesus ist reiner,
Der unser traurig Herz erfreut.

3 Schön leucht't die Sonne,
Noch schöner leucht't der Monde,
Und die Sternlein allzumal;
Jesus leucht't schöner,
Jesus leucht't reiner,
Als all die Engel in Himmelssaal.

The Bird let loose.

C. M.—81.



134 *Looking always toward Heaven.*

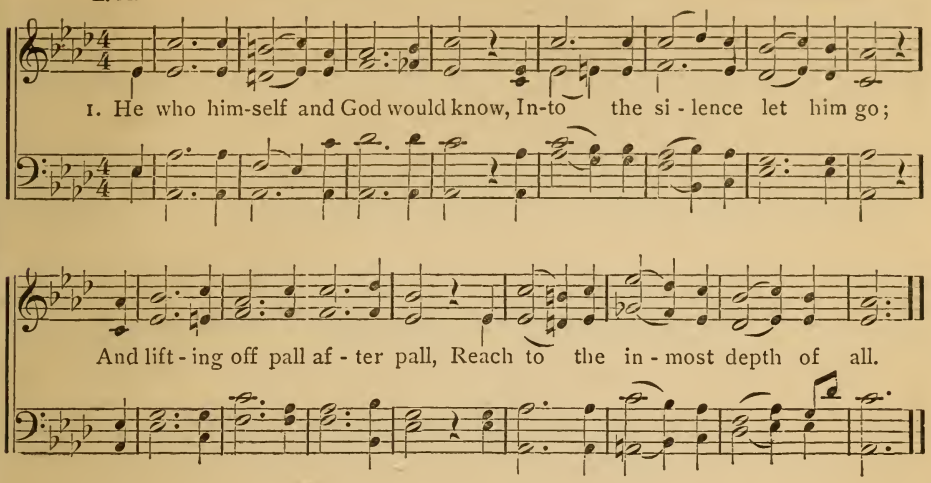
2 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to thee.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

Moore.

He who Himself and God.

L. M. From Donizetti.



135 *God our Father.*

2 Let him look forth into the night;
What solemn depths, what silent might!
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll—
He but an atom 'mid the whole!

3 And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

4 How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all!

5 A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends thro' his soul its quick'ning thrill;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

Martineau.

136 *Providence.*

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Watts.

137 *Sabbath.*

1 The week is over, and to-day,
Once more, we meet to praise and pray;
Once more, a peace, a holy calm,
Falls on our troubled hearts like balm.

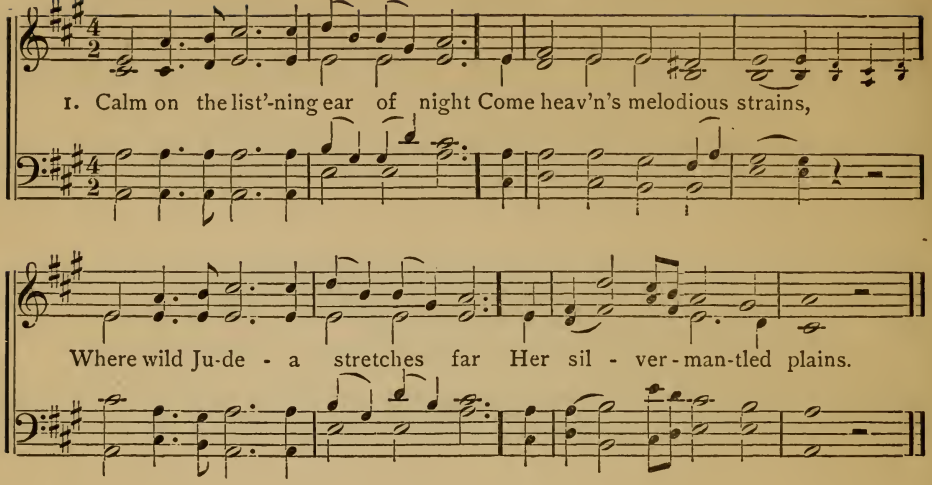
2 For in the week sure few could say
No shadow fell across their way,
And to some lives how doubly blest
The quiet of this day of rest.

3 In this day's calm my soul shall seek
A staff to lean on through the week;
And may each Sabbath prove the best,
Till the eternal day of rest.

Anon.

Calm on the listening Ear.

C. M. Gould.



138 *Birth of Christ.*

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

Sears.

139 *The Call.*

1 Oh, not alone with outward sign
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given;

2 Awakening in the human heart
Love for the True and Right,
Zeal for the spirit's better part,
Strength for the moral fight.

3 Though heralded by naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;

4 Though dropping as the sunbeams fall,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed the call,—
The Father's call of love.

Whittier.

140 *God our Guide.*

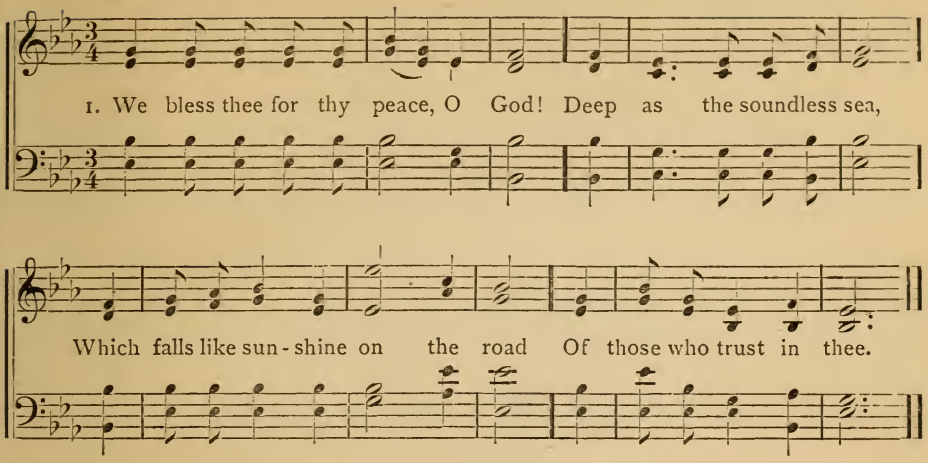
1 In secret paths, God leads us on
To his divine abode,
And shows new wonders of his love
Through all the heavenly road.

2 The ways most rugged and perplexed,
He renders smooth and straight:
Through all the paths, I'll sing his name,
Even unto heaven's gate.

Anon.

We bless Thee for thy Peace.

C. M. Kingsley.



141 *Peace.*

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole!

Anon.

142 *Constant Calm.*

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet:
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Bonar.

143 *Consolation in Affliction.*

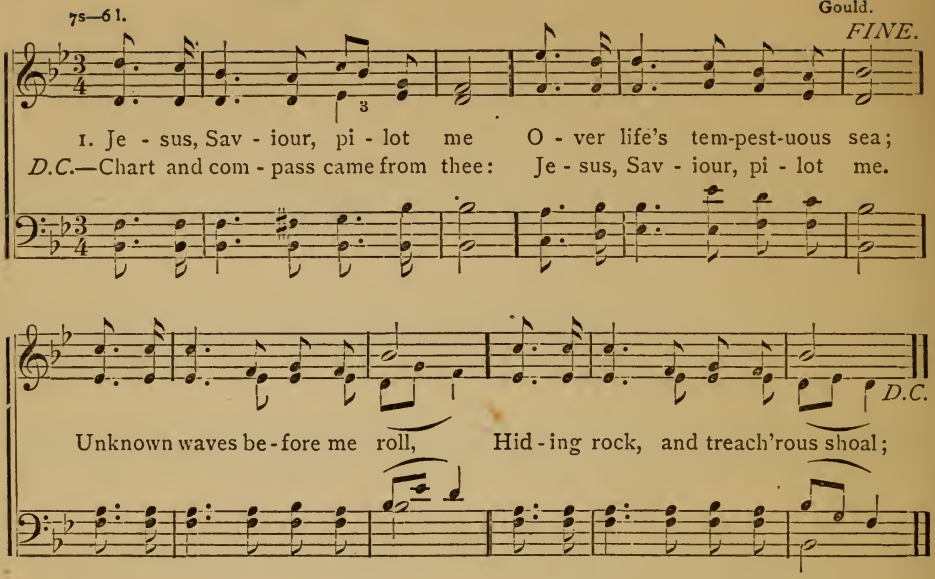
1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can soon restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest rise
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,—
My health, my Life, my God!

Cotton

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.



144 *Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.*

2 When the Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

Anon.

145 *The better Land.*

1 Life has many a pleasant hour,
Many a bright and cloudless day;
Singing bird and smiling flower
Scatter sunbeams on our way;
But the sweetest blossoms grow
In the land to which we go.

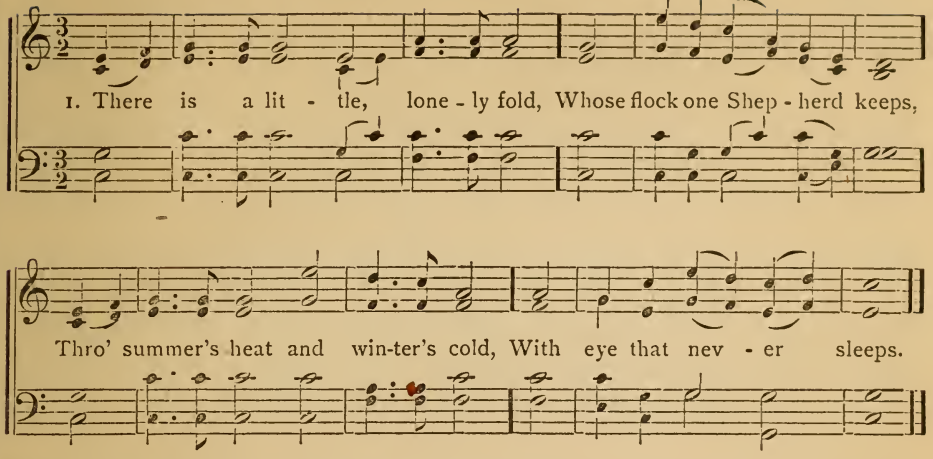
2 Earth has many a cool retreat,
Many a spot to memory dear;
Oft we find our weary feet
Lingering by some fountain clear;
Yet the purest waters flow
In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

F. C. Van Alstyne.

C. M. Kingsley.



146 *The Shepherd of the Fold.*

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
Who trembling turns to thee.

Anon.

147 *Faith in God.*

1 O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day sun, —

2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

Whittier.

148 *Love of God.*

1 My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

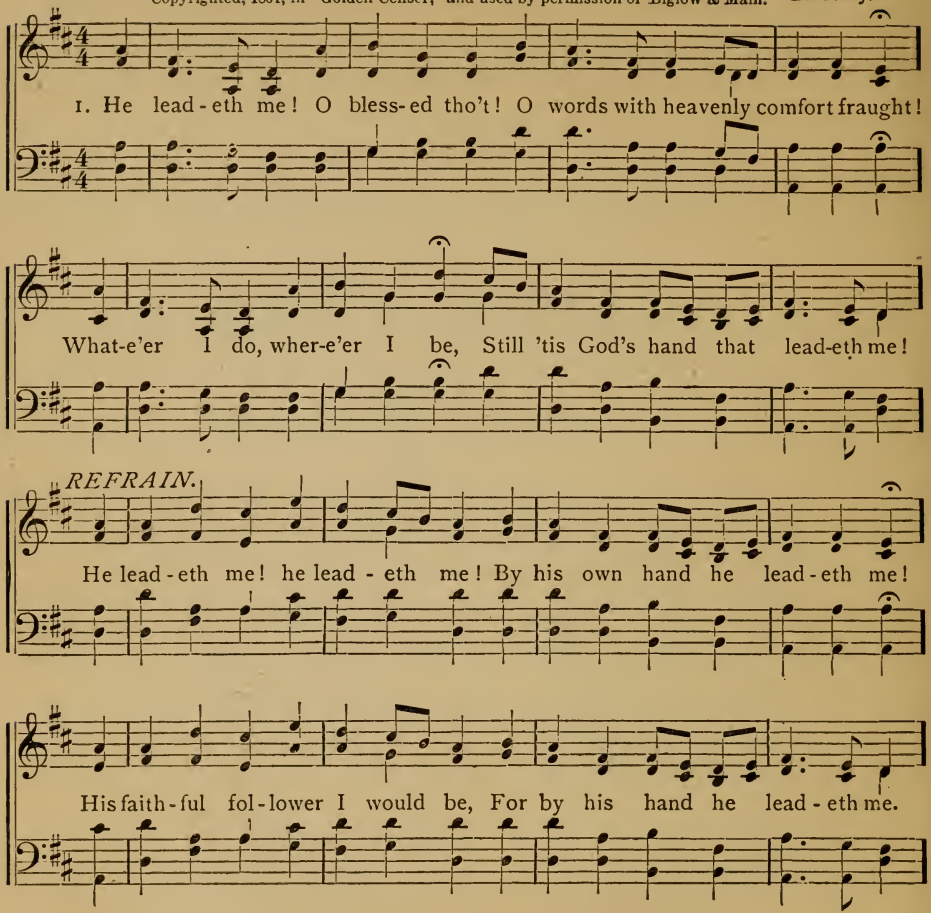
2 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

3 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier.

He leadeth me.

L. M.—8 l. Copyrighted, 1864, in "Golden Censer," and used by permission of Biglow & Main. Bradbury.



149 *"He leadeth Me."*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea —
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine —
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

Gilmore.

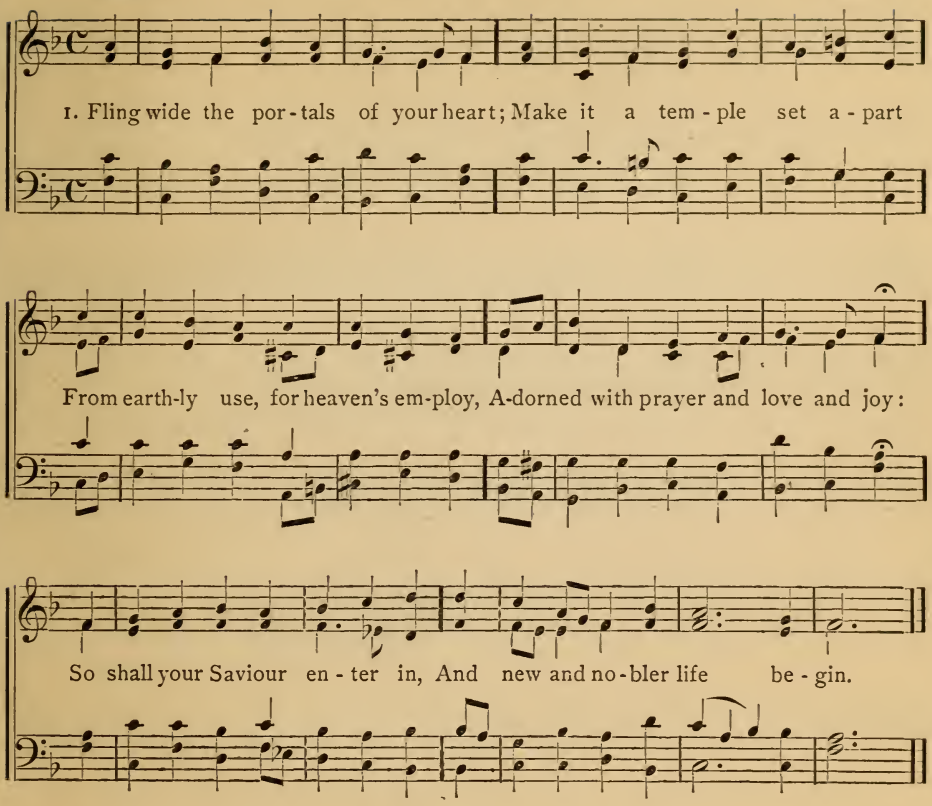
150 *We follow, Lord.*

1 We follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
And quickened, would ascend to thee,
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed
Into thy glorious liberty.

2 We cast behind fear, sin, and death!
With thee we seek the things above;
Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe,
Of power, of calmness, and of love.

Anon.

L. M.—61. Monk.



151 *I will come again.*

2 Redeemer, come; we open wide
Our hearts to thee: here, Lord, abide.
Let us thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in us reveal;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won.

Elim.

152 *God a Refuge.*

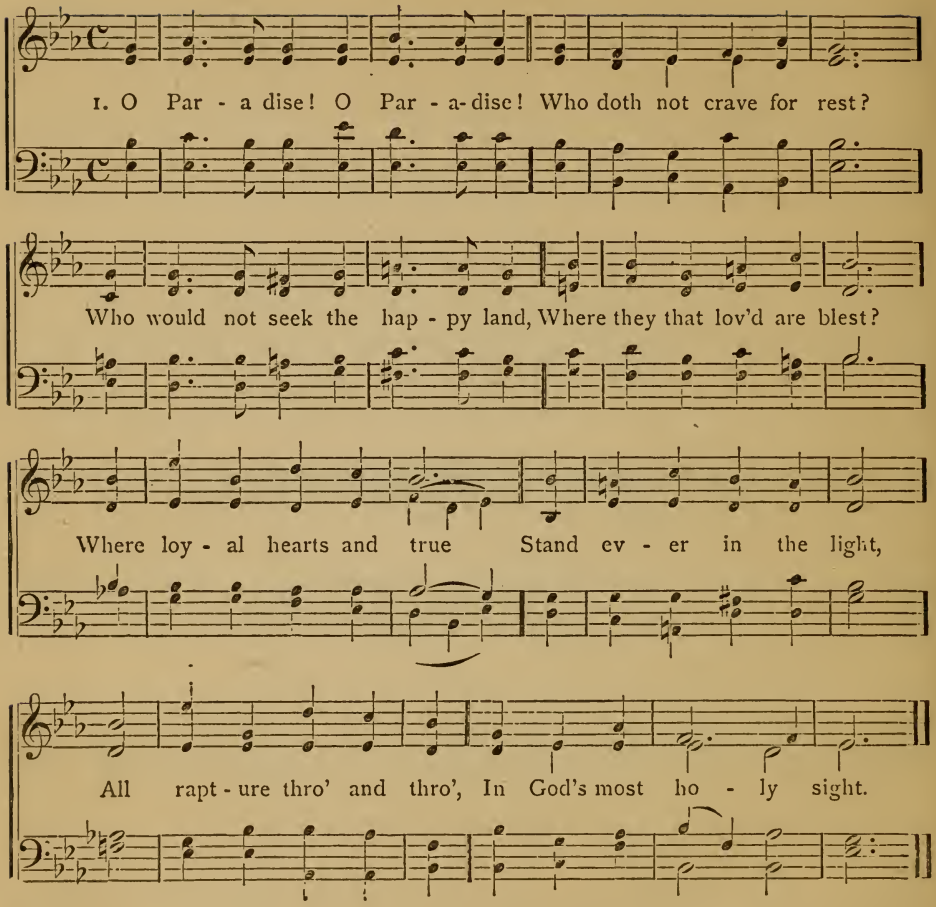
1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

Wesleyan.

O Paradise!

Barnby.



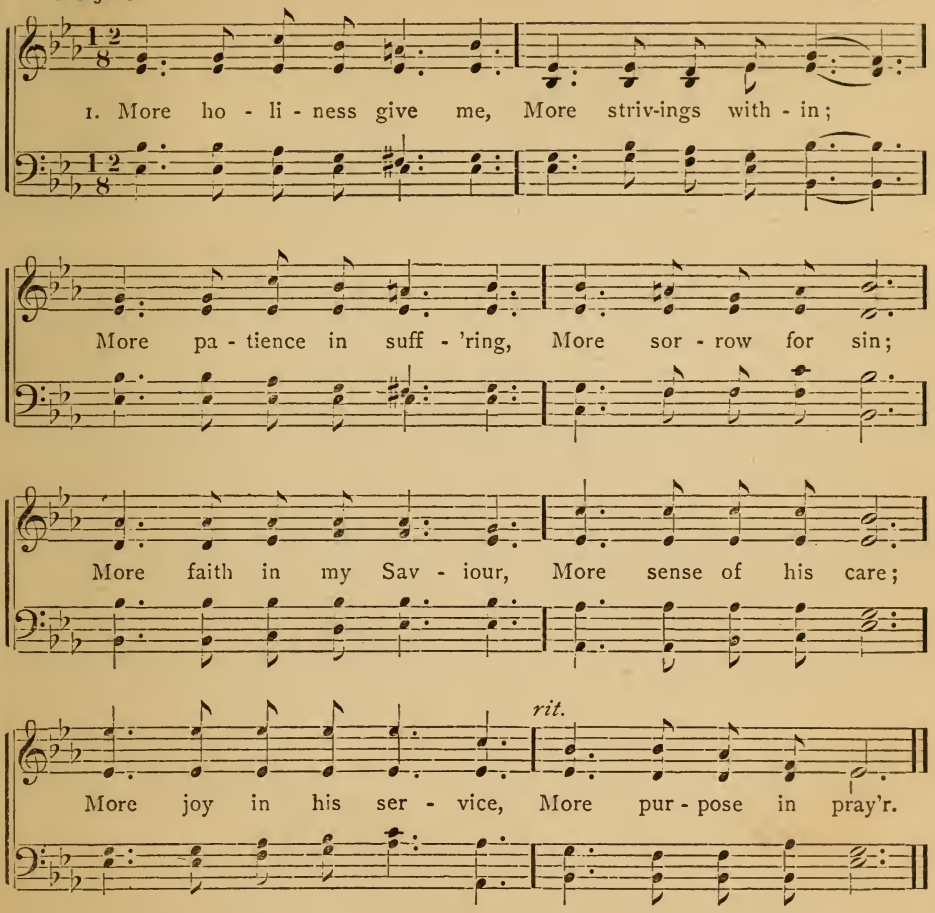
153 *Paradise.*

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest, and free,
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture thro' and thro',
In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is—
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture thro' and thro',
In God's most holy light.

Faber.

6s & 5s—Sl. P. P. Bliss.



154 *Aspiration.*

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in his glory,
More hope in his word;
More tears for his sorrows,
More pain at his grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

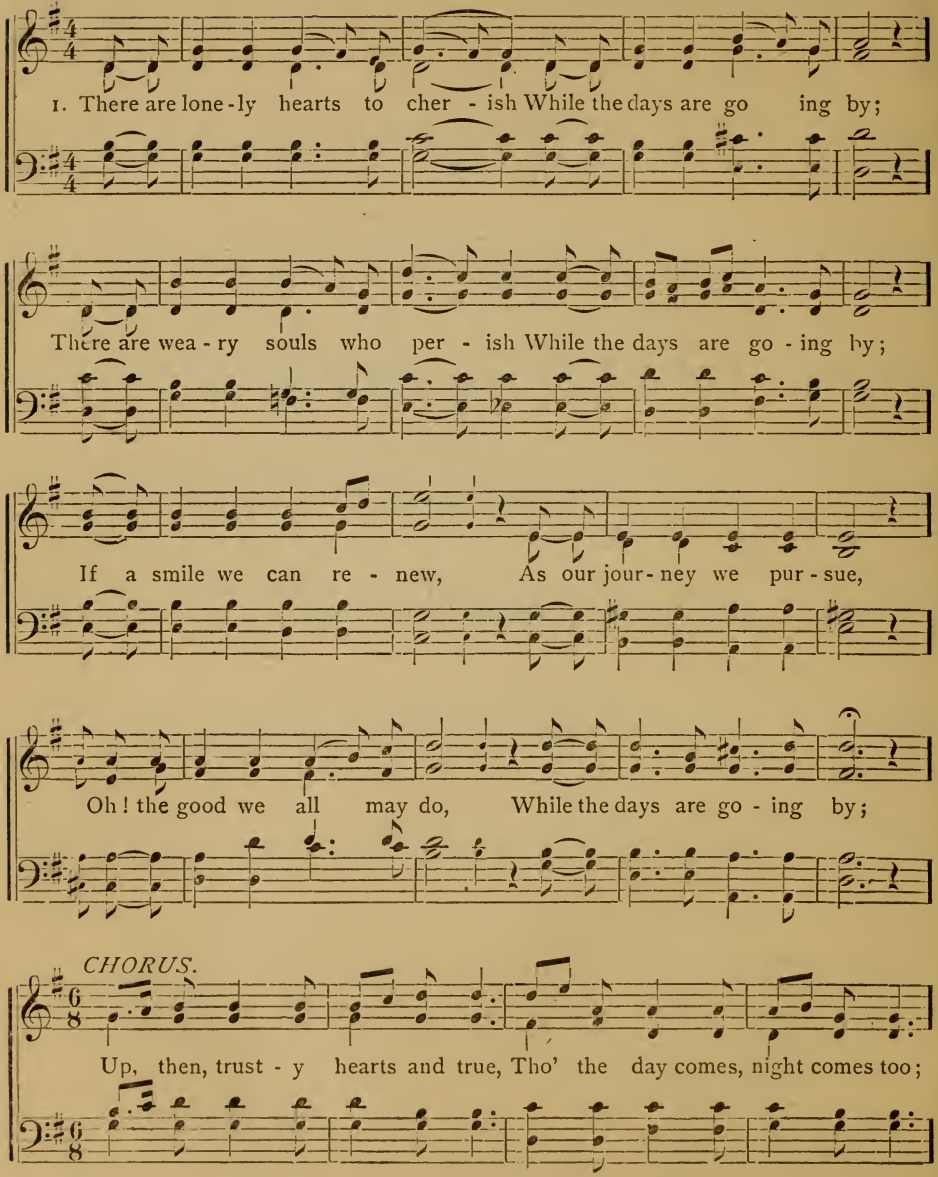
3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blesséd and holy,
More, Saviour, *like thee.*

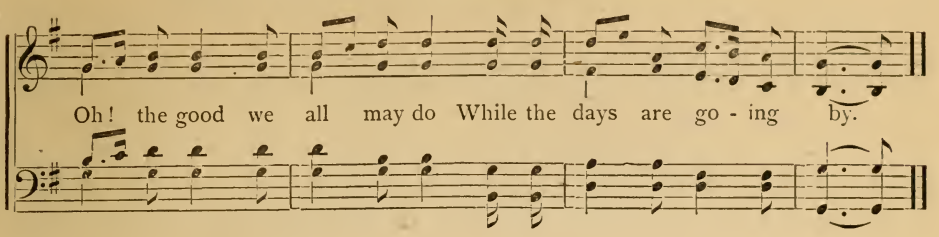
[By perm. J. Church & Co.]

P. P. Bliss.

There are lonely Hearts.

Arr. from P'nsuti, by Mrs. E. T. Mitchell.





155 *Encourage one another.*

2 There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Let our face be like the morning
While the days are going by.
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

Anon.

156 *One by One.*

1 One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

2 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below;
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

3 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Procter.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

157 *Zeal.*

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!
To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth —
This, this is not to live.

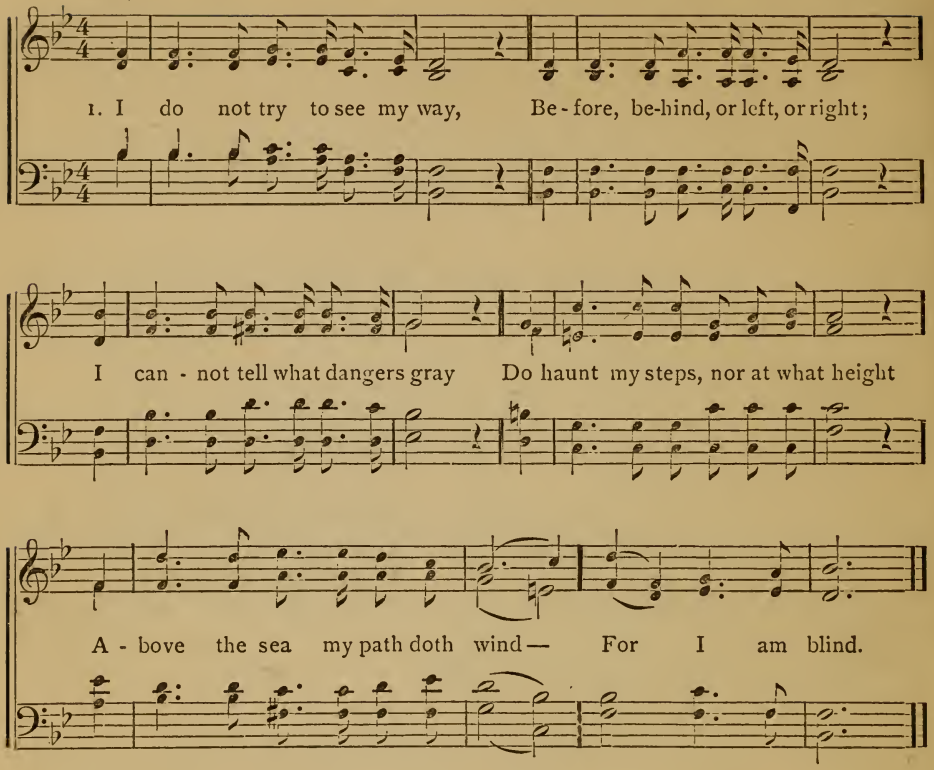
2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away —
This is no time for thee to sleep —
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

Bonar.

I do not try to see my Way.

8s & 4—61.

Arr. from Stigelli, by E. T. M.



158 *Blind.*

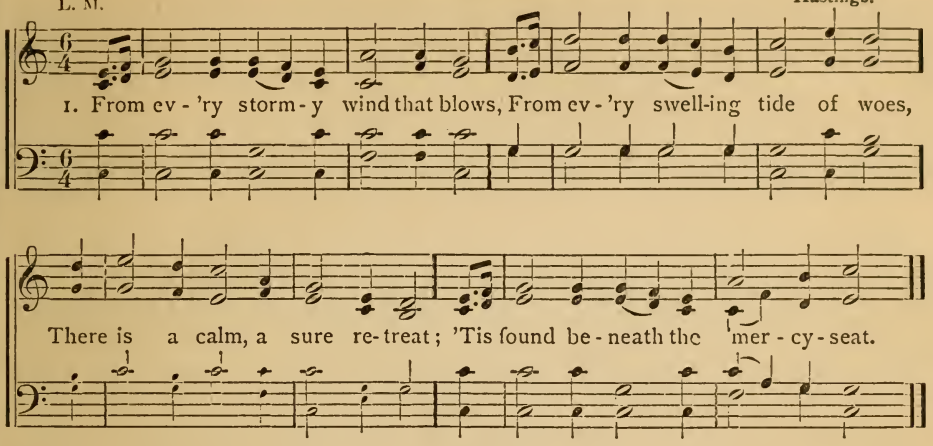
2 If by my side a chasm yawns,
Oft unawares I pass it by;
I feel no fear though crimson dawns
With solemn portents fill the sky;—
Slow, step by step, my way I find,
Patient—and blind.

3 I know not if my goal doth shine
Misty and faint in distant blue,
Or if these weary feet of mine
Its border lands are pressing through;
I question, yet no answer find,
For I am blind.

4 On smooth and sunny heights, I laugh,
In thorny thickets, oft I weep;
Of cool, sweet fountains now I quaff,
And now of bitter springs drink deep,—
Daring to turn from neither kind,
Since I am blind.

5 Yet not without a guide I wend
My unseen way, by day, by night;
Close by my side there walks a Friend,—
Strong, tender, true,—I trust his sight;
He sees my way, before, behind,
Though I am blind.

L. M. Hastings.



159 *The Mercy-Seat.*

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin seem all no more;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Stowell.

160 *The Way.*

1 I cannot plainly see the way,
So dark my path is; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

2 I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great God over me?

Alice Carey.

3 I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wav'ring will
To perfect truth and boundless love.

Anon.

Concluded from opposite page.

6 He leads me as he thinketh best,
And all the checkered way he knows;
Knows when I need to stop and rest,
And when to flee from lurking foes,—
Which paths are safe, which undermined
To trip the blind.

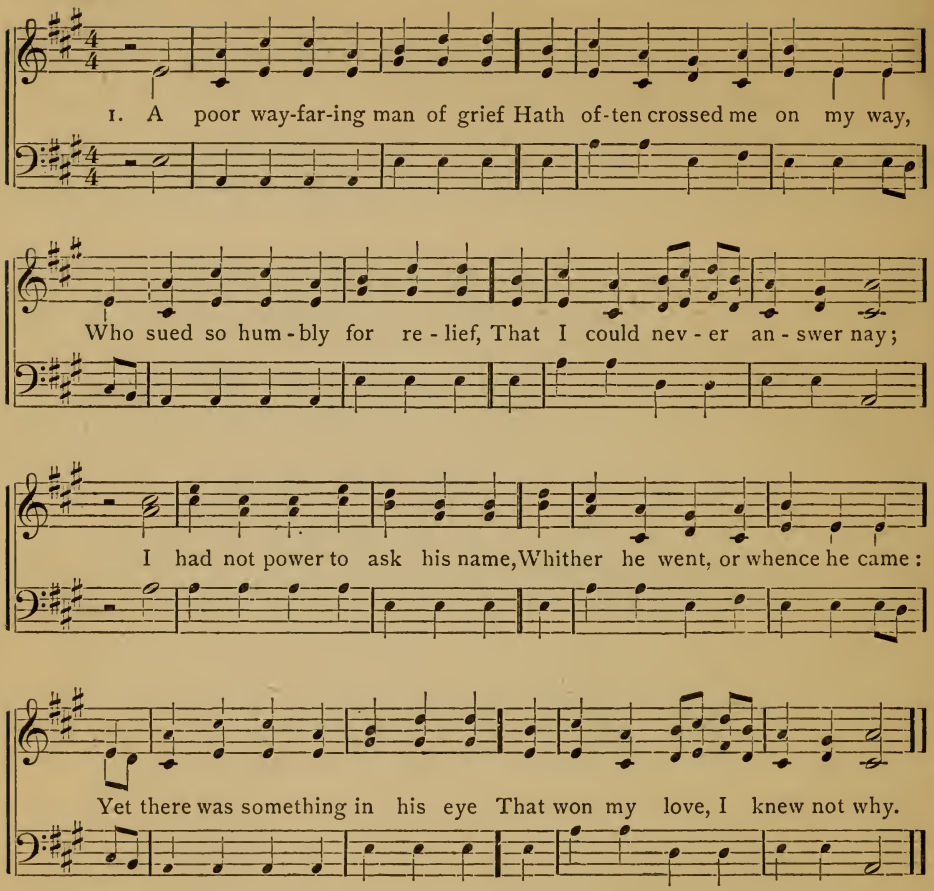
7 Of all my backward way I know
But little, save that thus far on
My Friend hath led me safe; and so
I trust when once the goal is won,
Good cause of thankfulness to find
That I was blind.

8 For in that goal's diviner light,
And from that Friend's revealéd face,
My thirsty eyes will drink in sight,
And I shall learn what tender grace
Led me through paths with dangers lined,
Safely—and blind.

Jay.

A poor wayfaring Man of Grief.

L. M.—81.



161

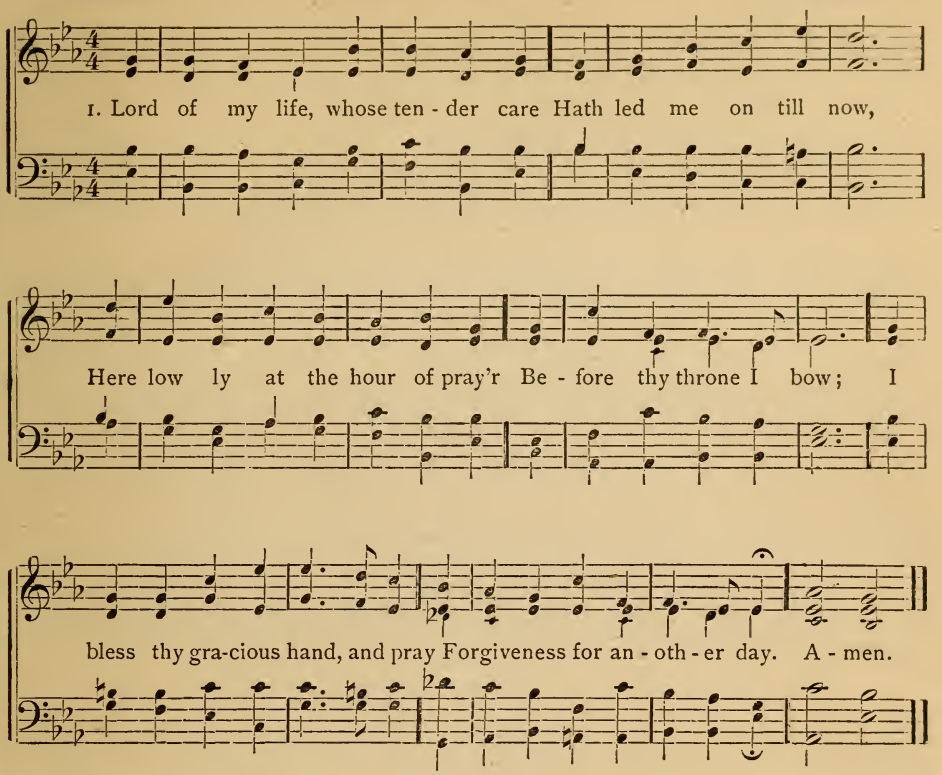
Charity.

2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock: his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran and raised the sufferer up:
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

Lord of my Life.

C. M.—61. E. J. Hopkins.



162 *In Heavenly Grace to grow.*

2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path of God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing;
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity! Amen.

Anon.

Concluded from opposite page.

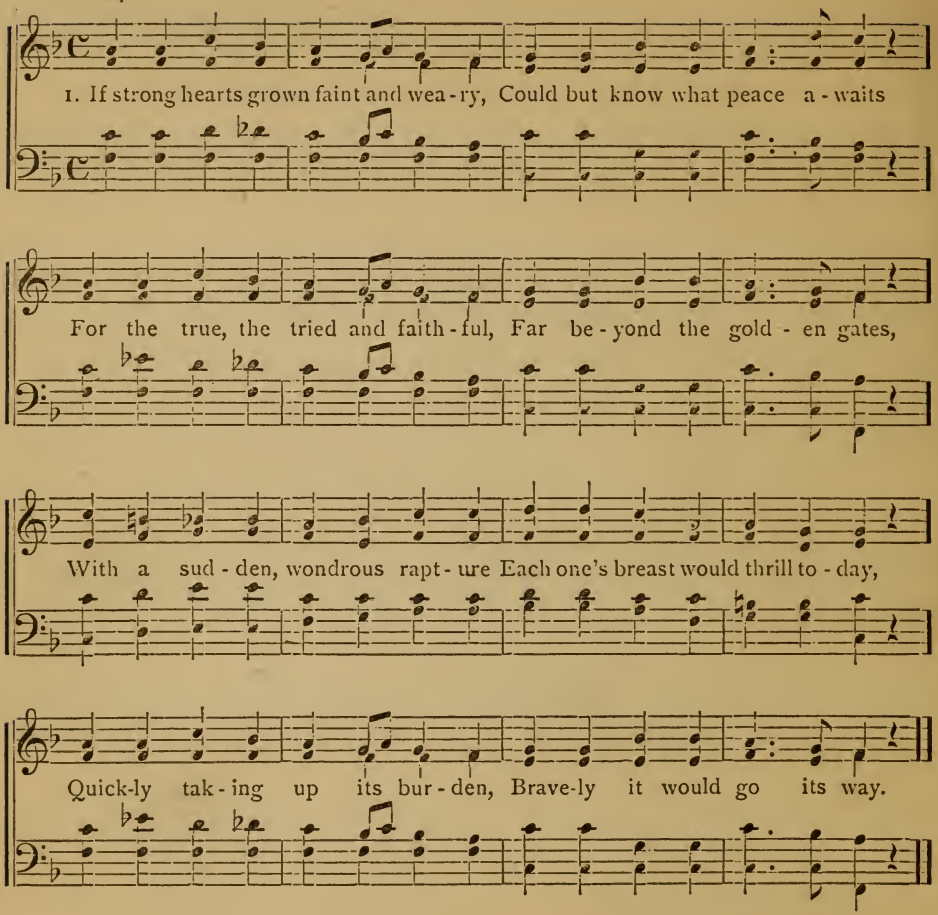
4 Then in a moment, to my view
The Stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew:
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not! thou didst it unto me."

Anon.

If strong Hearts.

L. R. Lewis.

8s & 7s—S l.



163 *If bright Eyes.*

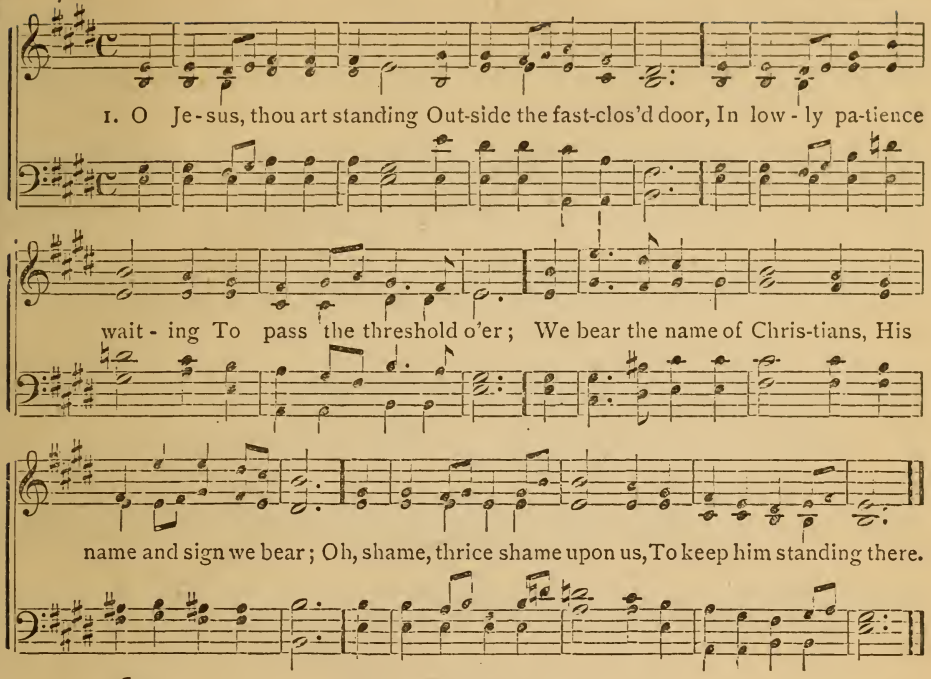
2 If bright eyes, grown dim with weeping
O'er their earthly grief or loss,
Could but see the crown awaiting
For the soldier of the cross,—
Saddened hearts would sing for gladness,
Weary bodies would grow strong,
All-forgetful of their burdens,
Borne, but wearily so long.

3 If quick ears, grown dull with discord,
Both of earthly strife and sin,
Could but hear one song from heaven
Sounding sweet above the din,
Surely then no soul would falter,
Neither faint beside the way,
For the tho'ts of heaven would strengthen
Every weak heart for the fray.

Anon.

O Jesus, Thou art standing.

7s & 6s—8l. W. W. How.



164 *The Unspeakable Love.*

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low:
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

Anon.

Watchman! tell us of the Night.

7s—8 l.

SOPRANO.

Alt.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs. . . of promise are.—

BASE OR TENOR.

Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beaming star!

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

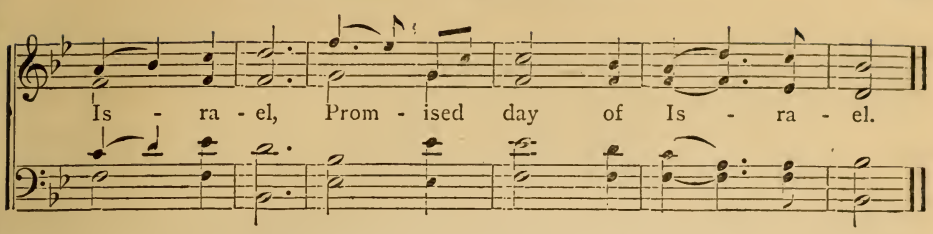
Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?

TENOR.

BASE.

CHORUS.

Trav - eller! yes; it brings the day— Prom - ised day of



165 *Effects of Christ's coming.*

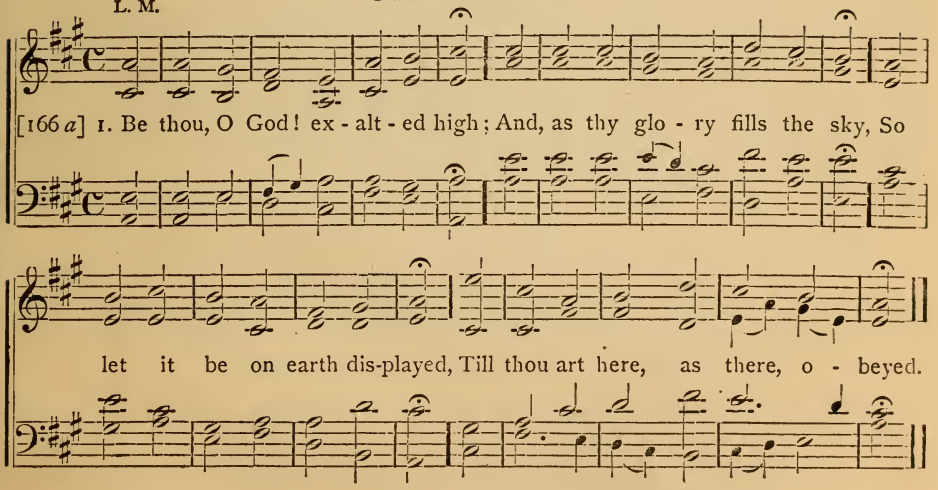
2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.—
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.—
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.—
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.—
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Stanley.

Old Hundred.

L. M.



166 [*b*] *Sabbath Evening.*

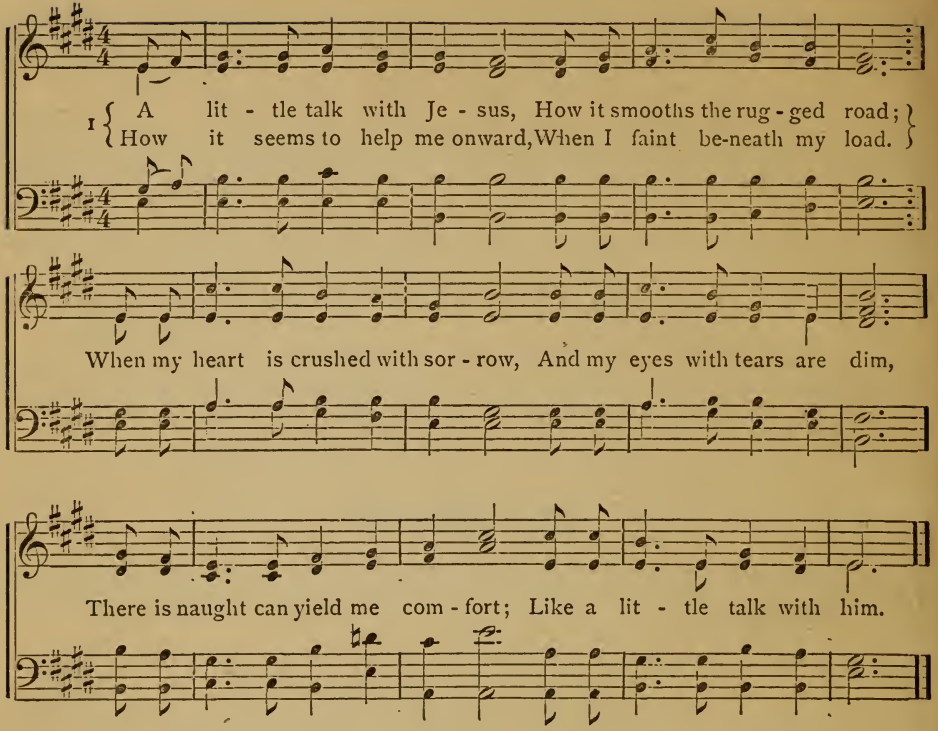
1 Within thy courts have millions met,
Millions this day before thee bowed;
Their faces heavenward were set,
Their vows to thee, O God! they vowed.

2 Still, as the light of morning broke,
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

Montgomery.

A little Talk with Jesus.

W. G. Fischer.



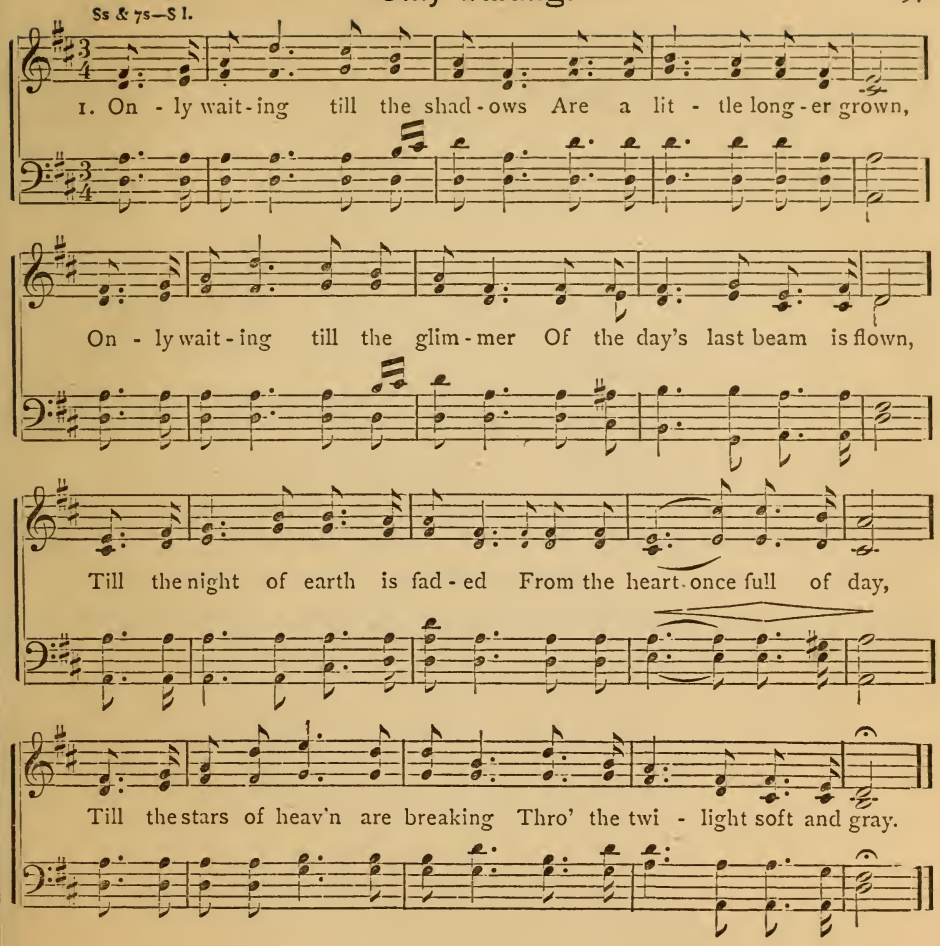
167 *A little Talk with Jesus.*

2 The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time;
The more I come to know him, and all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know him more and more.

3 I cannot live without him, nor would I if I could:
He is my daily portion, my medicine, my food;
He is altogether lovely; none can with him compare;
Chiefest among ten thousand, and fairest of the fair.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb;
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and he will talk with me.

Anon.



168 *Waiting to obey.*

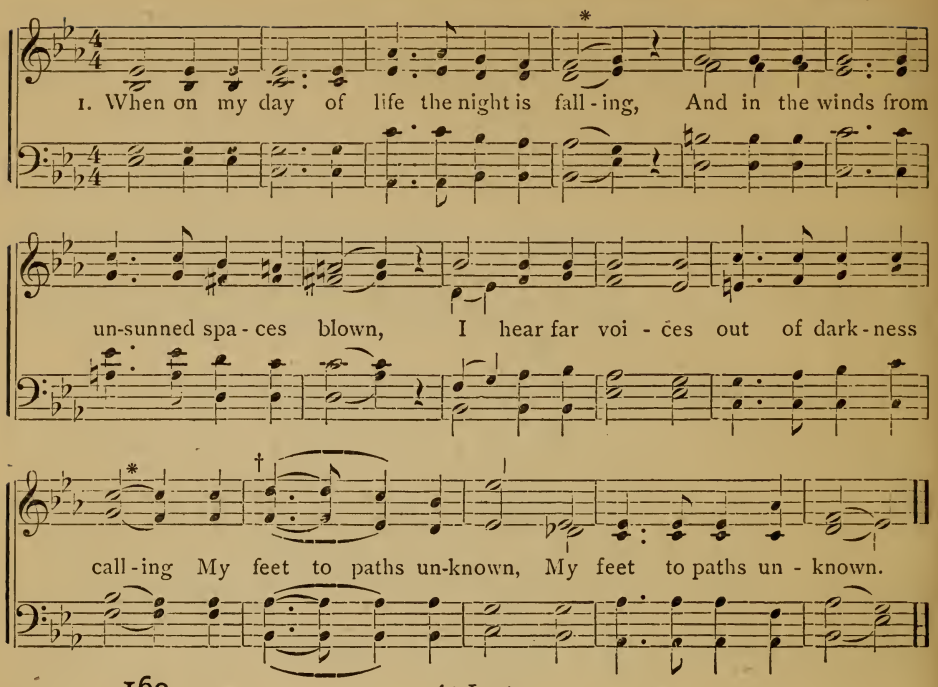
2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, quickly gather
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is faded,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Anon.

When on my Day of Life.

Barnby.



169 *At Last.*

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper, ever present,
‖: Be thou my strength and stay! :‖

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
‖: The love that answers mine. :‖

4 I have but thee, O Father! let thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
‖: Nor street of shining gold. :‖

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiv'n through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
‖: Unto my fitting place. :‖

[* Sing to one syllable in hymns 171 and 172.] [† Sing to one syllable in hymns 170, 171, and 172.]

6 Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
‖: The river of thy peace. :‖

7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
‖: The life for which I long. :‖

Whittier.

170 *He giveth Power to the Faint.*

1 Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name.

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

James Freeman Clarke.

171 *Heaven not far off.*

1 Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies th' enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

2 In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

3 Open our eyes that we that world may see;
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear;
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

Jones Very.

172 *The Father of Spirits.*

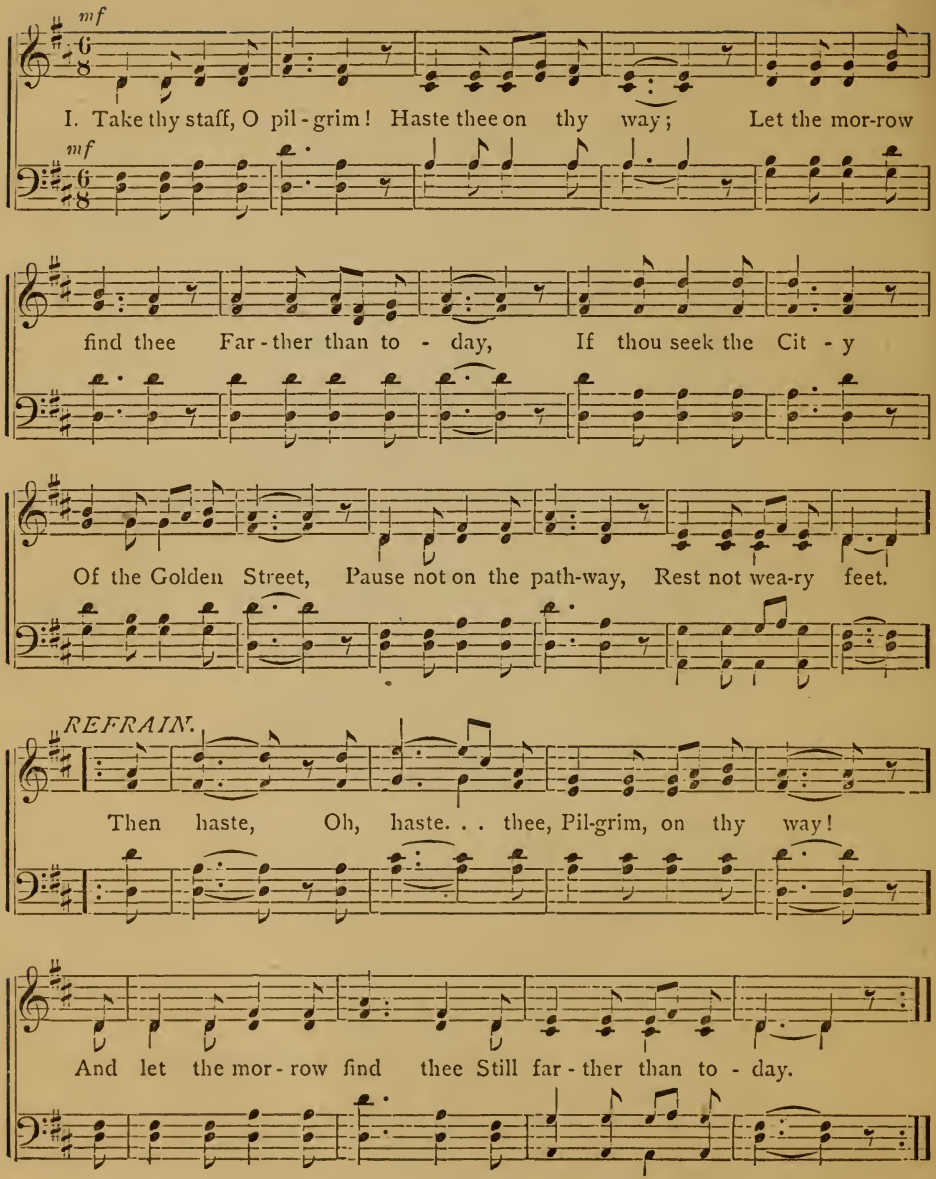
1 O Father-Spirit, who with gentlest breath
Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with all in love!

2 Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
On souls that would their Father's image bear;
Make us as holy temples of our God,
Where dwells for ever calm, adoring prayer.

Anon.

Take thy Staff, O Pilgrim.

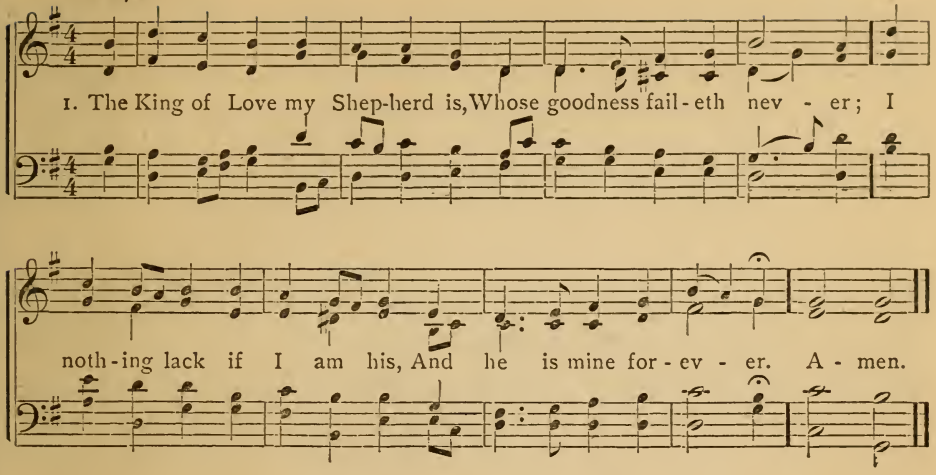
Karl Reden.



The King of Love.

Dykes.

8s & 7s.



174 *The Shepherd's Love.*

2 Where streams of living waters flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me:
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy blessing grace bestoweth;
And oh, the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!

6 And so, through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever!

Baker.

To music on opposite page.

173 *Diligence.*

2 In the heav'nly journey,
Press with zeal along,—
Resting will but weary,
Running make thee strong.
Wings that eagles carry
Bear them in their flight;
So thy burden bears thee,—
Surely, then, 'tis light.— Then, etc.

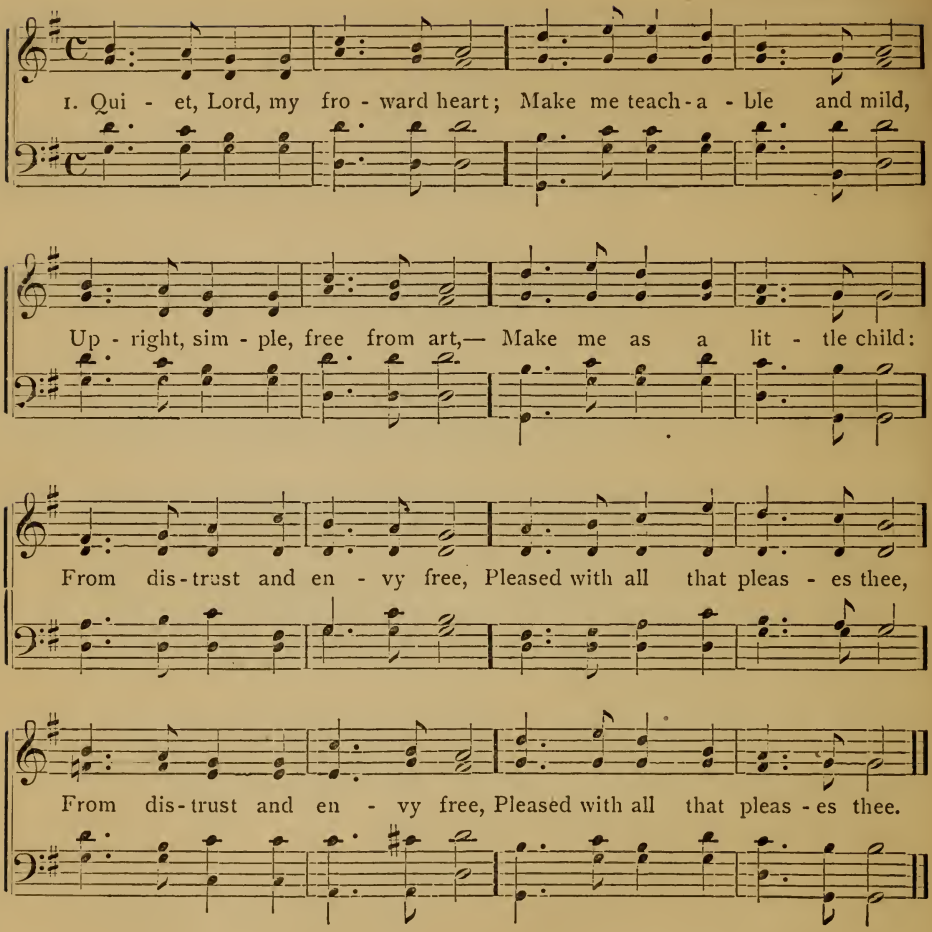
3 Haste, it hath been told thee—
All things are thine own;
Pass the pearly portals,
Stand before the throne.
Here thy journey endeth,
Here thy staff lay down,
Enter here thy mansion,
Here receive thy crown.— Then, etc,

Tilton.

Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

7s—8 l.

Arranged from Herold.



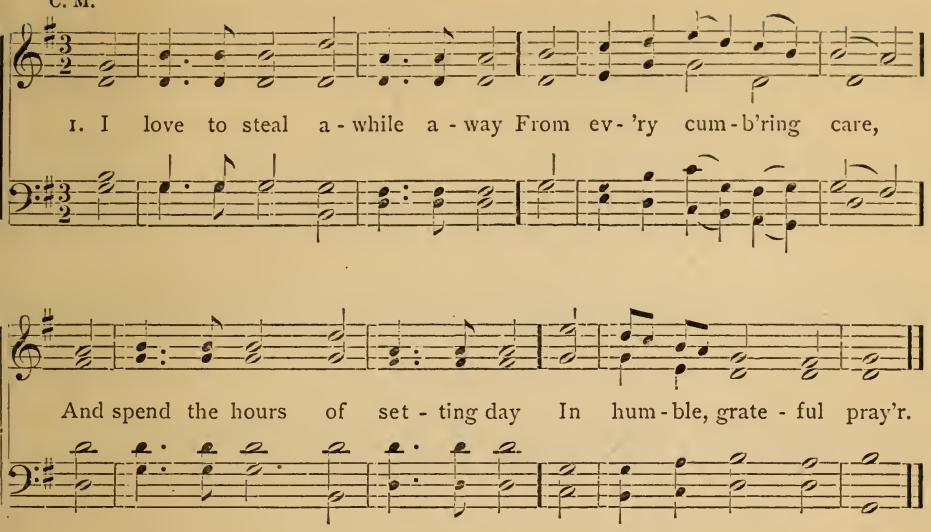
175 *Filial Trust.*

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
‖: 'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear? :‖

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
‖: Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide. :‖

John Newton.

C. M.



176 *Contemplation.*

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Brown.

177 *God always with us.*

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

Anon.

178 *The Light from Within.*

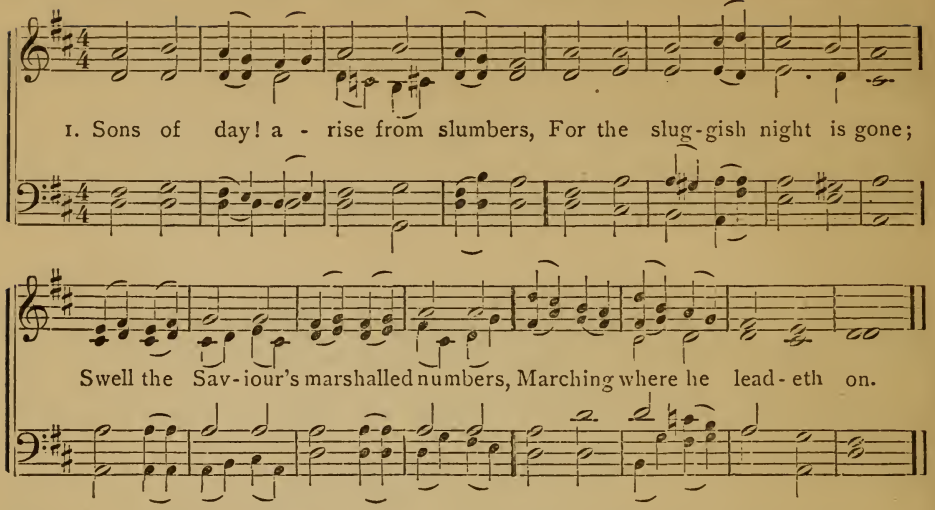
1 I saw on earth another light
Than that which lit my eye
Come forth as from the soul within,
And from a higher sky.

2 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam;
It shone from God within,
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

J. Very.

Sons of Day! arise from Slumbers.

8s & 7s. James Turle.



179 *God our Father.*

2 Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
Girded, for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
Spread your victories afar.

3 On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,—
Plant the sacred standard there.

4 So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall Truth her vanguard keep,
So shall temple homes be granted,
To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

Phelps.

180 *Love to God.*

1 I would love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee — he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heav'n o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's love forget.

French.

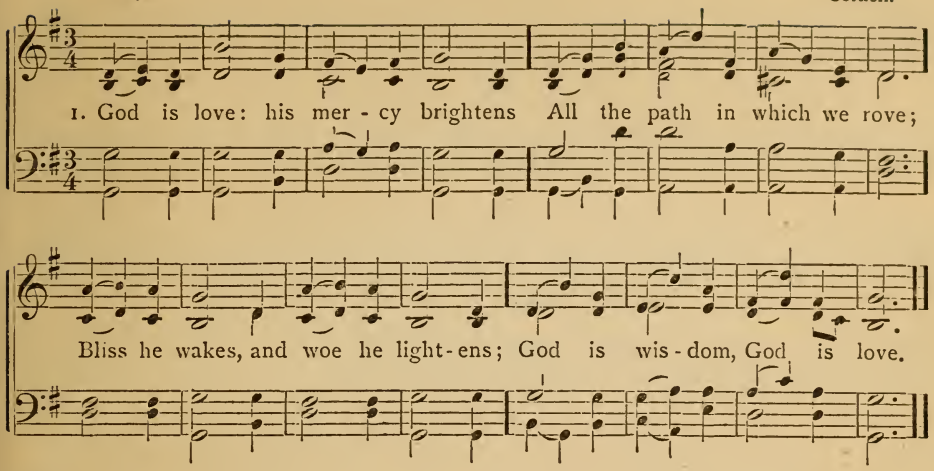
181 *Providence.*

1 God will charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wing of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

Montgomery.

8s & 7s. Cornell.



182 *God is Love.*

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth;
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Bowring.

183 *A Psalm of Life.*

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

4 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

184 *Christmas.*

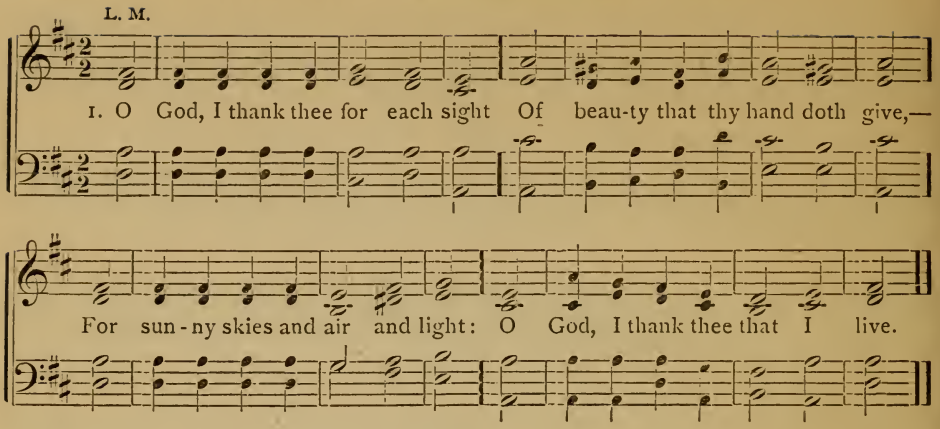
1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

3 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!"

John Cawood.

O God, I thank thee for each Sight.



185 *Daily Consecration.*

2 That life I consecrate to thee:
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank thee for another morn,—

3 Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

4 Another day to do, to dare;
To use anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer;
And so win life and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

186 *The Love of God.*

1 O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss, [brood;
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered
We know thee truly but in this,—
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

John Sterling.

187 *Lift up your Heads, ye Gates.*

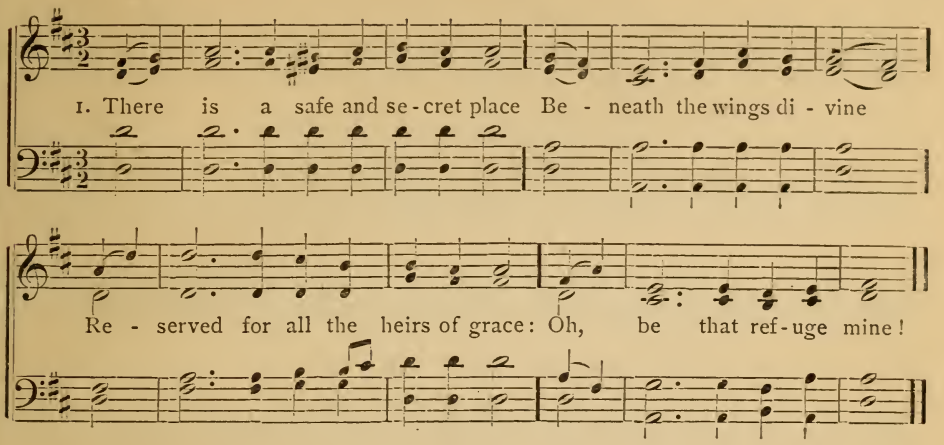
1 Oh, blest the souls, forever blest,
Where God as Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the King of Glory comes!

2 Fling wide thy portals, O my heart!
Be thou a temple set apart,
So shall thy Sov'reign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

3 Deliv'rer, come! we open wide
Our hearts to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let all thy glorious presence feel.
O King of souls, thyself reveal!

From the German.

C. M.



188 *Security.*

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Lyte.

189 *Reconciliation.*

1 Father, thy thoughts are peace towards me,
Safe am I in thy hands;
Could I but firmly build on thee,
For sure thy counsel stands!

2 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.

3 Tho' strange and winding seems the way
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

Anon.

190 *The Covenant.*

1 My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home; —

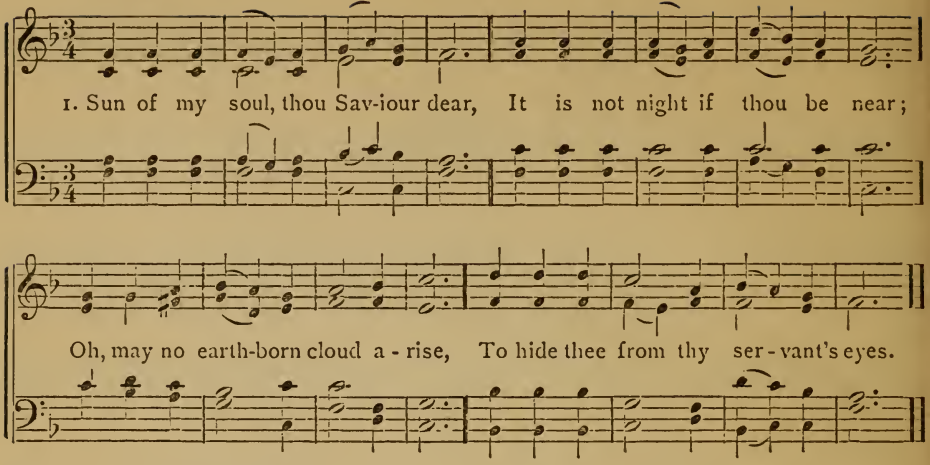
3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy Covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

Cennick.

Sun of my Soul.

L. M. Monk.



191 *Abide with me.*

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

3 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Keble.

192 *The Kingdom of God.*

1 O Spirit of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.

2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumph of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord.

Montgomery.

193 *The Gate of Heaven.*

1 Our Father, God, not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty.

2 Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

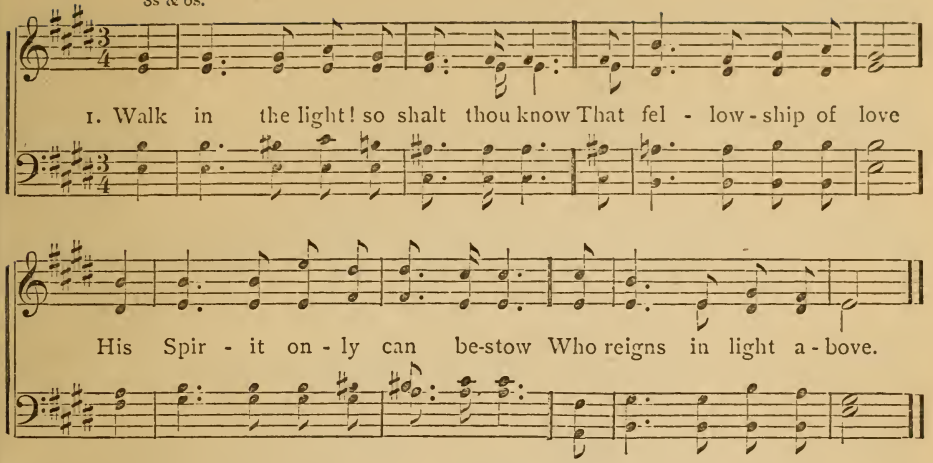
3 Lord, be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven:
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.

4 Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

Edwin H. Chapin.

Wallace.

8s & 6s.



194 *"Walk in the Light."*

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away;
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Barton.

195 *Law of Love.*

1 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

2 But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
Such is the law of love.

Trench.

196 *Doing Good for Christ's Sake.*

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure:
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Crosswell.

197 *"The little Hills rejoice."*

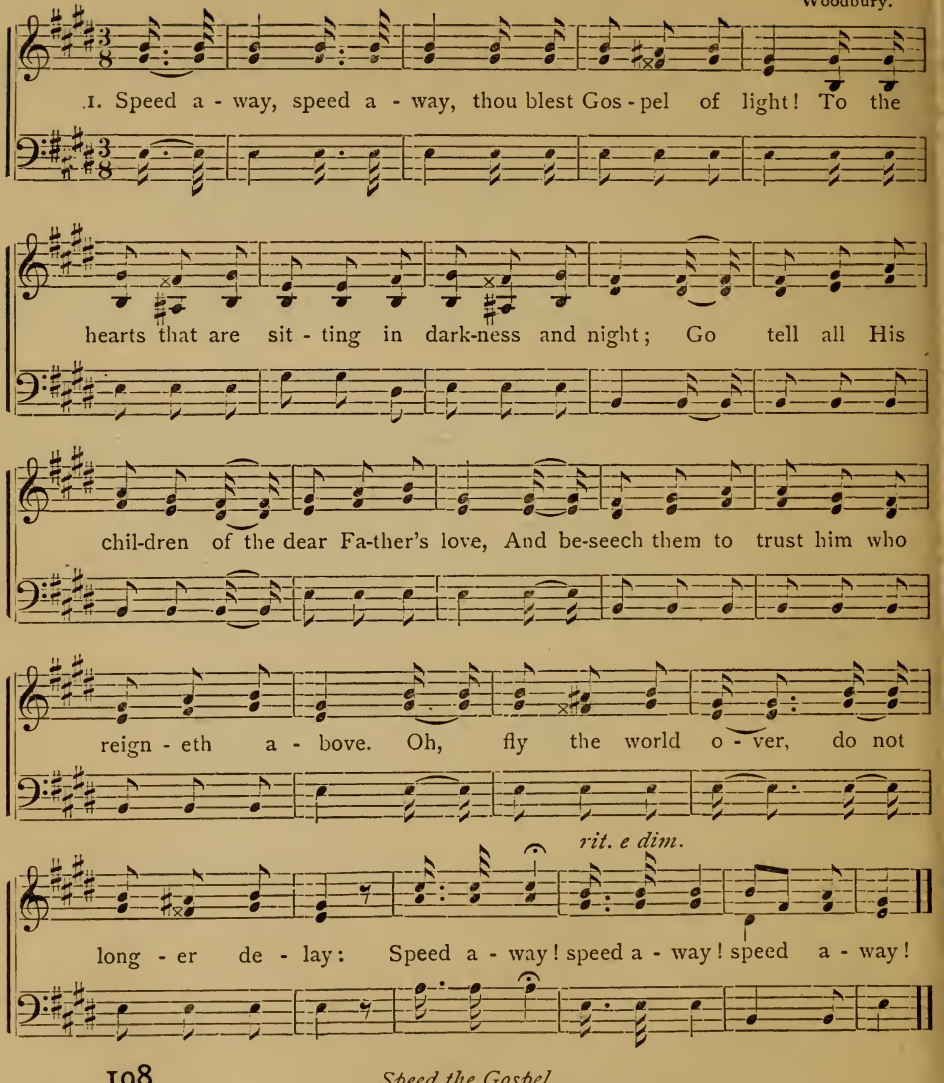
1 When brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Thus like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

Peabody.

Speed away.

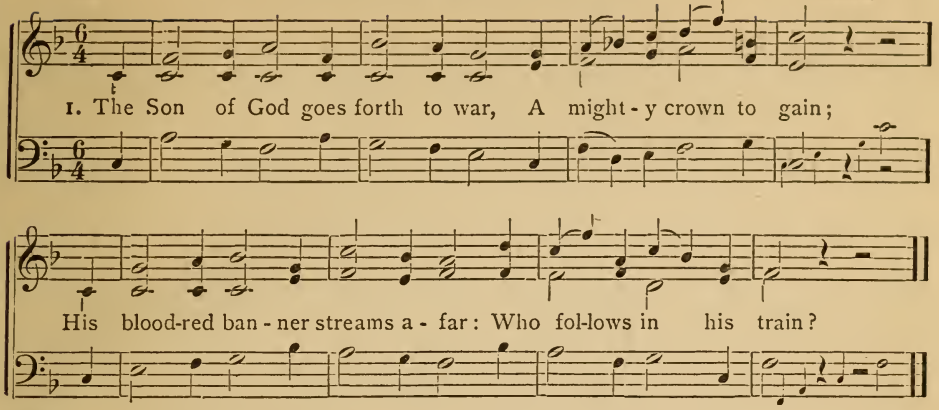
Woodbury.



198 *Speed the Gospel.*

2 Speed away with thy message so precious and sweet,
Be a light to each pathway, a lamp to the feet;
Go speak to the darkened soul, wand'ring in sin,
Of the joys of that heaven where the pure enter in:

C. M. E. L. Helwig.



199 *Following Jesus.*

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train.

2 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And dared the cross and flame.

4 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

5 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

6 They climb the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train!

Heber.

Concluded from opposite page.

Of the dear blessed Saviour, the Truth and the Way:
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

2 Speed away with thy promise of comfort and rest,
In that glorious home, the abode of the blest,—
To those hearts that are stricken with mourning and dread,
Who look hopelessly into the graves of their dead,—
And tell of Christ risen t' illumine the way,
Speed away! speed away! speed away.

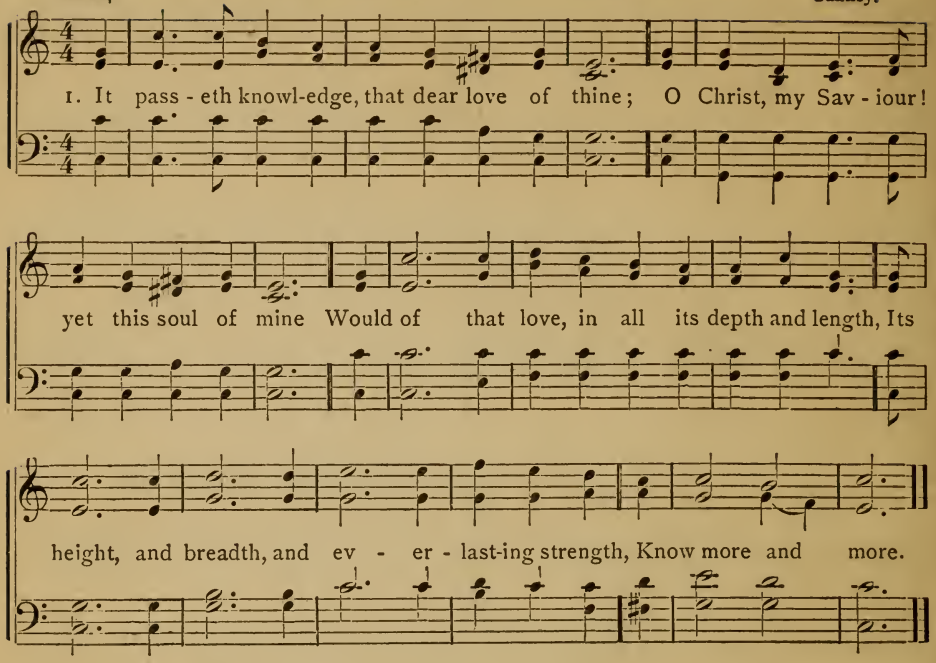
5 Speed away to the souls who are passing from earth,
In sweet words whisper hopes of the heavenly birth—
Of the mansions prepared by the Father for all,—
Of the Saviour who tenderly uttered the call,
"Come to me and find rest," do not longer delay,
Speed away! speed away! speed away!

Mrs. W. A. Start.

It Passeth Knowledge.

[From "Gospel Hymns No. 1," by perm. Biglow & Main.]

10s & 4. Sankey.



200 *Love of Jesus.*

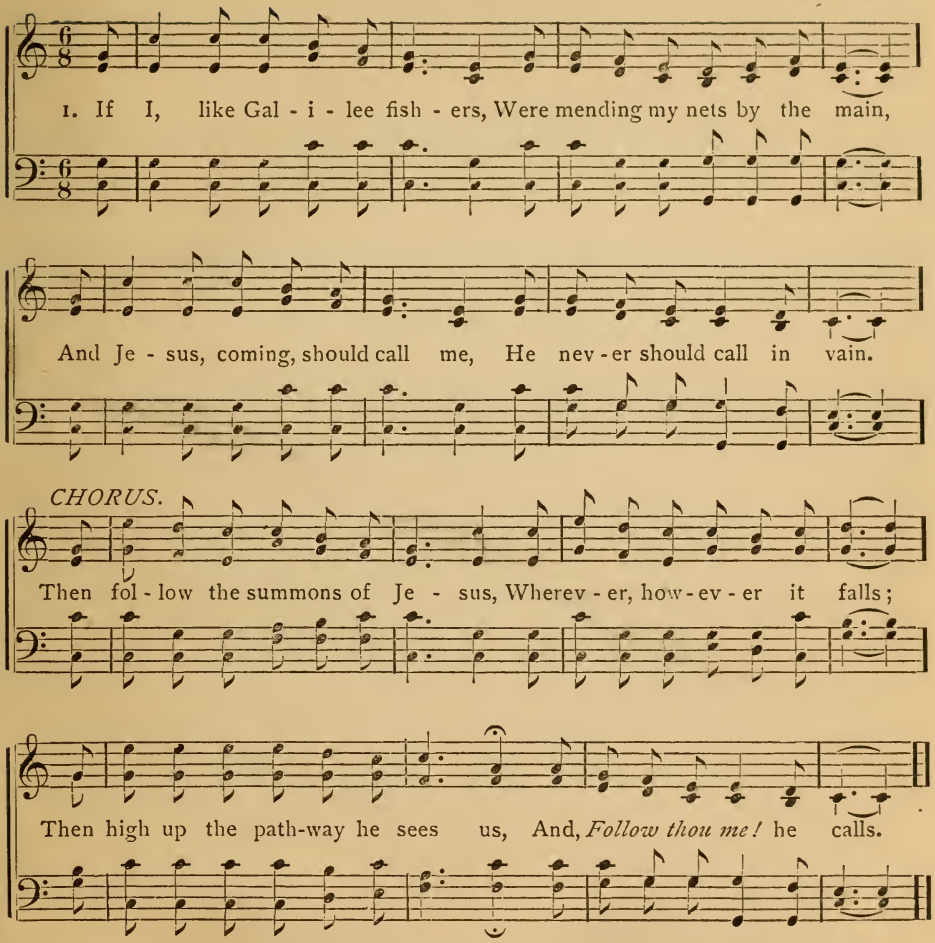
2 It passeth *telling!* that dear love of thine,
Thou mighty Saviour! yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

3 Oh! *fill* me, Christ, my Saviour, with thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above;
Thither may I in child-like faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto thee!

4 And when, my Saviour, thy dear face I see,
When at thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

Mary Shekleton.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



201 *The Call of Jesus.*

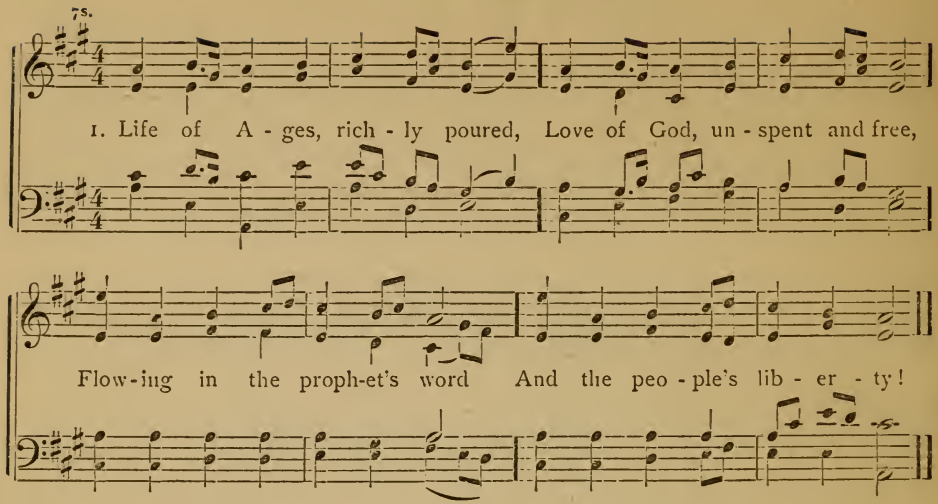
2 If I were dwelling in pleasure,
Or sitting in places of gain,
And Jesus, passing, should call me,
He never should call in vain.— CHO.

3 If I were sinking in sadness,
Or dreading the cross and the pain.
And Jesus tenderly call'd me,
He never should call in vain.— CHO.

4 And when I'm crossing the river,
And hearing the heavenly strain,
If Jesus, welcoming, calls me,
He never shall call in vain.— CHO.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Life of Ages.



202 *Life of Ages.*

2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

5 Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Samuel Johnson.

203 *Life more abundantly.*

1 Life of all that lives below!
Let thy spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

2 Oh, for fuller life we pine!
Let us more receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

3 Live we now in thee; be fed
Daily with the living bread;
Into thee our spirits grow;
Into us thy spirit flow;

4 While we feel the vital blood,
While thy full and quickening flood
Through life's every channel rolls,
Soul of all believing souls!

Anon.

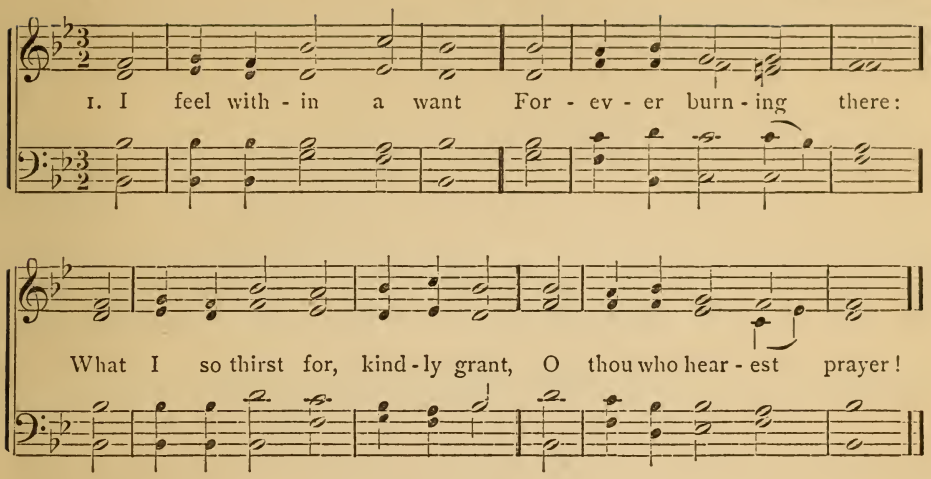
204 *God with us.*

1 In the midst do thou appear,—
Lord, reveal thy presence here!
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.

2 Father, still our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee th' unholy cannot see;
Make, oh, make us meet for thee!

Charles Wesley.

S. M. Dr. Mason.



205 *The Want within.*

2 This is the thing I crave,—
A likeness to thy Son;
This boon would I much rather have
Than call the world my own.

Furness.

206 *The Lord shall lead me.*

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be:
Lead me aright by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best:
Winding or straight, it matters not,—
It leads me to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose thou the way for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small:
Be thou my light, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Bonar.

207 *The Truth which maketh free.*

1 O true One! give me truth;
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

2 Truth which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts all falsehood out;

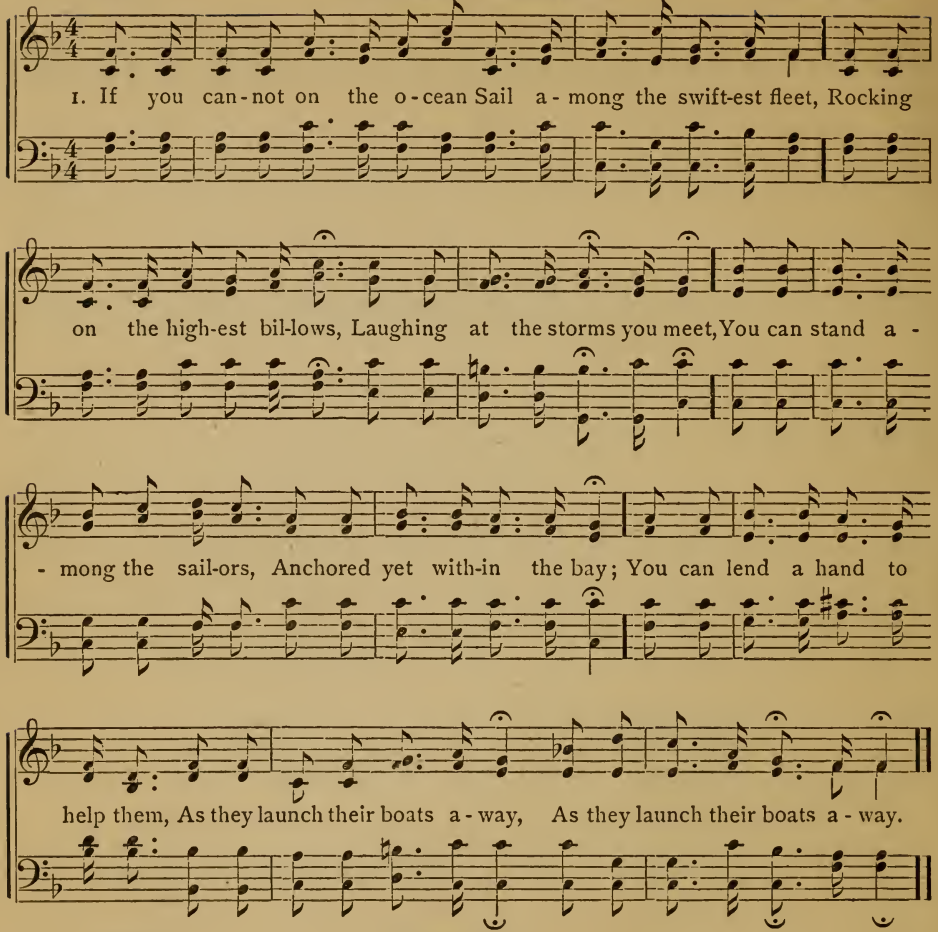
3 Calm faith which grasps the word
Of him who cannot lie;
Which hears alone the voice divine,
Though crowds be standing by.

4 O truth of God! destroy
The cloud, the chain, the war;
Dawn to this stormy midnight be!
My bright and morning star.

Anon.

If you cannot on the Ocean.

8s & 7s—S 1. [By permission S. Brainard's Sons.] S. M. Grannis.



208 *Your Mission.*

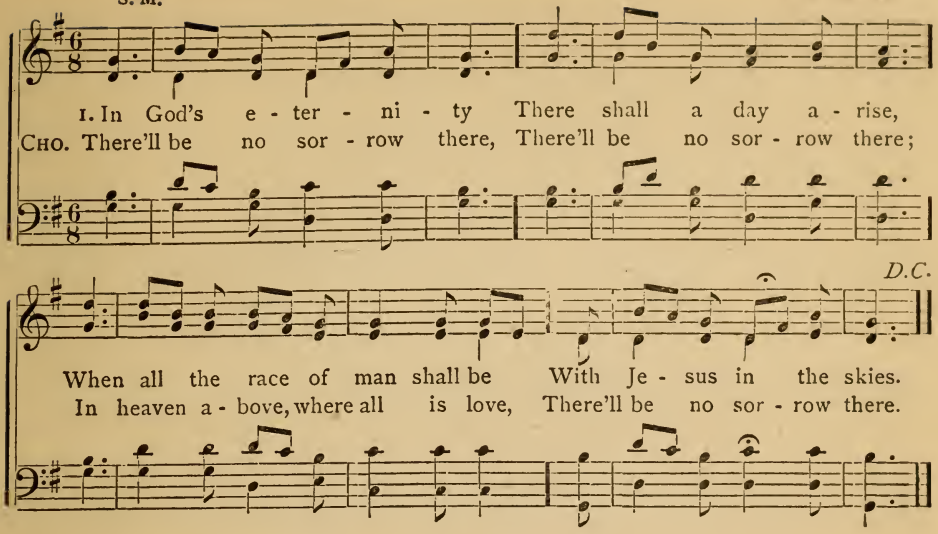
2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Tho' they may forget the singer.
‖: They will not forget the song. :‖

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot towards the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
‖: Sitting at the Saviour's feet. :‖

In God's Eternity.

S. M.

E. W. Dunbar.



209 *Universal Redemption.*

2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.— Cho.

3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.— Cho.

4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.— Cho.

Hosea Ballou.

[A leading voice should sing the stanzas alone, and all the people join in the Chorus. The soloist should avoid haste, and the utterance should be grave and declamatory.]

Concluded from opposite page.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
‖: Hides the heaviest wheat of all. :‖

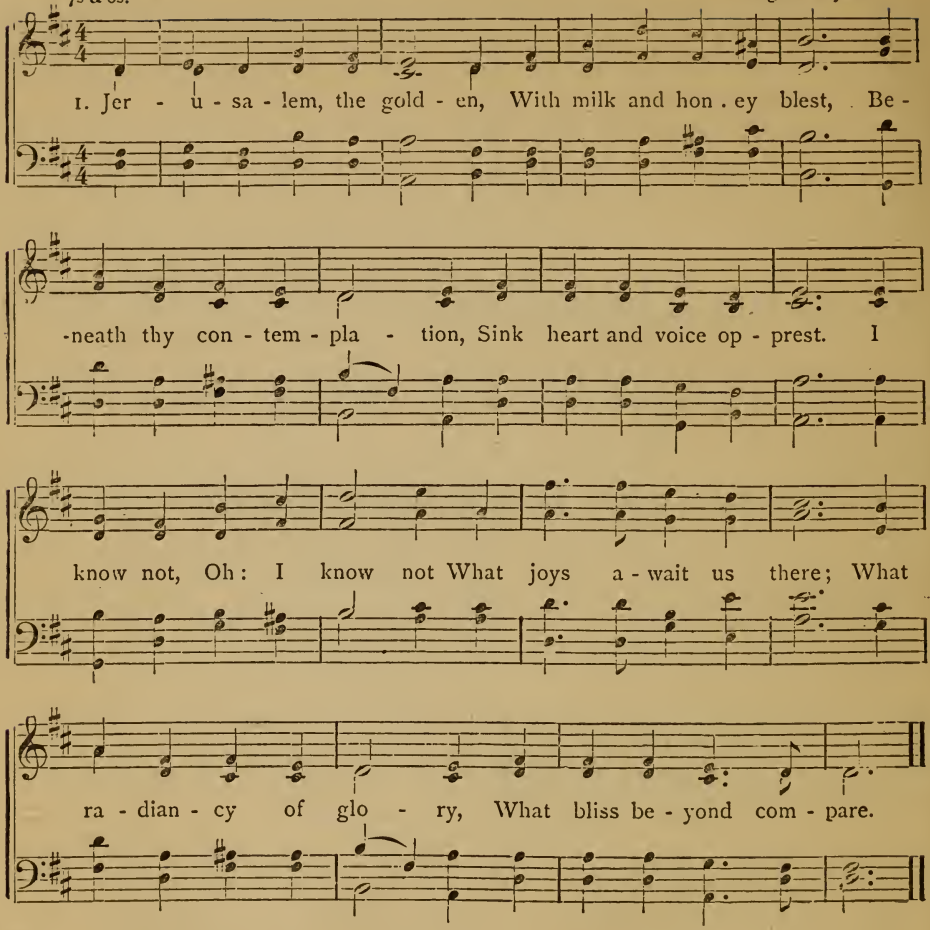
5 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
‖: You can cover up the dead. :‖

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,—
She will never come to you:
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
‖: You can find it anywhere. :‖

Gates.

Jerusalem, the Golden.

7s & 6s. English Hymn.



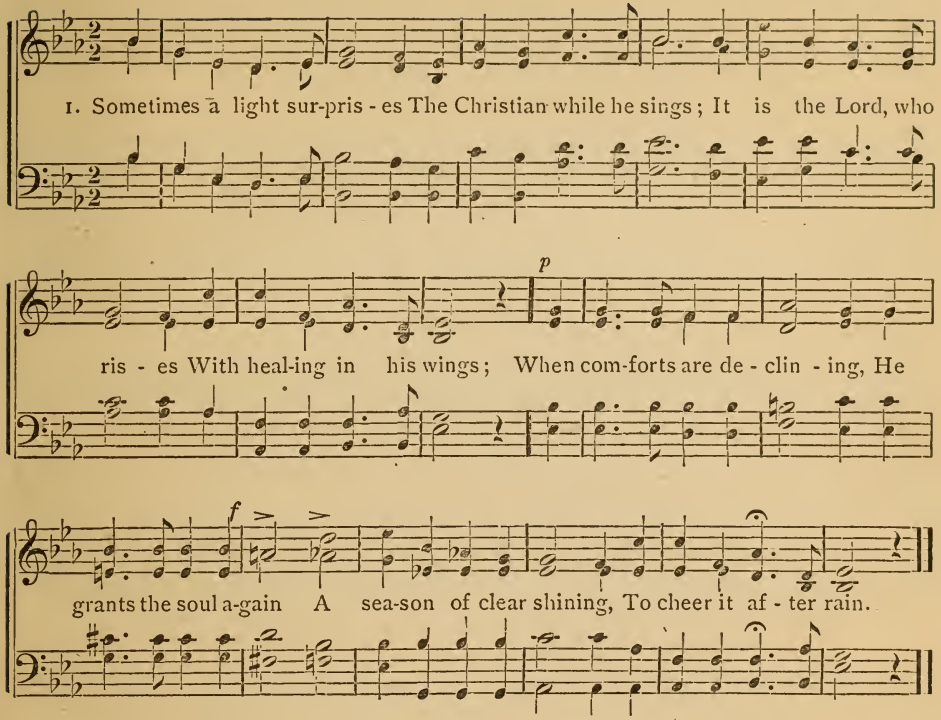
210 *Joys of Heaven.*

2 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

3 O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise Thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Cluny.

7s & 6s. Arranged from Mendelssohn.



211 *Contemplation.*

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

Heber.

212 *Celestial Country.*

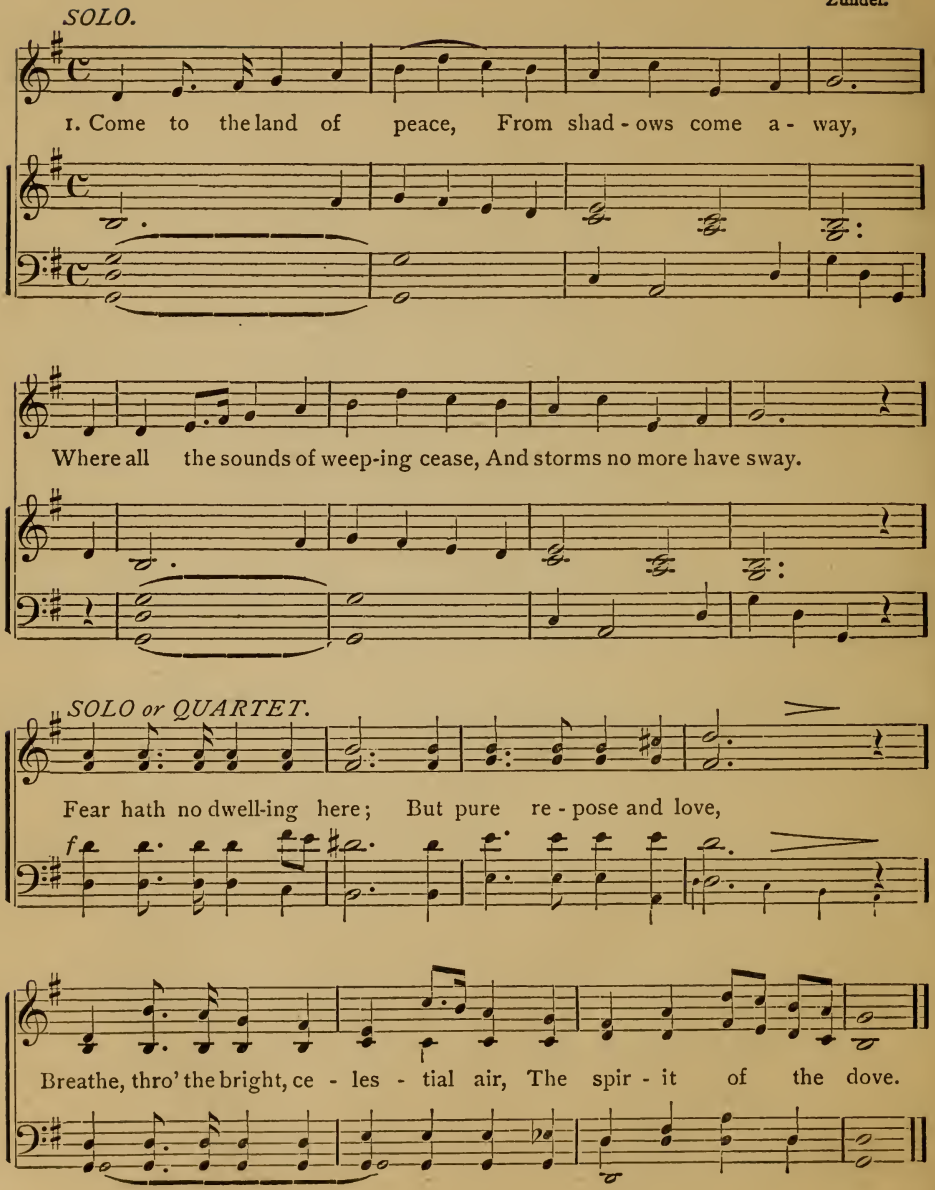
1 O sweet and blesséd country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
The cross is all thy splendor,
The crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Exultant voices raise.

Bernard of Cluny.

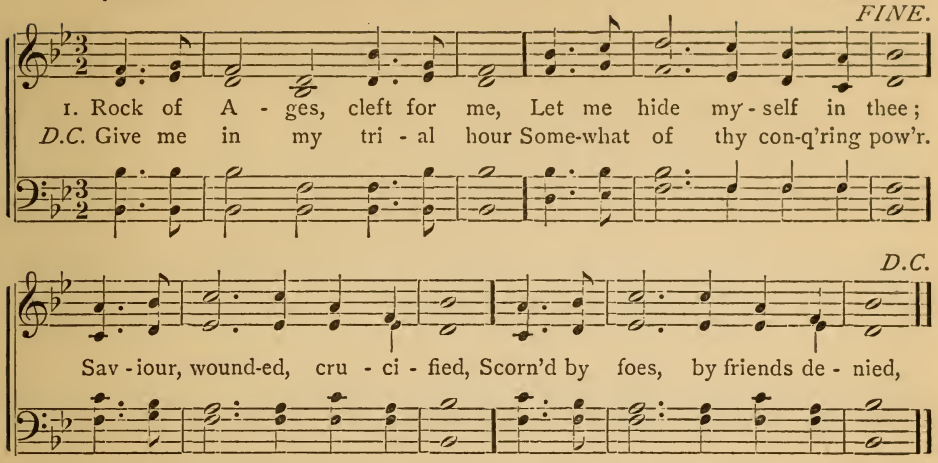
Come to the Land of Peace.

Zundel.



Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

7s—6 l. Hastings.



214 *Rock of Ages.*

2 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
May my zeal no respite know,
But in deeds of love o'erflow,
Nor in words nor songs alone
May my love for thee be shown.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
Saviour Risen! Glorified!
Walk with me, close by my side,
And in every trial hour
Give me of thy conq'ring power.

Adapted by S. M.

215 *Sun of Righteousness.*

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,—
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

Concluded from opposite page.

213 *Invitation.*

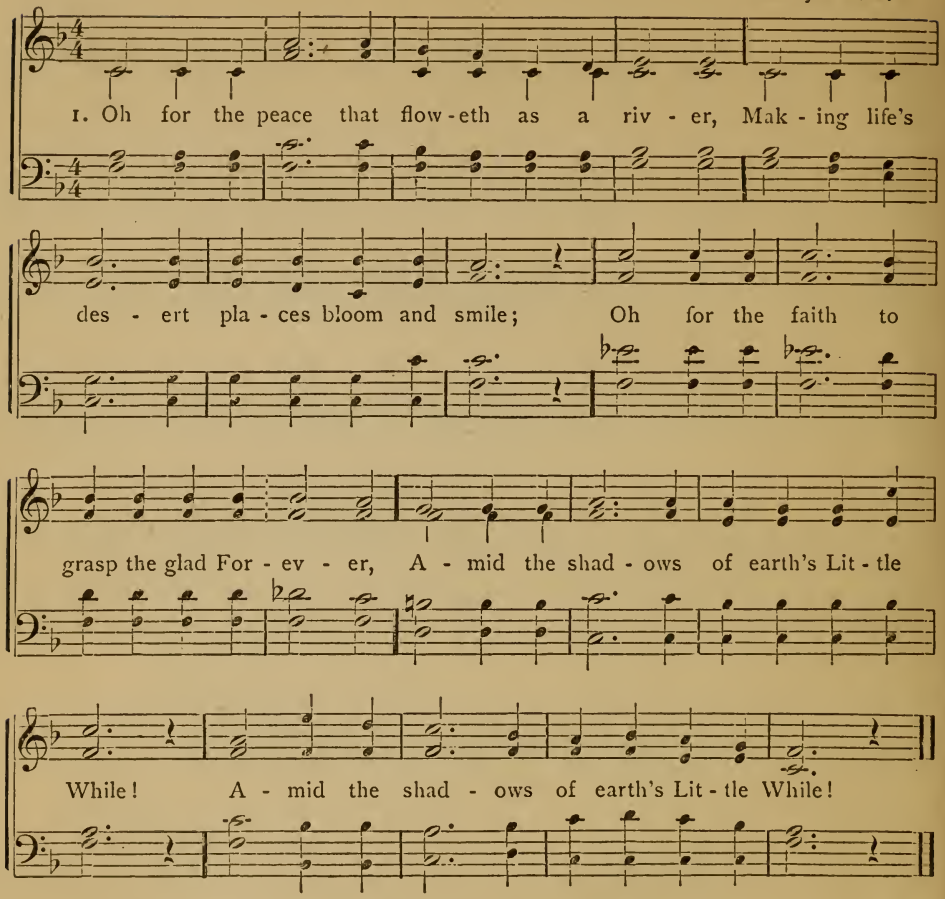
2 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land:
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.
In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.

Anon.

Oh for the Peace that floweth as a River.

11s & 10s.

Arr. by E. T. M.



216 *A little while, and ye see me.*

2 A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
‖: Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song; :‖

3 A little while the earthen pitcher taking,
To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
‖: Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head; :‖

I need Thee every Hour.

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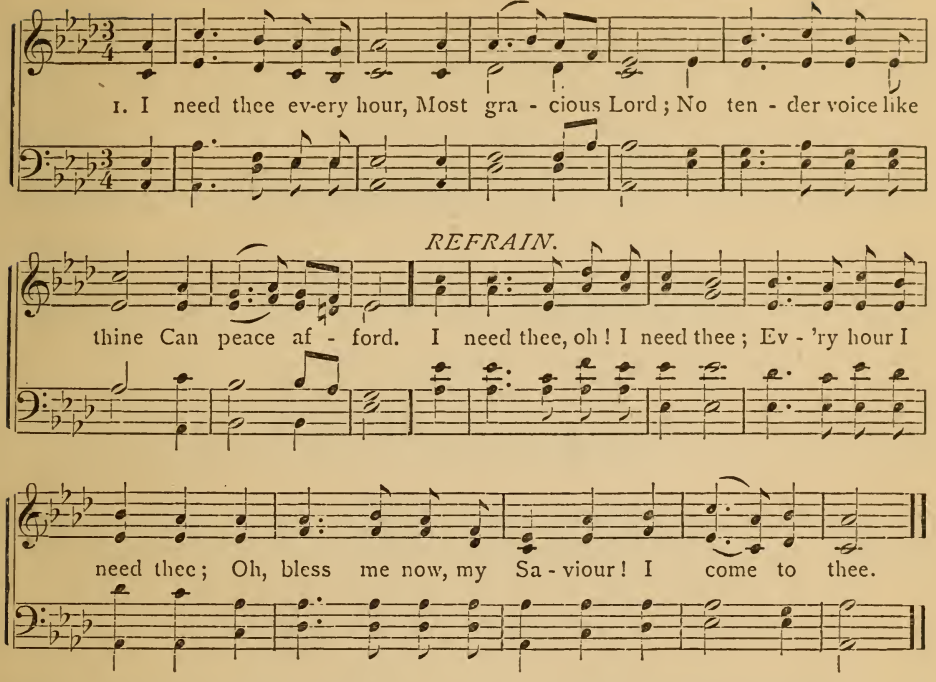
Lowry.



217 *"I need thee every Hour."*

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need thee every hour;
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

Hawks.

Concluded from opposite page.

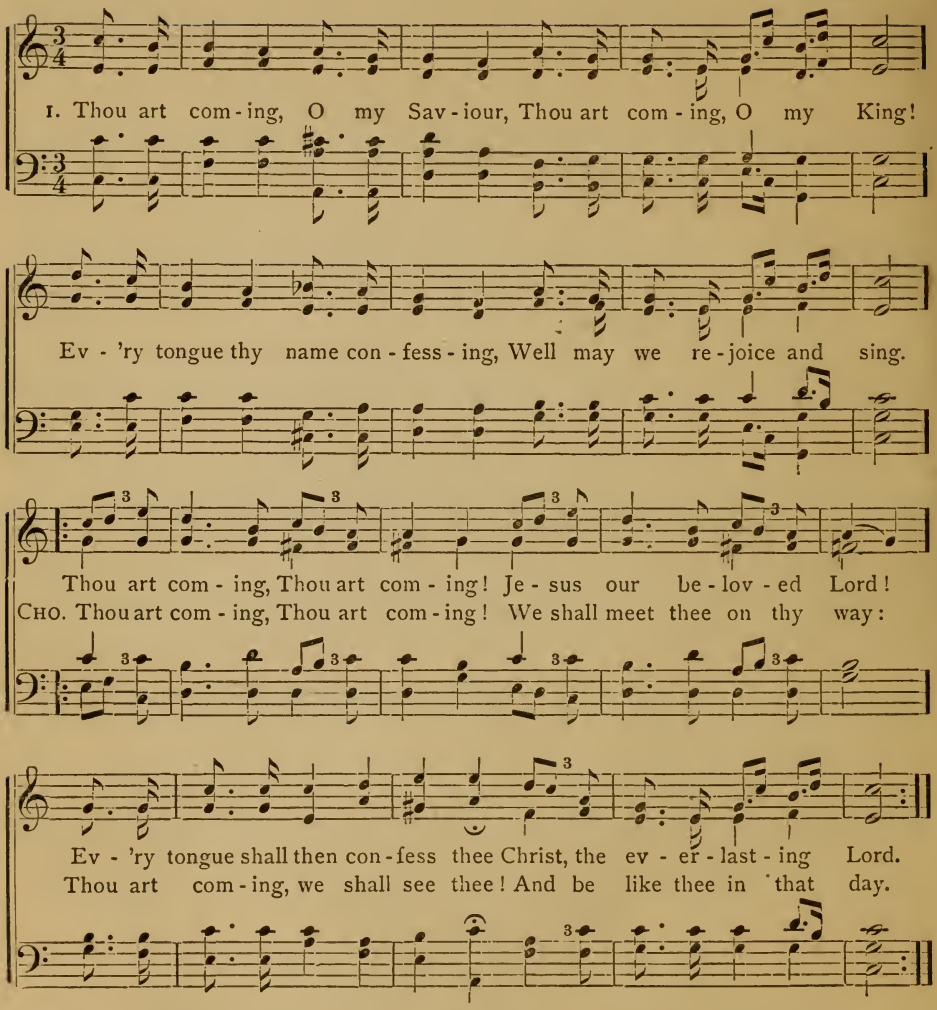
4 A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
‖: Then hail sight's verdict,— He doth all things well. :‖

5 And he who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
‖: Will light the shadows of earth's Little While. :‖

Bonar.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour.

8s & 7s—8l. Schubert.



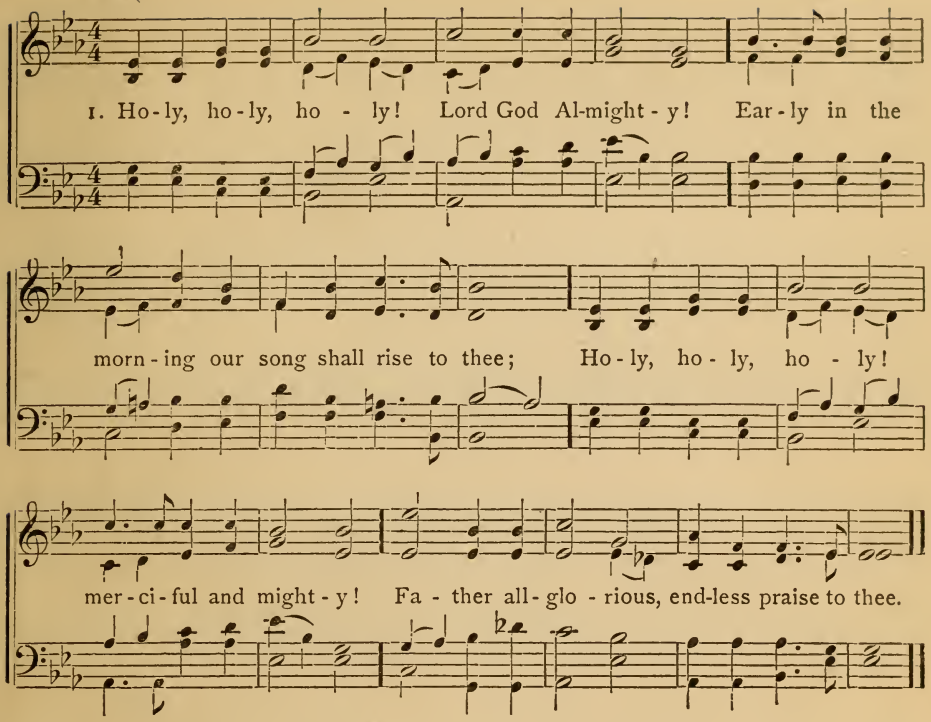
218 *Thou art Coming.*

2. Thou art coming; not a sorrow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a shadow
On that sunrise grand and clear.

Thou art coming, Jesus, Saviour!
Nothing else seems worth a thought;
Oh, how marvelous thy glory,
And the bliss thy love hath wrought.
Cho.—Thou art coming, etc.

Havergal.

11s & 10s. Dykes.



219 *The One Holy God.*

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

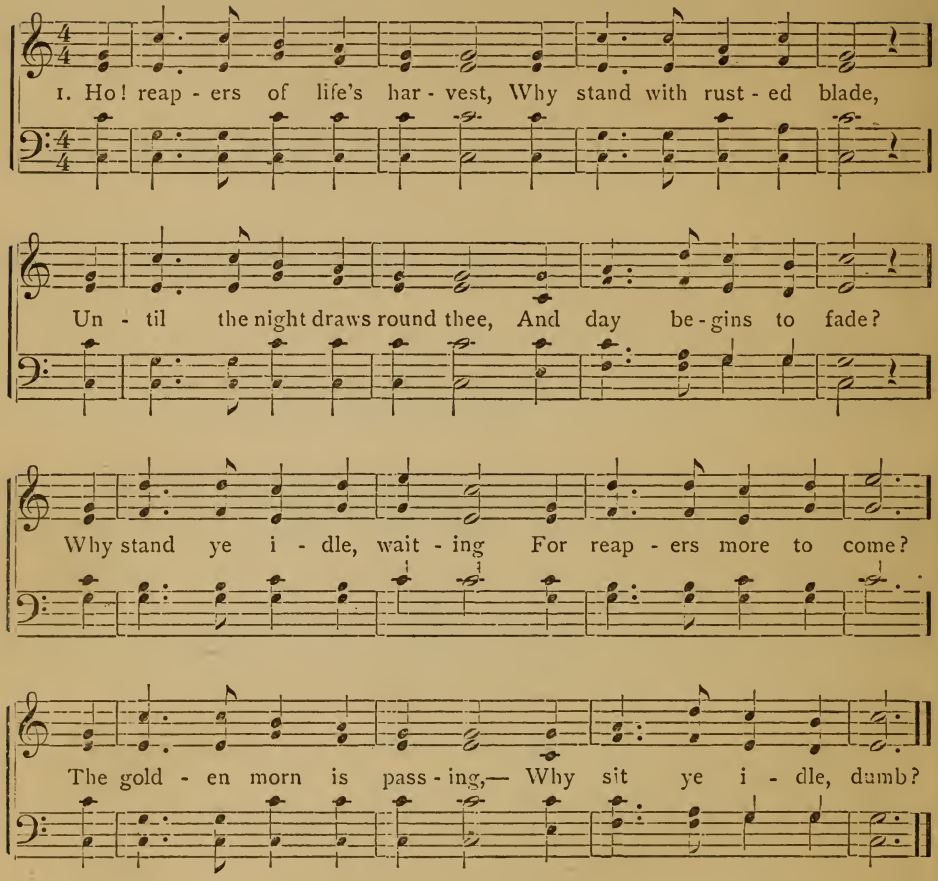
4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
Father all-glorious, endless praise to thee.

Heber.

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN.

7s & 6s—S 1. Woodbury,



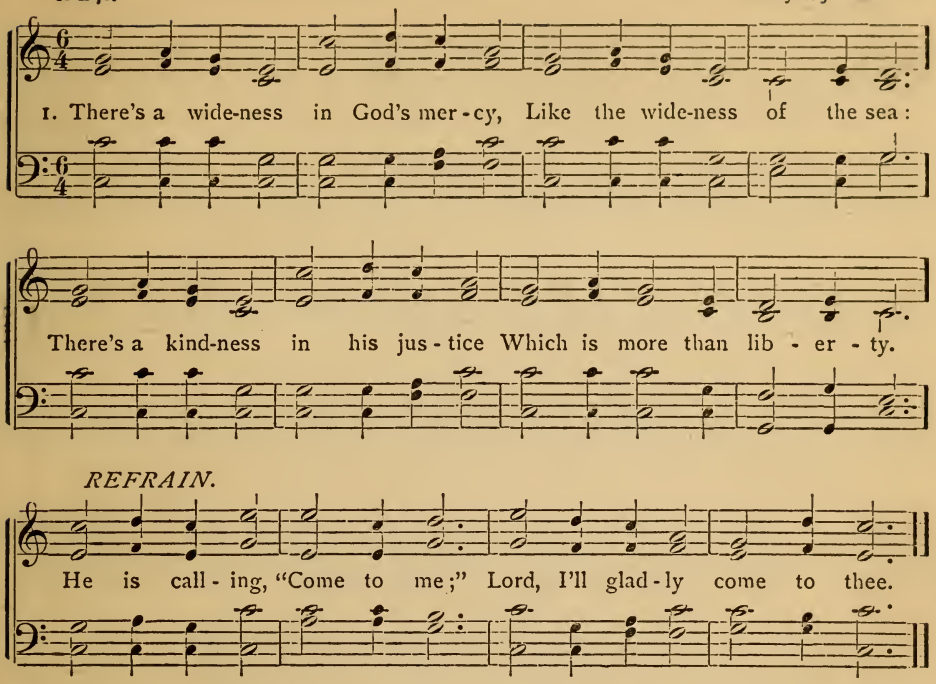
220

Activity.

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

8s & 7s. Arr by S. J. Vail.



221 *Breadth of God's Mercy.*

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven,
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.—REF.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.—REF.

4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.—REF.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.—REF.

Faber.

Concluded from opposite page.

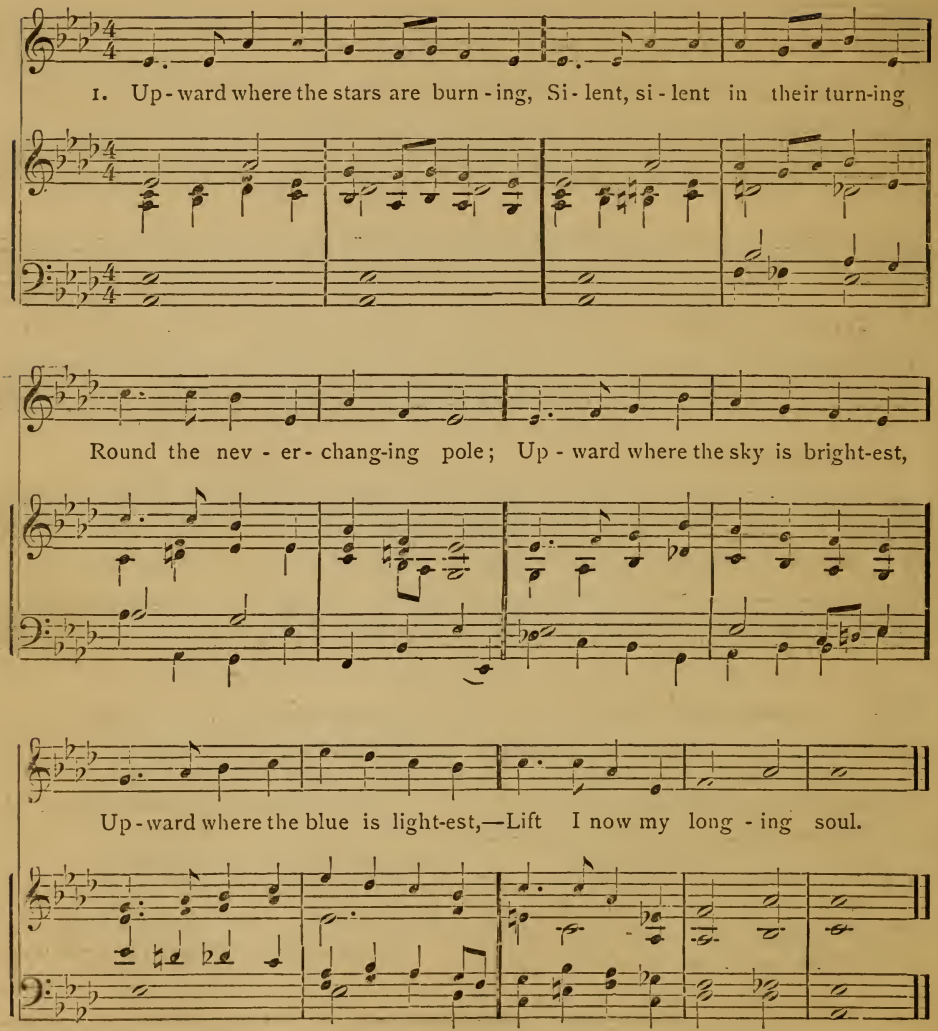
4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Anon.

Upward where the Stars are burning.

8,8,7,8,8,7. Calkin.

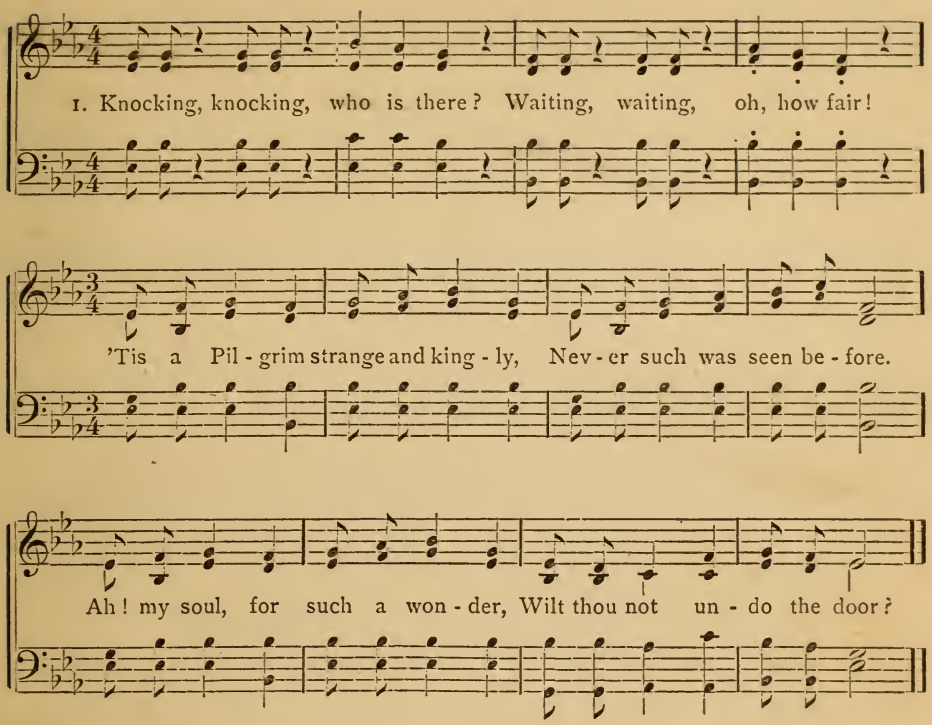


222 *Upward where the Stars.*

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair;
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

Knocking, knocking, Who is there? *

7,7,8,7,8,7. Geo. F. Root.



223 *Waiting, Waiting.*

2 Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there,
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair?
Yes, the piercéd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownéd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him,
With his name the palace rings.

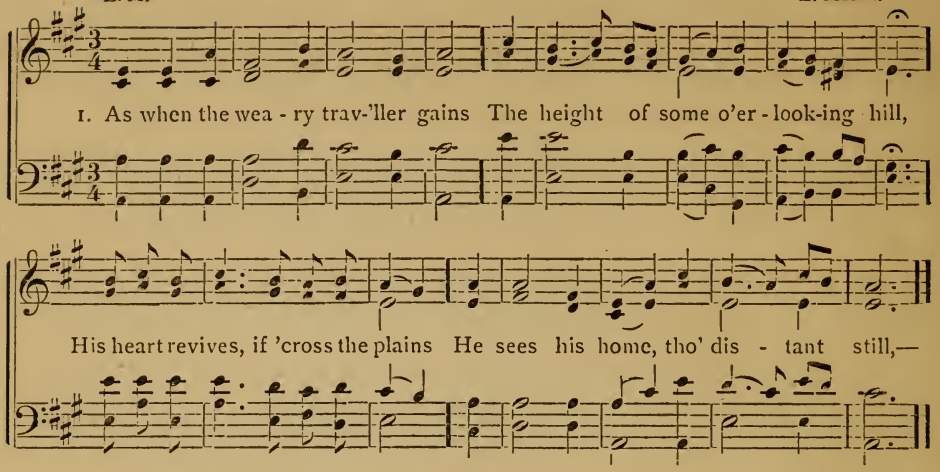
4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blesséd feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Bonar.

[* By perm. John Church & Co.]

As when the weary Traveller gains.

L. M. L. Mason.



224 *Anticipation of Heaven.*

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

Newton.

225 *Divine Light.*

1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

Bowring.

226 *Exaltation.*

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

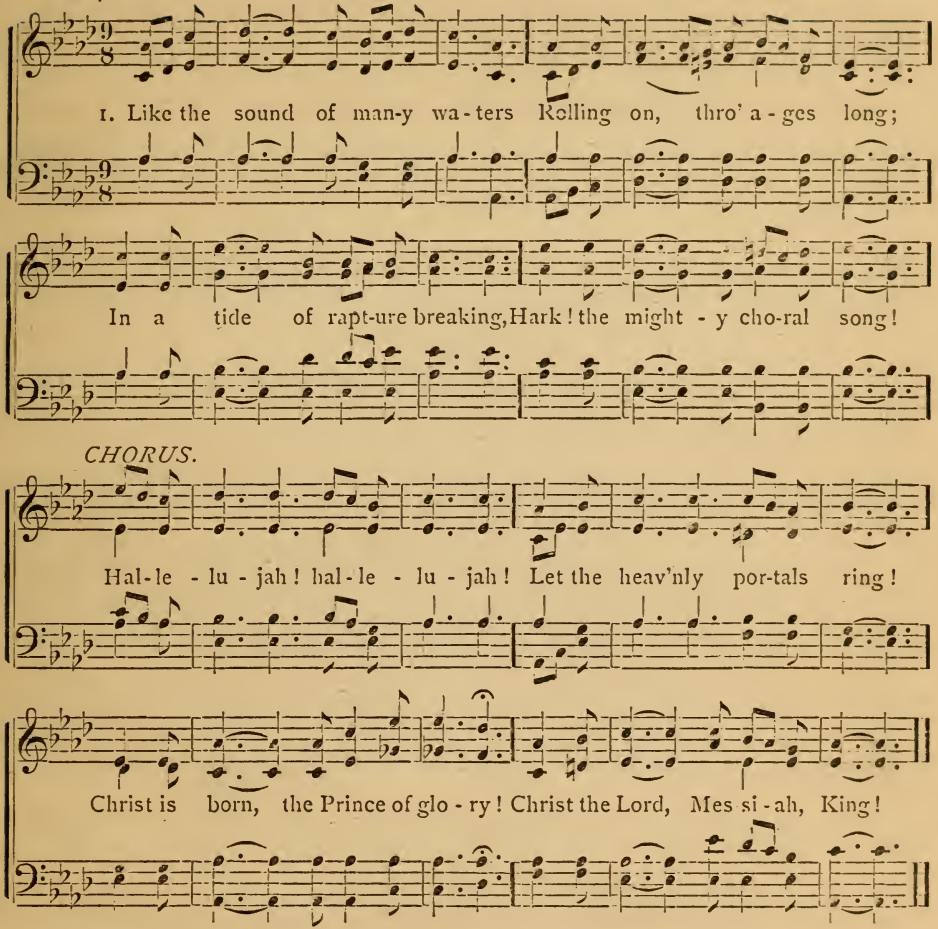
2 A land, upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

C. Robbins.

8s & 7s—S I. Main.



227 *Lo! the Morning Star.*

2 Lo! the Morning Star appeareth,
O'er the world his beams are cast;
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He, the Great, the First, the Last!
Hallelujah, etc.

3 Clap your hands with exultation!
Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth,
Peace her silver wing hath folded, —
Lo! she comes to dwell on earth!
Hallelujah, etc.

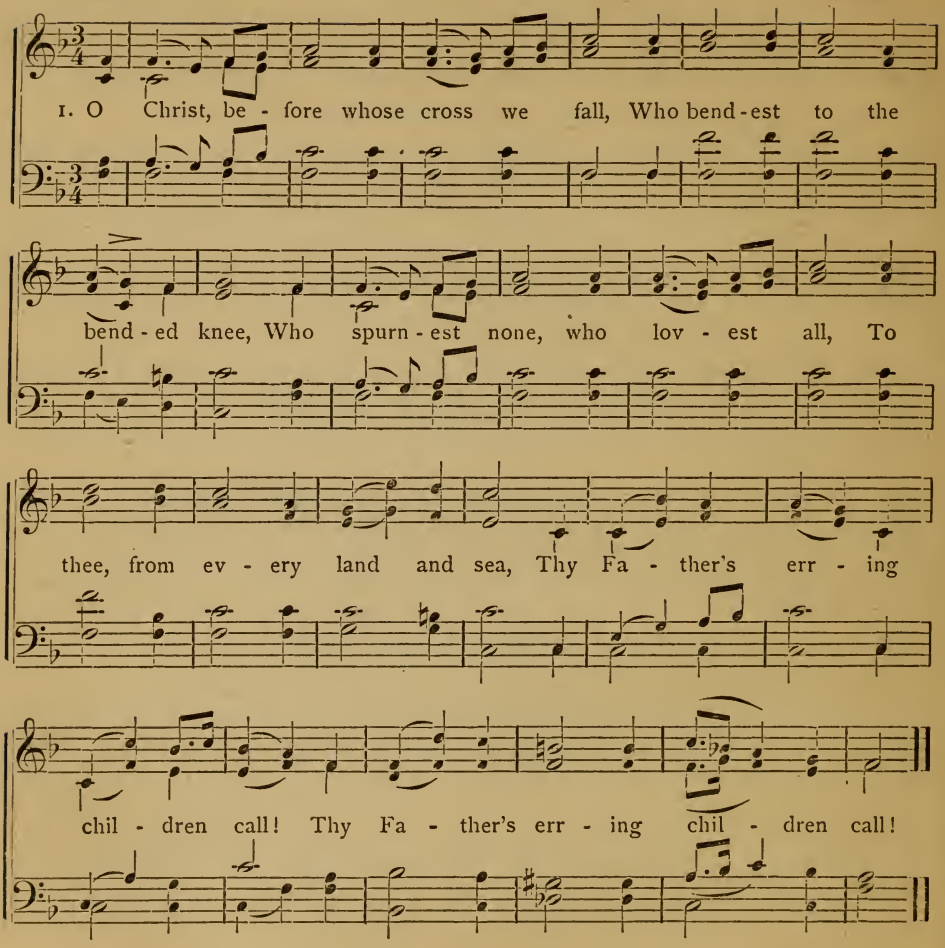
4 Saviour, not with costly treasure,
Do we gather at thy throne:
All we have, our hearts, we give thee,—
Consecrate them thine alone.

Fanny J. Crosby.

O Christ, before whose Cross we fall.

L. M.—6 l.

Zundel.



228 *Christ saving the Nations.*

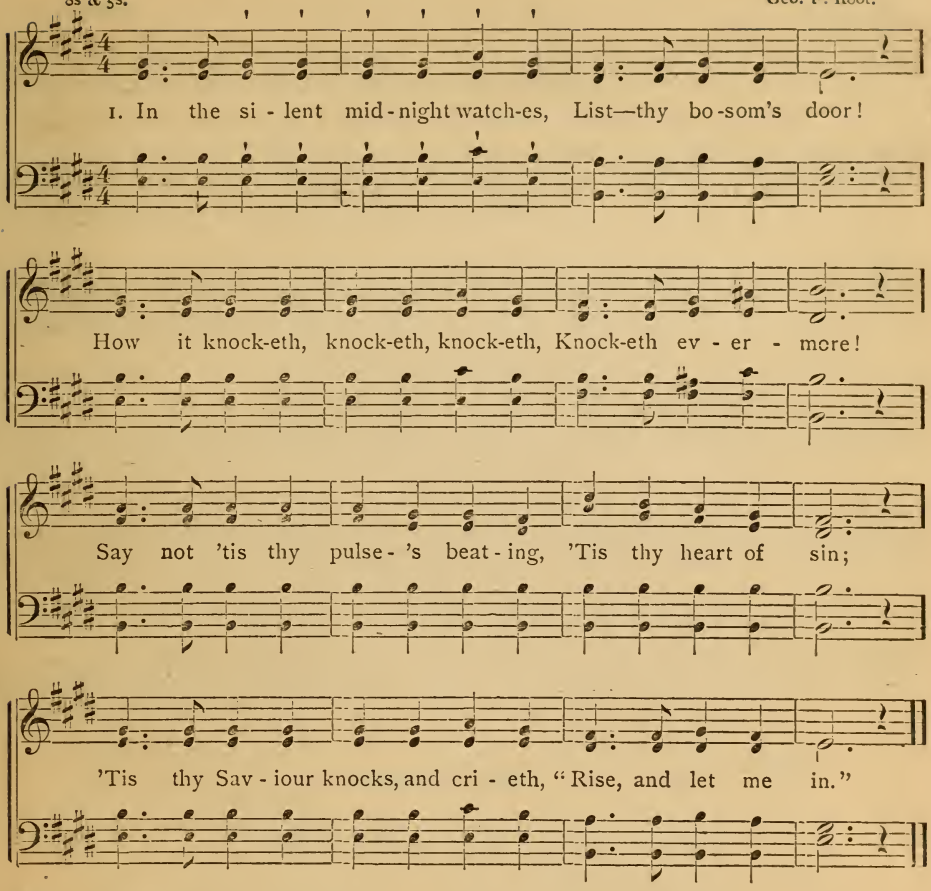
2 O thou, by whom the lost are found,
Thy cross, unseen, on Calv'ry stands,—
Whose holy shadow on the ground
Creeps east and west through many lands
‖: Until it wraps the world around !:‖

3 O thou who conqu'rest by this sign,
Who taketh praise from human speech,—
To every zone, from palm to pine,
Each human heart is bound to each,
‖: And by thy cross is bound to thine !:‖

4 O thou who clearest men from sin,
For whom the whole earth, groaning, waits,
Make thou all men by love akin,
And through the everlasting gates
‖: Lead all thy Father's children in !:‖

Tilton.

8s & 5s. Geo. F. Root.



229 *Open your Hearts to God.*

2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry, knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Other friends thou'dst haste to welcome;—
Let not him be last.

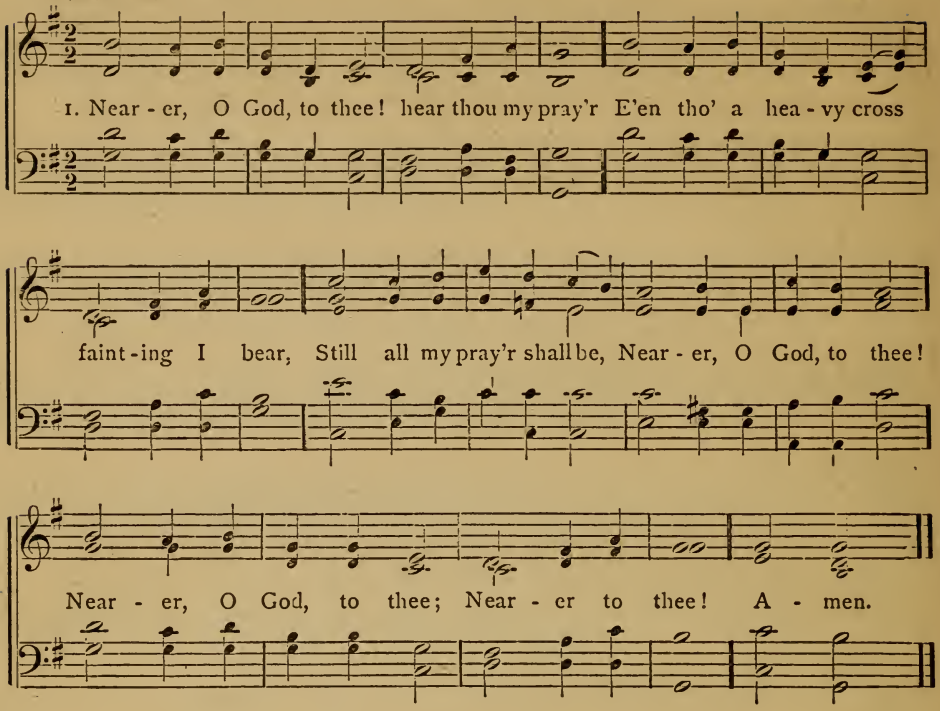
3 Though he'll ne'er spurn thy entreating,
Sad as was thy sin,
At the gate of heaven beating
He will let thee in!
Marvel of divine compassion!
Thou would'st know him not,
Driv'n away, he would not leave thee,—
Thou wast not forgot.

Arr. from Coxe, by S. Mitchell.

[By per. J. Church & Co.]

Nearer, O God, to thee.

6,4,6,4, 6,6,6,4; or 10,10,12,10. Sullivan.



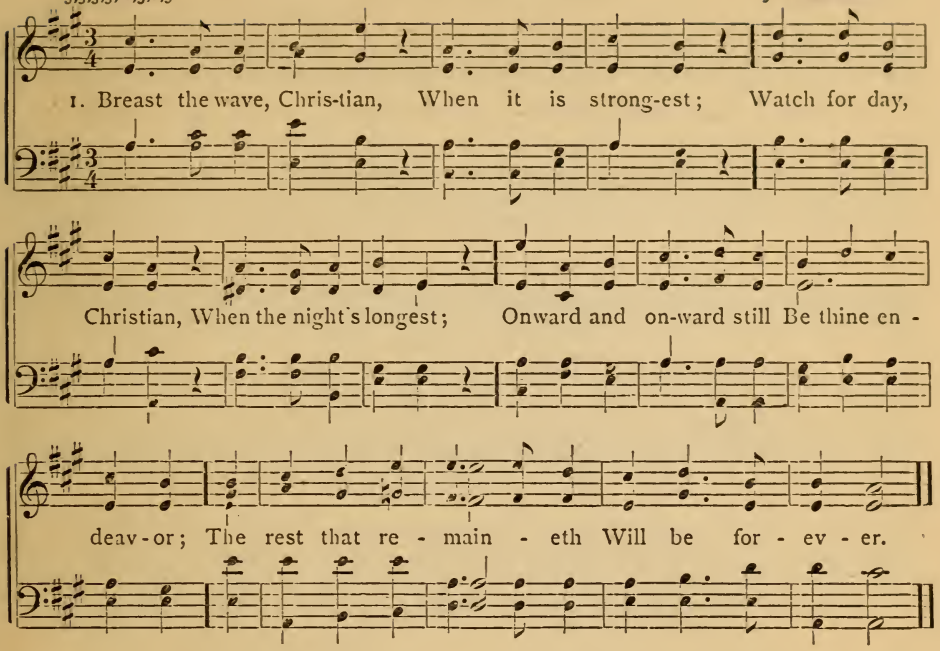
230 *Nearness to God.*

2 If, where they led my Lord, I too am borne,
Planting my steps in his, weary and worn,
Oh, may they carry me
‖: Nearer, O God, to thee; :‖ Nearer to thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain givest to drink;
Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
‖: Nearer, O God, to thee; :‖ Nearer to thee!

4 Though the great battle rage hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
‖: Nearer, O God, to thee; :‖ Nearer to thee!

5,5,5,5, 6,5,6,5. J. R. Thomas.



231 *Fight the Fight.*

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heav'n is before thee!
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well
Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ,
Nothing shall sever;
And when thy work is done,
Praise him forever.

Anon.

Concluded from opposite page.

5 When, my course finished, I breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,
There too I still shall be
‖: Nearer, O God, to thee; :‖ Nearer to thee!

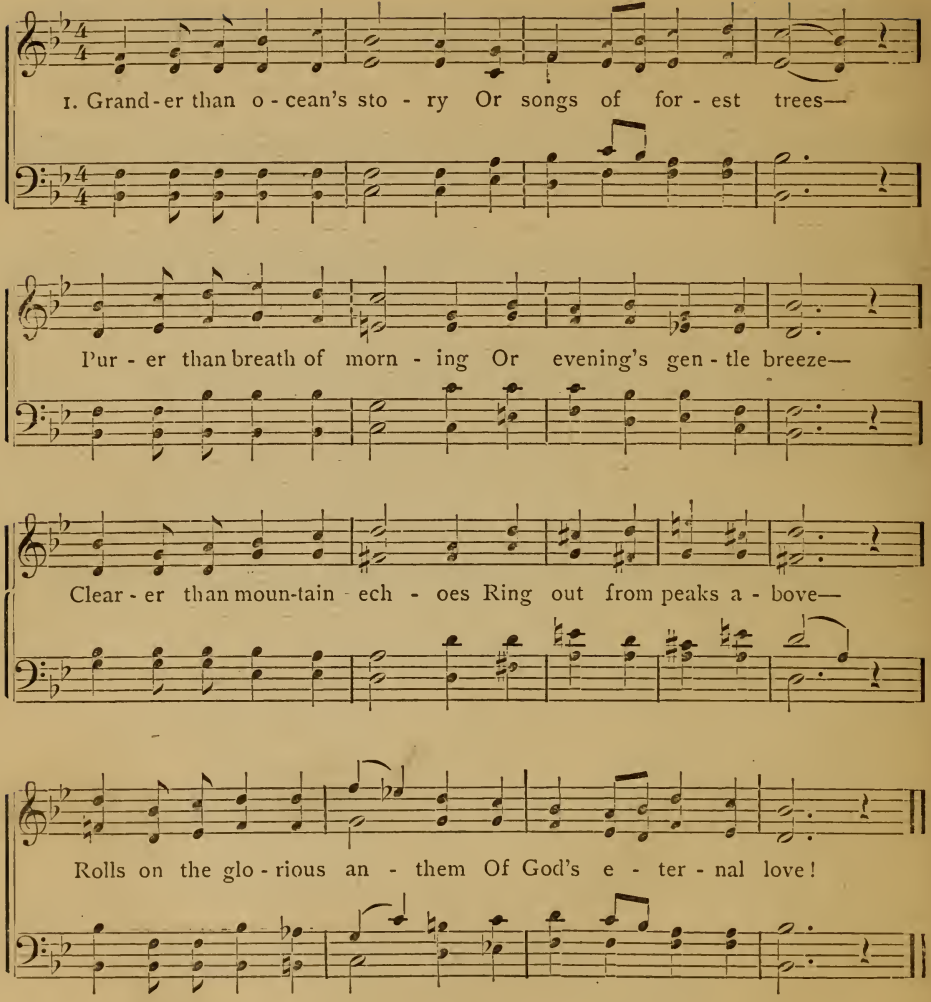
6 And when thou, Lord, once more glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place in thy bright home!
Through all eternity
‖: Nearer, O God, to thee; :‖ Nearer to thee!

Wm. W. Howe.

Grander than Ocean's Story.

7s & 6s—8 l.

Sherwin.



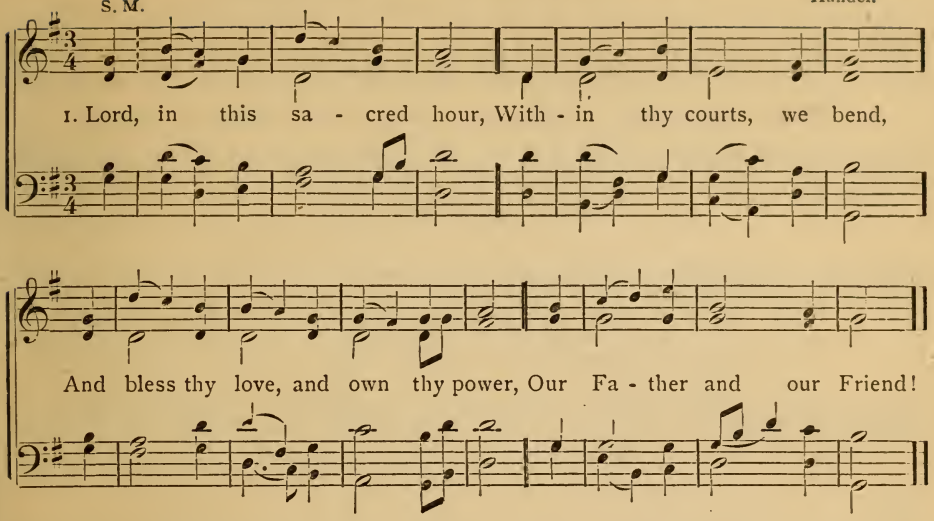
232 *God's Love to me.*

2 Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow—
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother's heart can know—
Deeper than earth's foundations,
And far above all thought—
Broader than heaven's high arches,
The love that Christ has brought!

Anon.

Lord, in this sacred Hour.

S. M. Handel.



233 *The Sabbath.*

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light!

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

234 *This is the Love of God.*

1 Blest be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin. 1868.

235 *The Fountain of Living Waters.*

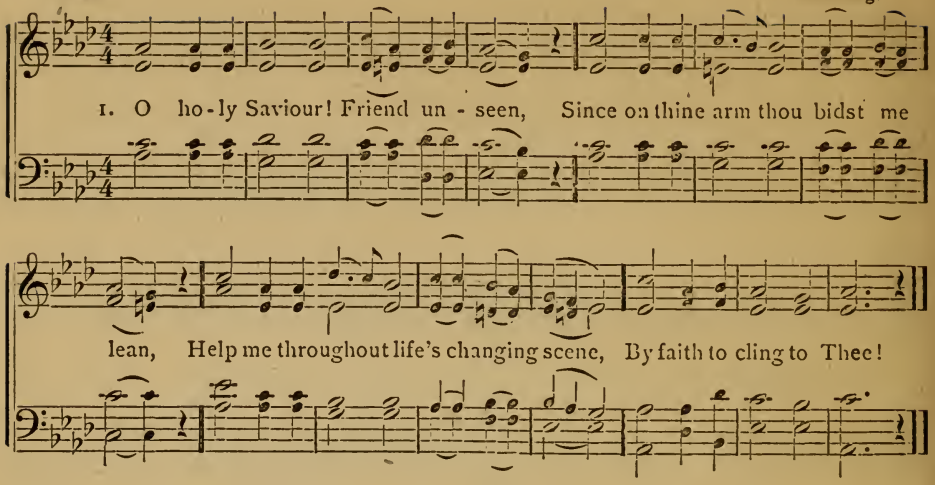
1 The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of Life, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

Madame Guion. 1869.
Tr. William Cowper. 1782.

O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen.

8,8,8,6. Flemming.



236 *Clinging to Christ.*

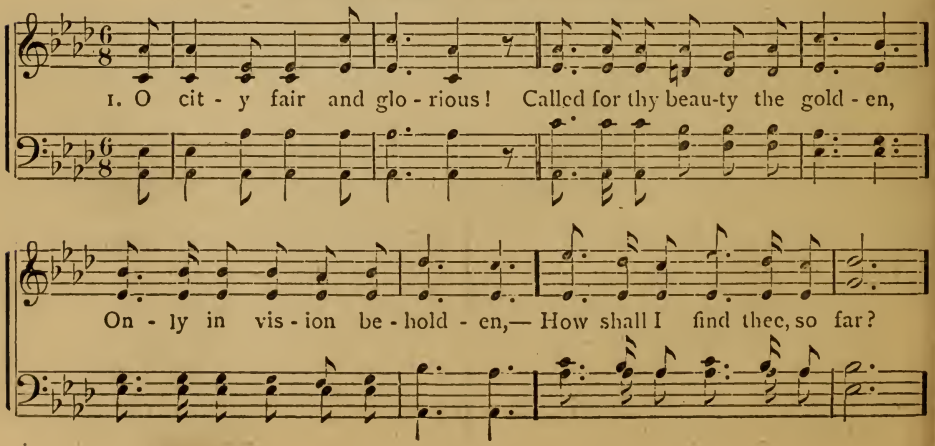
2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee!

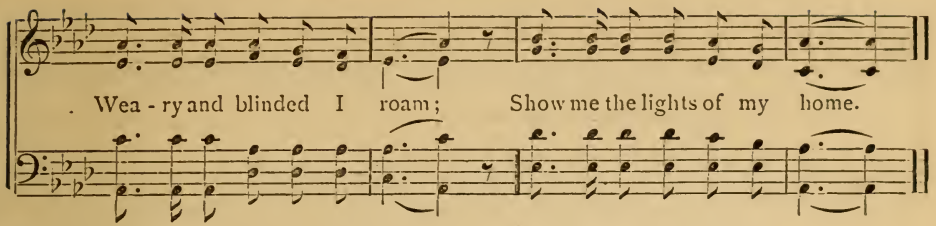
3 If e'er I seem to tread alone
Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice, of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers "Cling to me."

4 If faith and hope are often tried,
I'll ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

Anon.

O City Fair and Glorious.





237 *Show me the Lights of my Home.*

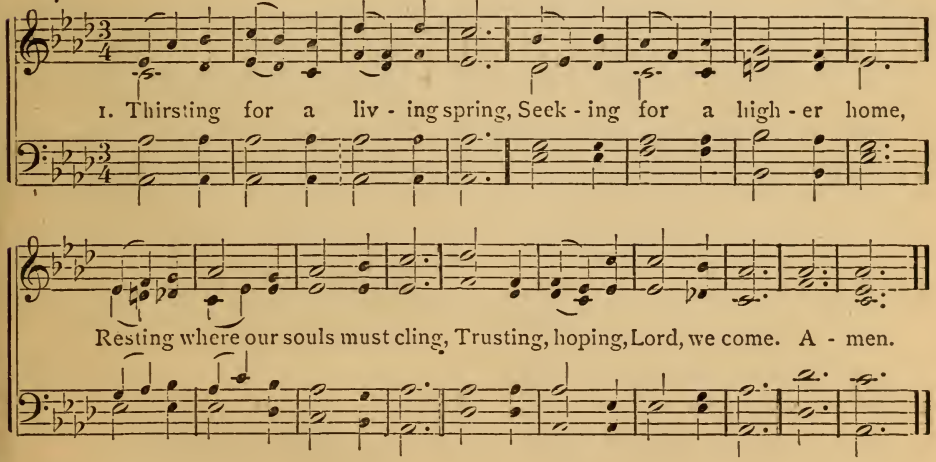
2 O City fair and glorious!
Often a glimpse of thee only
Cheereth me, homeless and lonely,
Vanishing slowly afar!
Though the bright vision depart,
Something it leaves in the heart.

3 O city fair and glorious!
Almost the gleam of thy mountains
Almost the sound of thy fountains,
Charmeth my soul from afar!
Oh, if the vision be fair,
What must it be to be there!

Anon.

Thirsting for a living Spring.

7s. Thirtle.



238 *Seeking God.*

2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

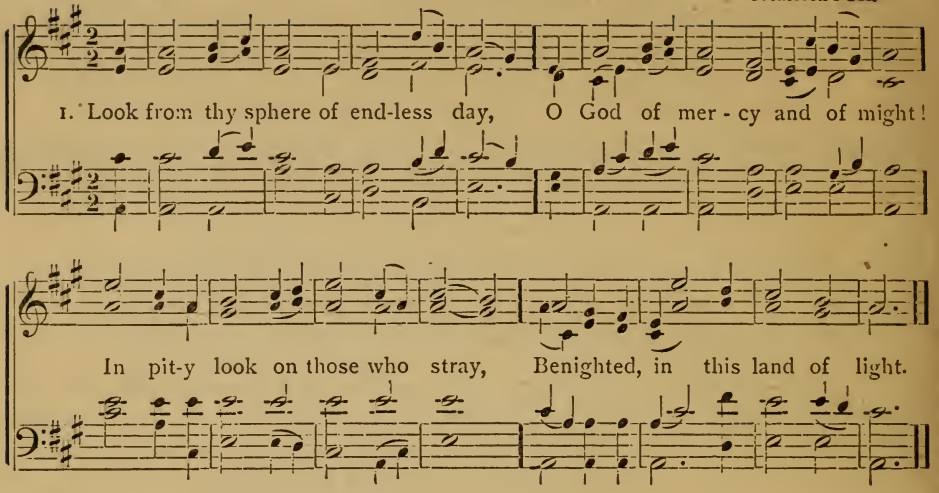
3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

4 Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith is dim,
Father of all love and might!

Frank P. Appleton.

Look from thy Sphere.

L. M. Greatorex's Col.



239 *Send forth thy Heralds, Lord.*

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

Bryant.

240 *Paternal Providence of God.*

1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

Collett.

241 *Evening Worship.*

1 O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

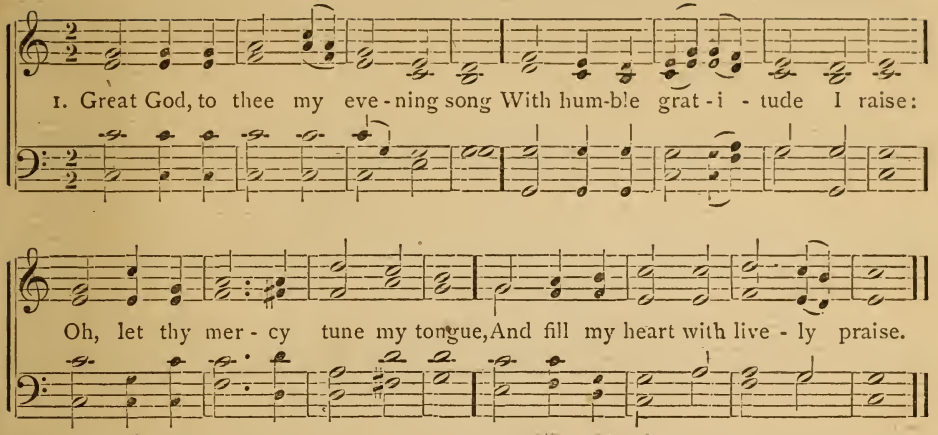
2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars,—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

W. H. Burleigh.

Great God, to thee my Evening Song.

L. M.

Bradbury.



242 *Evening Song.*

2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, fickle heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Steele.

243 *Thou great Instructor.*

1 Thou great Instructor, lest I stray,
Oh, teach my erring feet thy way!
Thy truth, with ever fresh delight,
Shall guide my doubtful steps aright.

2 How oft my heart's affections yield,
And wander o'er the world's wide field!
My roving passions, Lord, reclaim;
Unite them all to fear thy name.

3 Then, to my God, my heart and tongue,
With all their powers shall raise the song;
On earth thy glories I'll declare,
Till heaven th' immortal notes shall hear.

244 *Fireside Evening Hymn.*

1 Hither, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here;
Watch round, and shield us thro' the night,
That every shade may disappear.

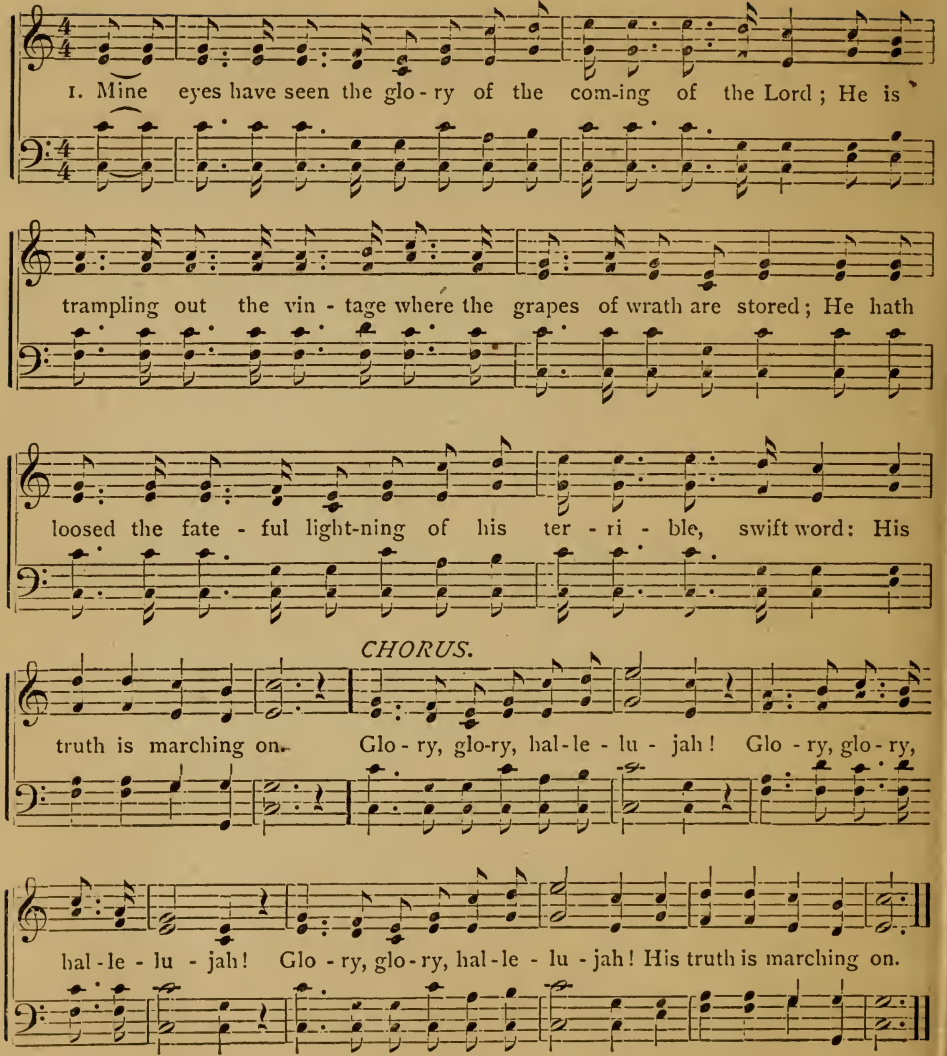
2 How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in, at daylight's close,
Those radiant troops that gem the sky;

3 To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round –
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground!

4 Oh, ever thus, with silent prayer
For those we love, may night begin,—
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.

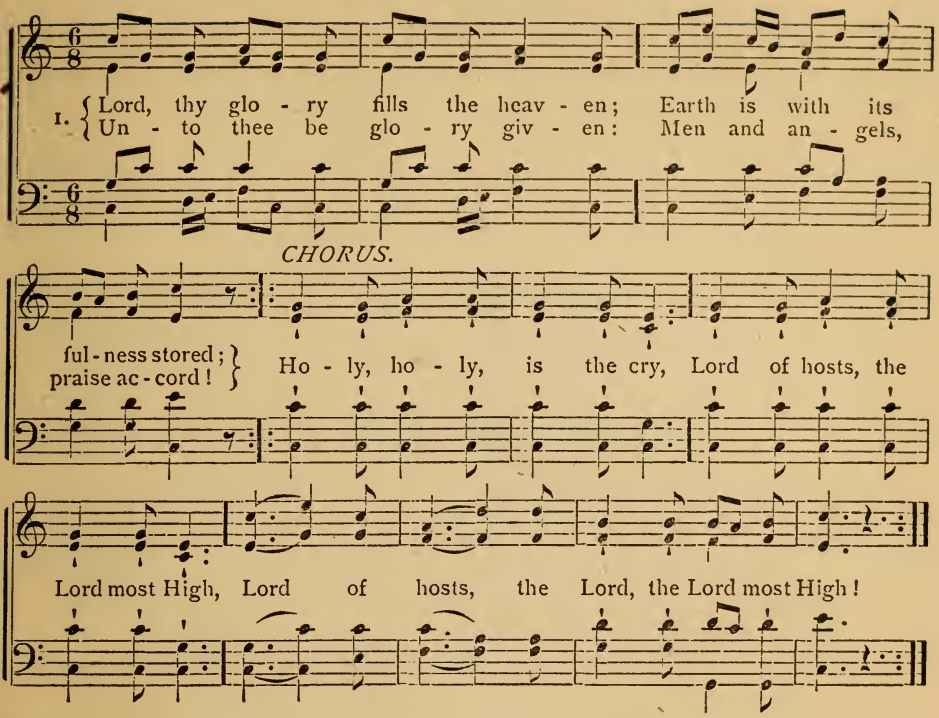
James T. Fields.

Mine Eyes have seen the Glory.



245 *Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

2 I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—Glory, etc.



246 *Thrice Holy.*

2 Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy,"—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!
Holy, holy, etc.

Bp. Richard Mant.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal!"
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.—Glory, etc.

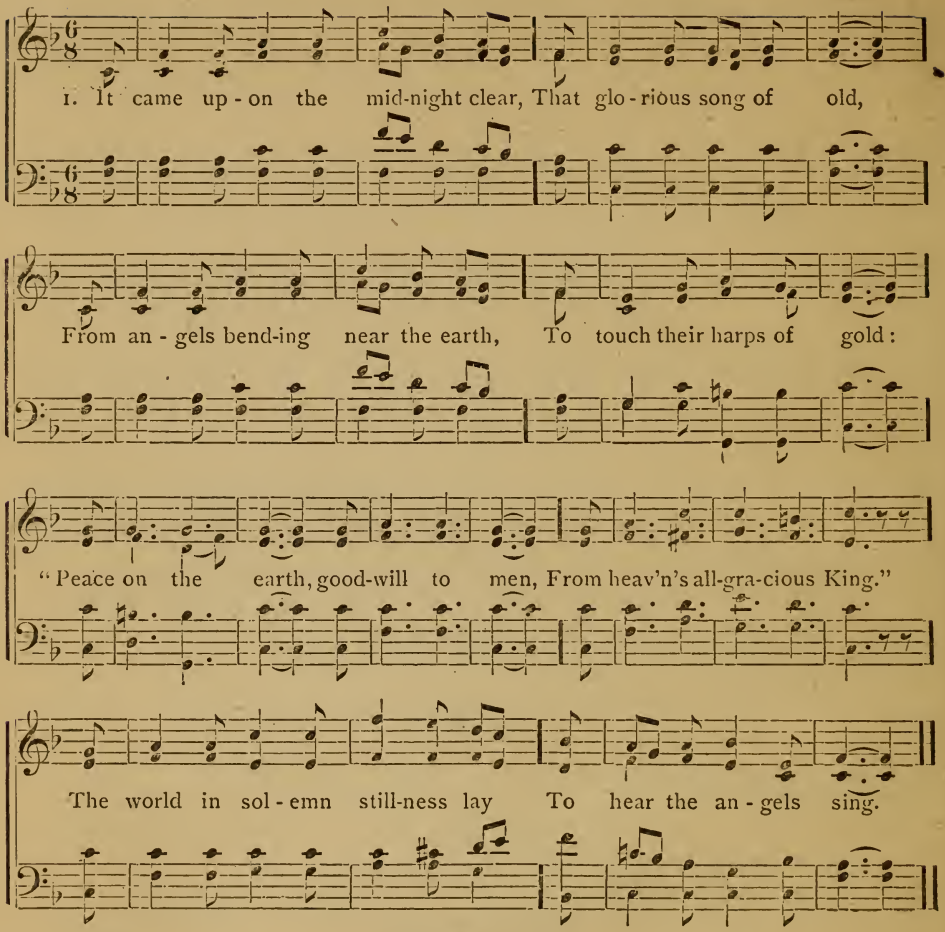
4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—Glory, etc.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—Glory, etc.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

It came upon the Midnight clear.

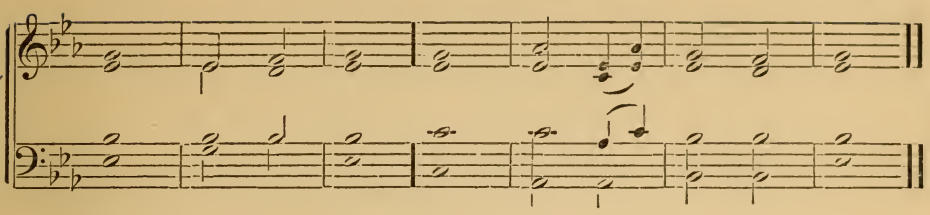
Sullivan.



247 *Christmas Carol.*

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song, which they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing!



249 *Divine Visitation.*

1 Wilt Thou not visit me? The plant beside me feels thy | gen-tle | dew;
Each blade of grass I see, From thy deep earth its | quick-ening | moist-ure | drew.

2 Wilt thou not visit me? Thy morning calls on me with | cheer-ing | tone;
And every hill and tree Lend but one voice, the | voice of | thee a- | lone.

3 Come; for I need thy love, More than the flower the dew, or | grass the | rain;
Come, like thy holy dove, And let me in thy sight re- | joice to | live a- | gain,

4 Yes: thou wilt visit me; Nor plant nor tree thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when, from sin set free, Man's spirit comes with | thine in | peace to | dwell.

Jones Very.

Concluded from opposite page.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Sears.

248 *God's Kindness to our Forefathers.*

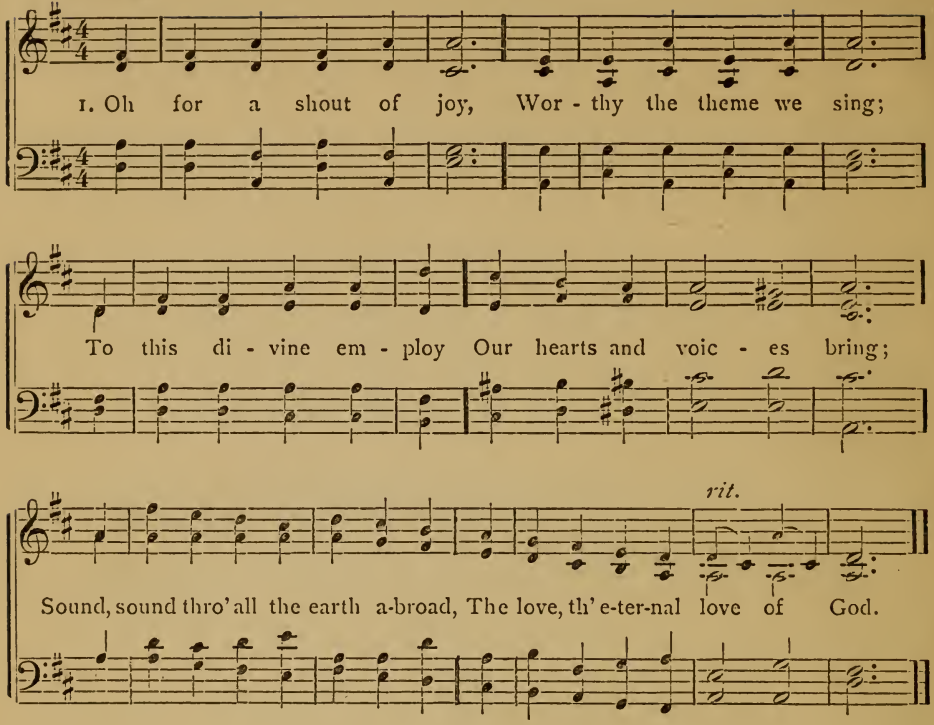
1 To Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all your wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.
'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

2 When, shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone
To save, protect, and bless.
Be thou our nation's strength and shield
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection yield,
And guide us by thy truth.

Anon.

Oh for a Shout of Joy.

6,6,6,6, S,S. Sullivan.



250 *Love.*

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

Young.

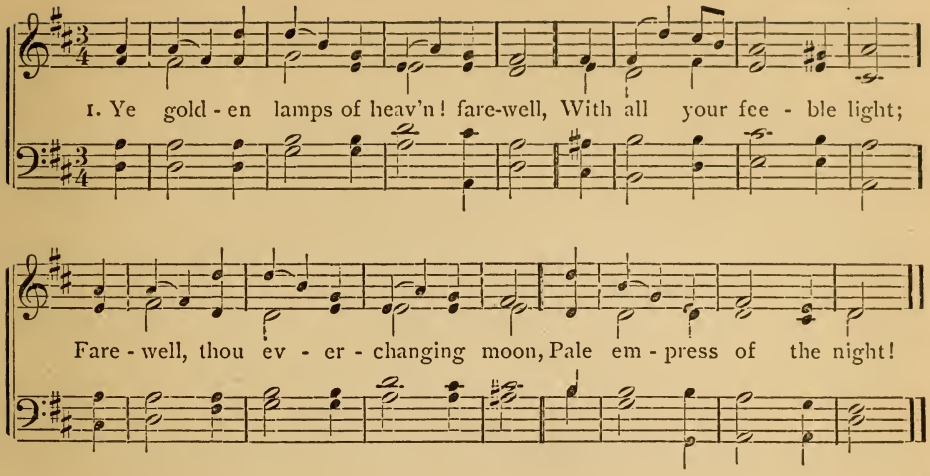
251 *Looking up.*

1 Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the Tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly: | In every hour.

2 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun, | To guard my head
And thou my Shade, | By night or noon.

Watts.

C. M. Cherubini.



252 *The heavenly Courts.*

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

Doddridge.

253 *One Shepherd, one Fold.*

1 There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

East.

254 *Universal Peace.*

1 Spirit of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
How rich the gift of Christian love
Thy gracious power displays!

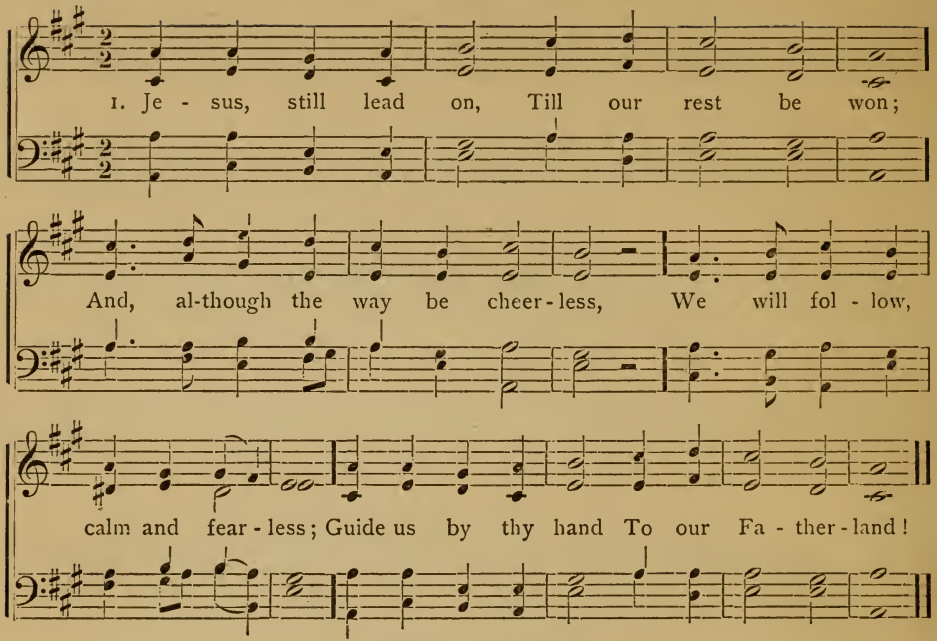
2 Sweet as the dew on hill and flower,
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend;
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

Lyte.

Jesus, still lead on.

5s & 8s. Drese.



255

Suffer in Patience.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us:
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go!

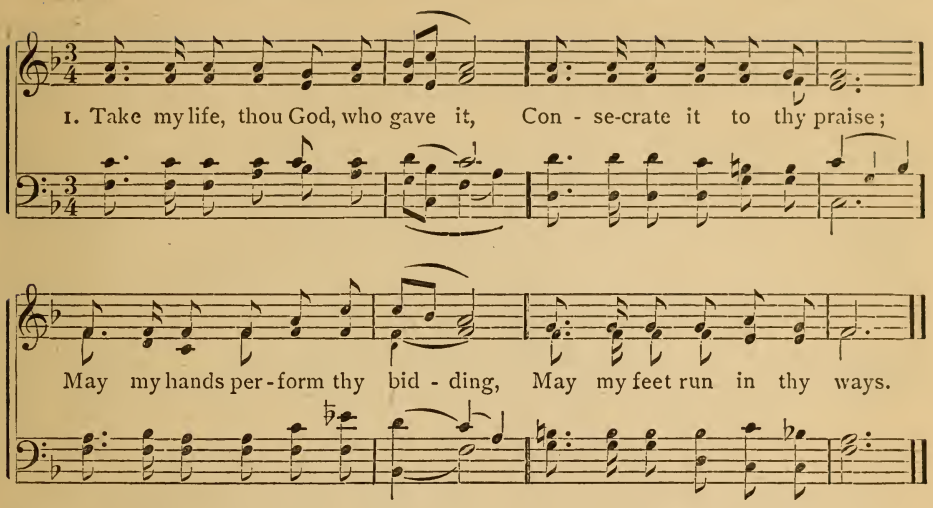
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

Zinzendorf.

Take my Life, thou God, who gave it.

8s & 7s. Dykes.



256 *Entire Consecration.*

2 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
Make of it thy royal throne.

3 Take my love, my God! I pour,
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Arranged.

257 *Be undismayed.*

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed!

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since with firm and pure affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Montgomery.

258 *The Millenium.*

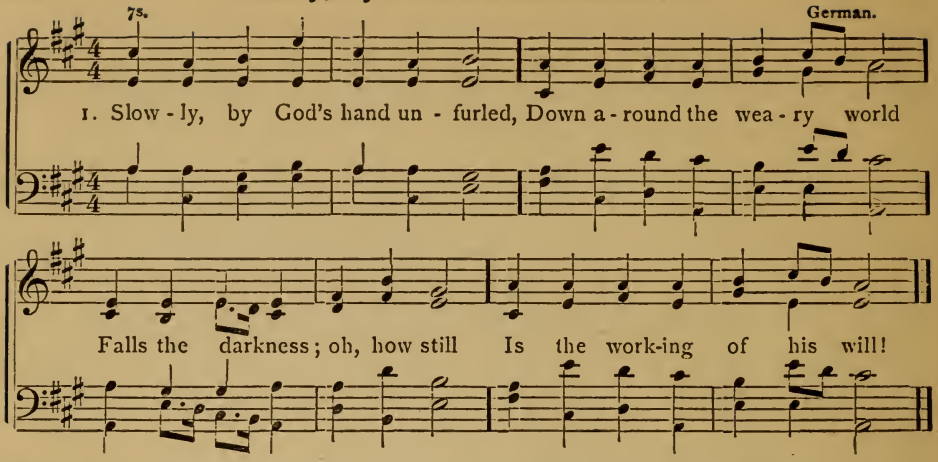
1 O Thou Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
'Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

3 Come, thou Mighty, to deliver;
Take the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

Anon.

Slowly, by God's Hand unfurled.



259 *Eternal Light.*

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Furness.

260 *Prayer for Inspiration.*

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Anon.

261 *Who are Slaves?*

1 They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.

2 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Lowell.

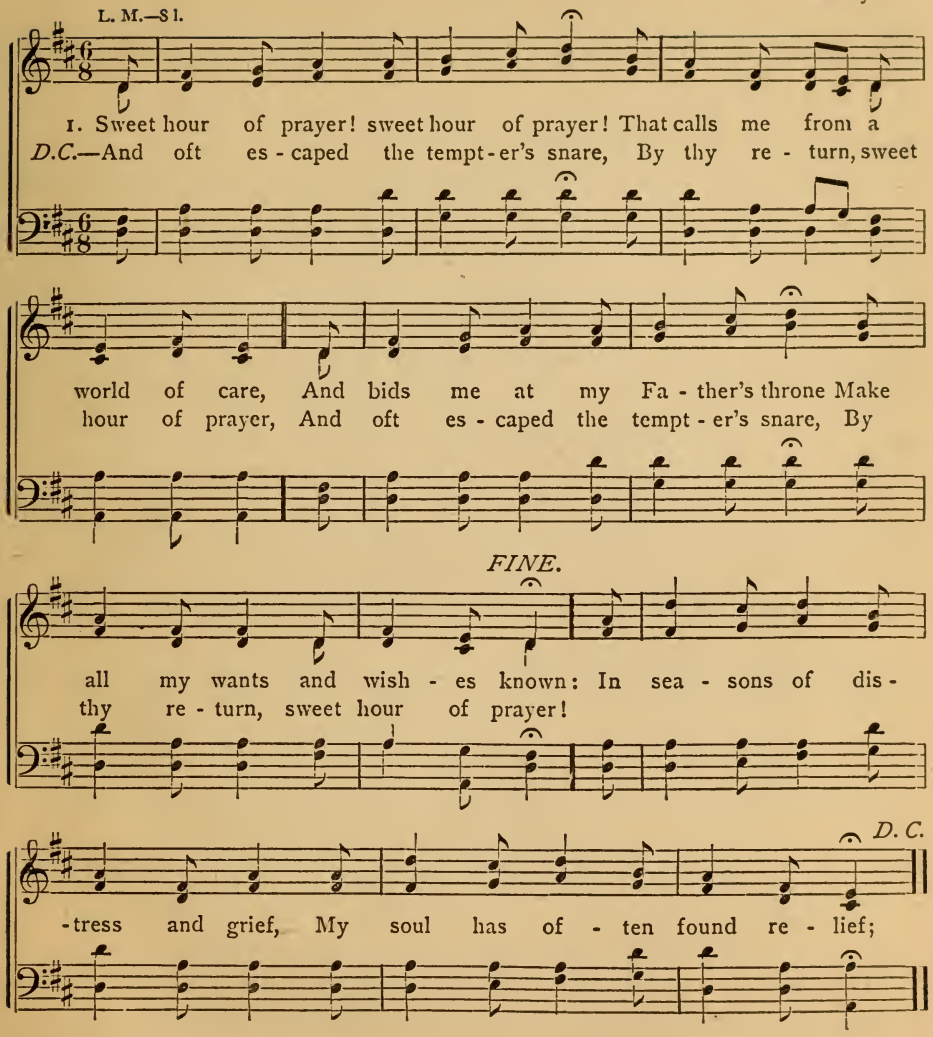
262 *Steadfastness.*

1 God of truth, thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon thee,
Ever on the Rock abide,
High above the changing tide.

2 Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind:
No more doth their 'stablished heart
From the living God depart.

Samuel Longfellow.

Bradbury.



263 *Hour of Prayer.*

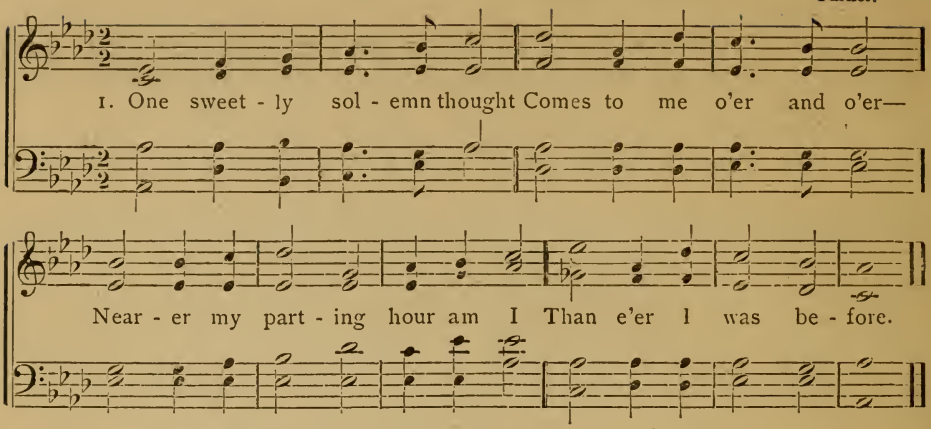
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
‖: I'll cast on him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

Walford.

One sweetly solemn Thought.

Parker.



264 *Nearer Home.*

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Jesus! to thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Phœbe Carey.

265 *Abiding in God.*

1 Still with thee, O my God!
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With thee my heart would find.

4 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

Anon.

266 *Bless the Lord.*

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

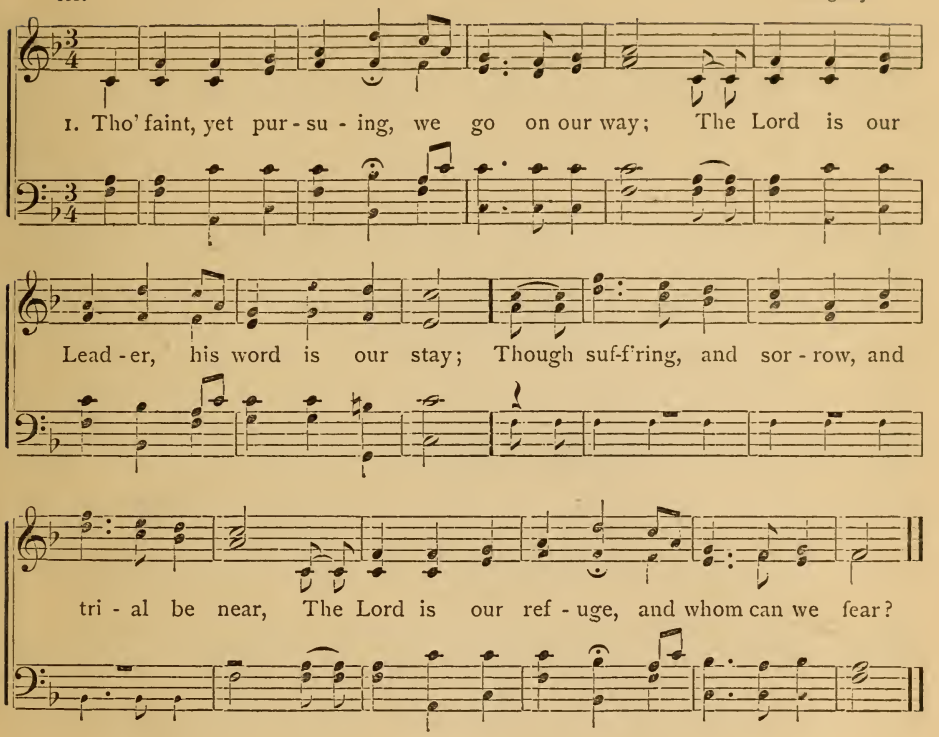
2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And raises thee from death.

4 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace shall make thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

Montgomery.

11s. Kingsley.



267 *Faint, yet Pursuing.*

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed — he will hear their complaint:
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

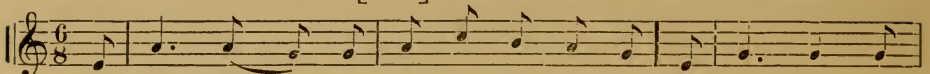
3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

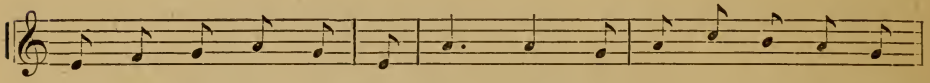
Anon.

Lo, down in yon beautiful Valley.

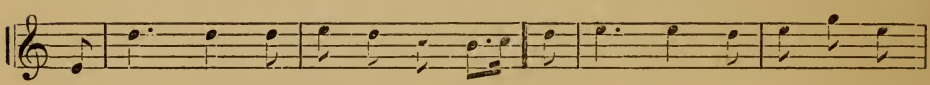
As sung by Rev. Abel C. Thomas. [268] Inserted at suggestion of Rev. G. L. Demarest, D. D.



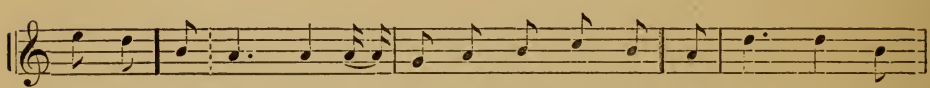
1. Lo, down, down in yon beau-ti - ful val - ley, Where love crowns the
2. This lone vale is far from con - ten - tion, Where no soul may
3. Ye lone sons of mis - for - tune, come hith - er, Where joys bloom and



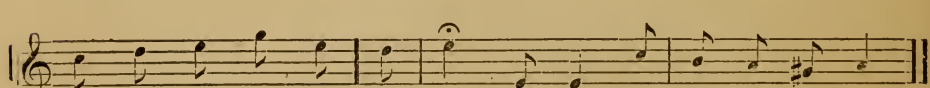
meek and the low - ly, Where rude storms of en - vy and fol - ly
dream of dis - sen - sion,— No dark wiles of e - vil in - ven - tion
nev - er shall with - er, Where faith binds all peo - ple to - geth - er,



May roll on their bil - lows in vain, The lone soul in hum-ble sub -
Can find out this val - ley of peace; Lo, there, there the Lord will de -
In love to the sov - 'reign I Am; Oh, here, here, sur-round-ed with



- jec - tion, May there find un - shak-en pro - tec - tion, The soft gales of
- liv - er, And souls drink of the beau -ti - ful riv - er Which flows peace for
glo - ry, O Lord, we will wor - ship be - fore thee, And chant - ing re -



cheer - ing re - flec - tion May soothe the mind from sor - row and pain.
ev - er and ev - er, And love and joy for ev - er in - crease.
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